BRITISH CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

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OBSERVER.

——Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit———— HORAT.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

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THE

OBSERVER.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

Est genus hominum, qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt,
Nec sunt. TERENT. EUN.

WHAT a delightful thing it is to find one's self in a company, where tempers harmonize and hearts are open; where wit flows without any checks but what decency and good-nature impose, and humour indulges itself in those harmless freaks and caprices, that raise a laugh, by which no man's feelings are offended.

This can only happen to us in a land of freedom; it is in vain to hope for it in those arbitrary countries, where men must lock the doors against spies and informers, and must intrust their lives, whilst they impart their sentiments, to each other. In such circumstances, a mind enlightened by education is no longer a blessing: What is the advantage of discernment, and how is a man profited by his capacity of separating truth from error, if he dare not exercise that faculty? It were safer to be the blind dupe of superstition than the intuitive philosopher, if born within the jurisdiction of an inquisitorial tribunal. Can a man fecilitate himself

in the glow of genius and the gaiety of wit, when breathing the air of a country, where so dire an instrument is in force as a *lettre de cachet?* But experience hath shewn us, that if arbitrary monarchs cannot keep their people in ignorance, they cannot retain them in slavery: if men read, they will meditate; if they travel, they will compare, and their minds must be as dark as the dungeons which imprison their persons, if they do not rise with indignation against such monstrous maxims, as imprisonment at pleasure for undefined offences, self-accusations extorted by torments and secret trials, where the prisoner hath neither voice nor advocate. Let those princes, whose government is so administered, 'make darkness their pavilion,' and draw their very mountains down upon them to shut out the light, or expect the period of their despotism: Illuminated minds will not be kept in slavery.

With a nation so free, so highly enlightened, and so eminent in letters as the English, we may well expect to find the social qualities in their best state; and it is but justice to the age we live in, to confess those expectations may be fully gratified. There are some perhaps who will not subscribe to this assertion, but probably those very people make the disappointments they complain of: If a man takes no pains to please his company, he is little likely to be pleased by his company. Liberty, though essential to good society, may in some of its effects operate against it, for as it makes men independent, independence will occasionally be found to make them arrogant, and none such can be good companions: yet let me say for the contemporaries I am living with, that within the period of my own acquaintance with the world, the reform in its social manners and habits has been gradual and increasing The feudal haughtiness of our no-

bility has totally disappeared, and, in place of a proud distant reserve, a pleasing suavity and companionable ease have almost universally obtained amongst the higher orders: the pedantry of office is gone, and even the animosity of party is so far in the wain, that it serves rather to whet our wits than our swords against each other: the agitation of political opinions is no longer a subject fatal to the peace of the table, but takes its turn with other topics, without any breach of good manners or good fellowship.

It were too much to say that there are no general causes still subsisting, which annoy our social comforts, and disgrace our tempers; they are still too many, and it is amongst the duties of an Observer to set a mark upon them, though by so doing I may run into repetition, for I am not conscious of having any thing to say upon the subject, which I have not said before; but if a beggar, who asks charity, because of his importunity shall at length be relieved, an author perhaps, who enforces his advice, shall in the end be listened to.

I must therefore again and again insist upon it, that there are two sides to every argument, and that it is the natural and unalienable right of man to be heard in support of his opinion, he having first lent a patient ear to the speaker, who maintains sentiments which oppose that opinion; I do humbly apprehend that an overbearing voice and noisy volubility of tongue, are proofs of a very underbred fellow, and it is with regret I see society too frequently disturbed in its most delectable enjoyments by this odious character: I do not see that any man hath a right by obligation or otherwise, to lay me under a necessity of thinking exactly as he thinks: Though I admit that 'from the fulness of the heart the tongue speaketh,' I do not admit any

superior pretensions it hath to be Sir Oracle from the fulness of the pocket. In the name of freedom, what claim hath any man to be the tyrant of the table? As well he may avail himself of the greater force of his fists as of his lungs. Doth sense consist in sound, or is truth only to be measured by the noise it makes? Can it be a disgrace to be convinced, or doth any one lose by the exchange, who resigns his own opinion for a better? When I reflect upon the advantages of our public schools, where puerile tempers are corrected by collision; upon the mathematical studies, and scholastic exercises of our universities, I am no less grieved than astonished to discover so few proficients in well-mannered controversy, so very few who seem to make truth the object of their investigation, or will spare a few patient moments from the eternal repetition of their own deafening jargon to the temperate reply of men, probably better qualified to speak than themselves.

There is another grievance not unfrequent though inferior to this abovementioned, which proceeds jointly from the mixt nature of society, and the ebullitions of freedom in this happy country, I mean that roar of mirth and uncontrouled flow of spirits, which hath more vulgarity in it than ease, more noise than gaiety: the stream of elegant festivity will never overflow its banks; the delicacy of sex, the dignity of rank, and the decorum of certain professions, should never be so overlooked, as to alarm the feelings of any person present, interested for their preservation. When the softer sex entrust themselves to our society, we should never forget the tender respect due to them even in our gayest hours. When the higher orders by descending, and the lower by ascending out of their sphere, meet upon the level of good fellowship, let not our

superiors be revolted by a rusticity however jovial, nor driven back into their fastnesses by overstepping the partition line, and making saucy inroads into their proper quarters. Who questions a minister about news or politics? Who talks ribaldry before a bishop? Once in seven years is often enough for the levelling familiarity of electioneering manners.

There is another remark, which I cannot excuse myself from making, if it were only for the sake of those luckless beings, who being born with duller faculties, or stampt by the hand of nature with oddities either of humour, or of person, seem to be set up in society as butts for the arrows of raillery and ridicule: If the object thus made the victim of the company, feels the shaft, who but must suffer with him? If he feels it not, we blush for human nature, whose dignity is sacrificed in his person; and as for the profest buffoon, I take him to have as little pretensions to true humour, as a punster has to true wit. There is scope enough for all the eccentricities of character without turning cruelty into sport; let satire take its share, but let vice only shrink before it; let it silence the tongue that wantonly violates truth, or defames reputation; let it batter the insulting towers of pride, but let the air-built castles of vanity, much more the humble roof of the indigent and infirm, never provoke its spleen.

It happened to me not long ago to fall into company with some very respectable persons, chiefly of the mercantile order, where a country gentleman, who was a stranger to most of the party, took upon him to entertain the company, with a tedious string of stories of no sort of importance to any soul present, and all tending to display his own consequence, fortune, and independence. Such conver-

sation was ill calculated for the company present, the majority of whom had I dare say been the founders of their own fortunes, and I should doubt if there was any quarter of the globe accessible to commerce, which had not been resorted to by some one or other then sitting at the table. This uninteresting egotist therefore was the more unpardonable, as he shut out every topic of curious and amusing information, which could no where meet a happier opportunity for discussion.

He was endured for a considerable time with that patience which is natural to men of good manners and experience in the world. This encouragement only rendered him more insupportable; when at last an elderly gentleman seized the opportunity of a short pause in his discourse, to address the following reproof to this eternal talker.

'We have listened to you, Sir, a long time with attention, and it does not appear that any body present is disposed to question either your independence, or the comforts that are annexed to it; we rejoice that you possess them in so full a degree, and we wish every landed gentleman in the kingdom was in the same happy predicament with yourself; but we are traders, Sir, and are beholden to our industry and fair dealing for what you inherit from your ancestors, and yourself never toiled for. Might it not be altogether as amusing to you to be told of our adventures in foreign climes and countries; of our dangers, difficulties, and escapes; our remarks upon the manners and customs of other nations, as to enclose the whole conversation within the hedge of your own estate, and shut up intelligence, wide as the world itself, within the narrow limits of your parish pound? Believe me, Sir, we are glad to hear you, and we respect your order in the state, but we are willing to hear each other also

in our turns; for let me observe to you in the style of the compting-house, that conversation, like trade, abhors a monopoly, and that a man can derive no benefit from society, unless he hears others talk as well as himself.'

NUMBER LXXXV.

I WAS in company the other day with a young gentleman, who had newly succeeded to a considerable estate, and was a good deal struck with the conversation of an elderly person present, who was very deliberately casting up the several demands that the community at large had upon his property.——'Are you aware,' says he, 'how small a portion of your revenue will properly remain to yourself, when you have satisfied all the claims which you must pay to society and your country for living amongst us and supporting the character of what is called a landed gentleman? Part of your income will be stopt for the maintenance of them who have none, under the denomination of poor-rates; this may be called a fine upon the partiality of fortune, levied by the law of society, which will not trust its poor members to the precarious charity of the rich: another part must go to the debts and necessities of the government, which protects you in war and peace, and is also a fine, which you must be content to pay for the honour of being an Englishman, and the advantage of living in a land of liberty and security. The learned professions will also have their share; the church for taking care of your soul, the physi-

cian for looking after your body, and the lawyer must have part of your property for superintending the rest. The merchant, tradesman and artisan will have their profit upon all the multiplied wants, comforts and indulgencies of civilized life: these are not to be enumerated, for they depend on the humours and habits of men; they have grown up with the refinements and elegancies of the age, and they will further increase, as these shall advance: they are the conductors, which, like the blood-vessels in the human frame, circulate your wealth, and every other man's wealth, through every limb and even fibre of the national body: the hand of industry creates that wealth, and to the hand of industry it finally returns, as blood does to the heart.'

If we trace the situation of man from a mere state of nature to the highest state of civilization, we shall find these artificial wants and dependences increase with every stage and degree of his improvements; so that if we consider each nation apart as one great machine, the several parts and springs, which give it motion, naturally become more and more complicated and multifarious, as the uses to which it is applied are more and more diversified. Again, if we compare two nations in an equal state of civilization, we may remark, that where the greater freedom obtains, there the greater variety of artificial wants will obtain also, and of course property will circulate through more channels: this I take to be the case upon a comparison between France and England, arising from the different constitutions of them and us with respect to civil liberty.

The natural wants of men are pretty much the same in most states, but the humours of men will take different directions in different countries, and are governed in a great degree by the laws and constitution of the realm in which they are found:

there are numbers of people in England, who get their living by arts and occupations, which would not be tolerated in a despotic government. Men's manners are simplified in proportion to the restraint and circumscription under which they are kept. The country sports of English gentlemen furnish maintenance and employment to vast numbers of our people, whereas in France and other arbitrary states, men of the first rank and fortune reside in the capital, and keep no establishments of this sort. What a train of grooms, jockies and stable-boys follow the heels of our horses and hounds in tight boots and leather breeches! each of which carries the clothes of six men upon his back, cased in one skin of flannel under another, like the coats of an onion. The loco-motive mania of an Englishman circulates his person, and of course his cash, into every quarter of the kingdom: a Frenchman takes a journey only when he cannot help it, an Englishman has no other reason but because he likes it; he moves with every shift of the weather, and follows the changes of the most variable climate in the world; a frosty morning puts him from his hunting, and he is in London before night; a thaw meets him in town, and again he scampers into the country: he has a horse to run at Epsom, another at Salisbury, and a third at York, and he must be on the spot to back every one of them; he has a stud at Newmarket, a mistress in London, a shooting-box in Norfolk, and a pack of fox-hounds in the New Forest: for one wheel that real business puts in motion, pleasure, whim, *ennui* turn one hundred: sickness, which confines all the rest of the world, sends him upon his travels; one doctor plunges him into the sea at Brighthelmstone, a second steeps him in warm water at Buxton; and a third sends him to Bath; for the gentlemen of the learned faculty,

whether they help us into life, or help us out of it, make us pay toll at each gate; and if at any time their art keeps us alive, the fine we must pay to their ingenuity makes the renewal in some cases too hard a bargain for a poor man to profit by. In all other countries upon earth a man is contented to be well and pay nothing for being so, but in England even health is an expensive article, as we are for ever contriving how to be a little better, and physicians are too conscientious to take a fee and do nothing for it. If there is any thing like ridicule in this, it is against the patient and not against the physician I would wish to point it; it is in England that the profession is truly dignified, and if it is here accompanied with greater emoluments, it is proportionably practised with superior learning; if life is more valuable in a land of freedom than in a land of slavery, why should it not be paid for according to its value? In despotic states, where men's lives are in fact the property of the prince, all subjects should in justice be cured or killed at his proper charge; but where a man's house is his castle, his health is his own concern.

As to the other learned profession of the law, to its honour be it spoken, there is that charming perplexity about it, that we can ruin one another and ourselves with the greatest certainty and facility. It is so superior to all other sciences, that it can turn demonstration into doubt, truth into contradiction, make improbability put matter of fact out of countenance, and hang up a point for twenty years, which common sense would decide in as many minutes. It is the glorious privilege of the freemen of England to make their own laws, and they have made so many, that they can neither count them up nor comprehend them. The parliament of England is without comparison the most voluminous author

in the world; and there is such a happy ambiguity in its works, that its students have as much to say on the wrong side of every question as upon the right: in all cases of discussion it is one man's business to puzzle, and another's to explain, and though victory be ever so certain, it is agreed between the parties to make a long battle: there must be an extraordinary faculty of expression in the law, when the only parts clearly understood are those which it has not committed to writing.

I shall say very little in this place upon the sacred profession of divinity: it is to be lamented that the church of England is not provided with a proper competency for all who are engaged in performing its functions; but I cannot close with their opinion, who are for stripping its dignities, and equalizing those splendid benefices, which are at once the glory and the support of its establishment. Levellers and reformers will always have the popular cry on their side, and I have good reason to know with what inveteracy a man is persecuted for an opinion which opposes it; and yet it is hard to give credit to the sincerity and disinterestedness of him who courts popularity, and deny it to the man who sacrifices his repose, and stands the brunt of abuse in defence of what he believes to be the truth.

And now having fallen upon the mention of Popularity, I shall take leave to address that divinity with a few lines picked up from an obscure author, which, though below poetry, are not quite prose, and on that account pretty nearly suited to the level of their subject.

O Popularity, thou giddy thing!
What grace or profit dost thou bring?
Thou art not honesty, thou art not fame;
I cannot call thee by a worthy name:

To say I hate thee were not true;
Contempt is properly thy due;
I cannot love thee and despise thee too.

Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
That ever traffick'd in deceit;
A state empiric, bellowing loud
Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd;
And what car'st thou, if thou canst raise
Illuminations and huzzas,
Tho' half the city sunk in one bright blaze?

A patriot! no; for thou dost hold in hate
The very peace and welfare of the state;
When anarchy assaults the sovereign's throne,
Then is the day, the night thine own;
Then is thy triumph, when the foe
Levels some dark insidious blow,
Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.

Thou canst affect humility to hide
Some deep device of monstrous pride;
Conscience and charity pretend
For compassing some private end;
And in a canting conventicle note
Long scripture passages canst quote,
When persecution rankles in thy throat.

Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
No ear for science, and no eye for art,
Yet confidently dost decide at once
This man a wit, and that a dunce;
And, (strange to tell!) howe'er unjust,
We take thy dictates upon trust,
For if the world will be deceiv'd, it must.

In truth and justice thou hast no delight,
Virtue thou dost not know by sight;
But, as the chymist by his skill
From dross and dregs a spirit can distill,
So from the prisons, or the stews,
Bullies, blasphemers, cheats or Jews
Shall turn to heroes, if they serve thy views.

Thou dost but make a ladder of the mob,
Whereby to climb into some courtly job;

There safe reposing, warm and snug,
Thou answer'st with a patient shrug,
Miscreants, begone! who cares for you,
Ye base-born, brawling, clamorous crew?
You've serv'd my turn, and, vagabonds, adieu!

NUMBER LXXXVI.

Being now arrived at the conclusion of my third volume*, and having hitherto given my readers very little interruption in my own person, I hope I may be permitted to make one short valedictory address to these departing adventurers, in whose success I am naturally so much interested.

I have employed much time and care in rearing up these Essays to what I conceived maturity, and qualifying them, as far as I was able, to shift for themselves, in a world where they are to inherit no popularity from their author, nor to look for any favour but what they can earn for themselves. To any, who shall question them who they are, and whence they come, they may truly answer—*We are all one man's sons*—we are indeed *Observers*, but no *Spies*. If this shall not suffice, and they must needs give a further account of themselves, they will have to say, that he who sent them into the world, sent them as an offering of his good-will to mankind; that he trusts they have been so trained as not to hurt the feelings or offend the principles of any man, who shall admit them into his company; and that for their errors (which he cannot doubt are many) he hopes they will be found errors of the understanding, not of the heart: they are the first-fruits of his

* This alludes to the original form of publishing these volumes. C.

leisure and retirement; and as the mind of a man in that situation will naturally bring the past scenes of active life under its examination and review, it will surely be considered as a pardonable zeal for being yet serviceable to mankind, if he gives his experience and observations to the world, when he has no further expectations from it on the score of fame or fortune. These are the real motives for the publication of these Papers, and this the Author's true state of mind: to serve the cause of morality and religion is his first ambition; to point out some useful lessons for amending the education and manners of young people of either sex, and to mark the evil habits and unsocial humours of men, with a view to their reformation, are the general objects of his undertaking. He has formed his mind to be contented with the consciousness of these honest endeavours, and with a very moderate share of success. he has ample reason notwithstanding to be more than satisfied with the reception these Papers have already had in their probationary excursion; and it is not from any disgust, taken up in a vain conceit of his own merits, that he has more than once observed upon the frauds and follies of popularity, or that he now repeats his opinion, that it is the worst guide a public man can follow, who wishes not to go out of the track of honesty; for at the same time that he has seen men force their way in the world by effrontery, and heard others applauded for their talents, whose only recommendation has been their ingenuity in wickedness, he can recollect very few indeed who have succeeded, either in fame or fortune, under the disadvantages of modesty and merit.

To such readers, as shall have taken up these Essays with a candid disposition to be pleased, he will not scruple to express a hope that they have not been altogether disappointed; for though he has

been unassisted in composing them, he has endeavoured to open a variety of resources, sensible that he had many different palates to provide for. The subject of politics, however, will never be one of these resources; a subject which he has neither the will nor the capacity to meddle with. There is yet another topic, which he has been no less studious to avoid, which is personality; and though he professes to give occasional delineations of living manners, and not to make men in his closet (as some Essayists have done) he does not mean to point at individuals; for as this is a practice which he has ever rigidly abstained from when he mixed in the world, he should hold himself without the excuse, even of temptation, if he was now to take it up, when he has withdrawn himself from the world.

In the Essays (which he has presumed to call *Literary*, because he cannot strike upon any apposite title of an humbler sort) he has studied to render himself intelligible to readers of all descriptions, and the deep-read scholar will not fastidiously pronounce them shallow, only because he can fathom them with ease; for that would be to wrong both himself and their author, who, if there is any vanity in a pedantic margin of references, certainly resisted that vanity, and as certainly had it at his choice to have loaded his page with as great a parade of authorities, as any of his brother writers upon classical subjects have ostentatiously displayed. But if any learned critic, now or hereafter, shall find occasion to charge these Essays on the score of false authority or actual error, their author will most thankfully meet the investigation; and the fair reviewer shall find that he has either candour to adopt correction, or materials enough in reserve to maintain every warrantable assertion.

The Moralist and the Divine, it is hoped, will

here find nothing to except against; it is not likely such an offence should be committed by one, who has rested all his hope in that Revelation, on which his faith is founded; whom nothing could ever divert from his aim of turning even the gayest subjects to moral purposes, and who reprobates the jest, which provokes a laugh at the expence of a blush.

The Essays of a critical sort are no less addressed to the moral objects of composition, than to those which they have more professedly in view: they are not undertaken for the invidious purpose of developing errors, and stripping the laurels of departed poets, but simply for the uses of the living. The specimens already given, and those which are intended to follow in the further prosecution of the work, are proposed as disquisitions of instruction rather than of subtlety; and if they shall be found more particularly to apply to dramatic composition, it is because their author looks up to the stage, as the great arbiter of more important delights, than those only which concern the taste and talents of the nation; it is because he sees with serious regret the buffoonery and low abuse of humour to which it is sinking, and apprehends for the consequences such an influx of folly may lead to. It will be readily granted there are but two modes of combating this abasement of the drama with any probability of success: one of these modes is, by an exposition of some one or other of the productions in question, which are supposed to contribute to its degradation; the other is, by inviting the attention of the public to an examination of better models, in which the standard works of our early dramatists abound. If the latter mode therefore should be adopted in these Essays, and the former altogether omitted, none of their readers will regret the preference that has been given upon such an alternative.

If the ladies of wit and talents do not take offence at some of these Essays, it will be a test of the truth of their pretensions, when they discern that the raillery, pointed only at affectation and false character, has no concern with them. There is nothing in which this nation has more right to pride itself, than the genius of its women; they have only to add a little more attention to their domestic virtues, and their fame will fly over the face of the globe. If I had ever known a good match broken off on the part of the man, because a young lady had too much modesty and discretion, or was too strictly educated in the duties of a good wife, I hope I understand myself too well to obtrude my old-fashioned maxims upon them. They might be as witty as they pleased, if I thought it was for their good; but if a racer, that has too great a share of heels, must lie by because it cannot be matched, so must every young spinster if her wits are too nimble. If I could once discover that men chuse their wives, as they do their friends, for their manly atchievments and convivial talents, for their being jolly fellows over a bottle, or topping a five-barred gate in a fox-chace, I should then be able to account for the many Amazonian figures I encounter in slouched hats, great coats and half-boots, and I would not presume to set my face against the fashion; or if my experience of the fair-sex could produce a single instance in the sect of Sentimentalists, which could make me doubt of the pernicious influence of a Musidorus and a Lady Thimble, I would not so earnestly have pressed the examples of a Sappho, a Calliope or a Melissa.

The first Numbers of the present collection, to the amount of forty, have already been published; but being worked off at a country press, I find myself under the painful necessity of discontinuing the

edition. I have availed myself of this opportunity, not only by correcting the imperfections of the first publication, but by rendering this as unexceptionable (in the external at least) as I possibly could. I should have been wanting to the public and myself, if the flattering encouragement I have already received had not prompted me to proceed with the work; and if my alacrity in the further prosecution of it shall meet any check, it must arise only from those causes, which no human diligence can controul.

Vos tamen O nostri ne festináte libelli!
Si post fata venit gloria, nonne propero.

NUMBER LXXXVII.

Jam te premit nox. HORAT.

I AM sitting down to begin the task of adding a new volume to these Essays, when the last day of the year 1789 is within a few hours of its conclusion, and I shall bid farewell to this eventful period with a grateful mind for its having passed lightly over my head without any extraordinary perturbation or misfortune on my part suffered, gently leading me towards that destined and not far distant hour, when I, like it, shall be no more.

I have accompanied it through all those changes and successions of seasons, which in our climate are so strongly discriminated; have shared in the pleasures and productions of each, and if any little idle jars or bickerings may occasionally have started up

betwixt us, as will sometimes happen to the best of friends, I willingly consign them to oblivion, and keep in mind only those kind and good offices, which will please on reflection, and serve to endear the memory of the deceased.

All days in twelve months will not be days of sunshine; but I will say this for *my friend in his last moments*, that I cannot put my finger upon one in the same century, that hath given birth to more interesting events, been a warmer advocate for the liberties and rights of mankind in general, or a kinder patron to this country in particular: I could name a day (if there was any need to point out what is so strongly impressed on our hearts) a day of gratulation and thanksgiving which will ever stand forth amongst the whitest in our calendar.

Hic dies verè mihi festus atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras. HORAT.

This is indeed a festal day,
A day that heals my cares and pains,
Drives death and danger far away,
And tells me—Cæsar lives and reigns.

Though *my friend in his last moments* hath in this and other instances been so considerate of our happiness, I am afraid he is not likely to leave our morals much better than he found them: I cannot say that in the course of my duty as an Observer any very striking instance of amendment hath come under my notice; and though I have all the disposition in life to speak as favourably in my friend's behalf as truth will let me, I am bound to confess he was not apt to think so seriously of his latter end as I could have wished; there was a levity in his conduct, which he took no pains to conceal; he did not seem

to reflect upon the lapse of time, how speedily his *spring*, *summer*, and *autumn* would pass away, and the *winter* of his days come upon him; like Wolsey he was not aware how soon the *frost*, *the killing frost would nip his root:* he was however a gay convivial fellow, loved his bottle and his friend, passed his time peaceably amongst us, and certainly merits the good word of every loyal subject in this kingdom.

As for his proceedings in other countries, it is not here the reader must look for an account of them; politics have no place in these volumes; but it cannot be denied that he has made many widows and orphans in Europe, been an active agent for the court of death, and dipped his hands deep in Christian and Mahometan blood. By the friends of freedom he will be celebrated to the latest time. He has begun a business, which if followed up by his successor with equal zeal, less ferocity and more discretion, may lead to wonderful revolutions: there are indeed some instances of cruelty, which bear hard upon his character; if separately viewed, they admit of no palliation; in a general light allowances may be made for that phrensy, which seizes the mind, when impelled to great and arduous undertakings; when the wound is gangrened the incision must be deep, and if that is to be done by coarse instruments and unskilful hands, who can wonder if the gash more resembles the stab of an assassin than the operation of a surgeon? An æra is now open, awful, interesting and so involved in mystery, that the acutest speculation cannot penetrate to the issue of it: in short, *my friend in his last moments* hath put a vast machine in motion, and left a task to futurity, that will demand the strongest hands and ablest heads to compleat: in the mean time I shall hope that my countrymen, who have all those blessings by inheritance, which less-favoured nations are now

struggling to obtain by force, will so use their liberty, that the rest of the world, who are not so happy, may think it an object worth contending for, and quote our peace and our prosperity as the best proofs existing of its real value.

Whilst my thoughts have been thus employed in reflecting upon the last day of an ever-memorable year, I have composed a few elegiac lines to be thrown into the grave, which time is now opening to receive his reliques.

The year's gay verdure, all its charms are gone,
And now comes old December chill and drear,
Dragging a darkling length of evening on,
Whilst all things droop, as Nature's death were near.

Time flies amain with broad-expanded wings,
Whence never yet a single feather fell,
But holds his speed, and through the welkin rings
Of all that breathe the inexorable knell.

Oh! for a moment stop—a moment's space
For recollection mercy might concede,
A little pause for man's unthinking race
To ponder on that world, to which they speed.

But 'tis in vain; old Time disdains to rest,
And moment after moment flits along,
Each with a sting to pierce the idler's breast,
And vindicate its predecessor's wrong.

Though the new-dawning year in its advance
With hope's gay promise may entrap the mind,
Let memory give one retrospective glance
Through the bright period, which it leaves behind.

Æra of mercies! my wrapt bosom springs
To meet the transport recollection gives:
Heaven's angel comes with healing on his wings;
He shakes his plumes, my country's father lives.

The joyful tidings o'er the distant round
Of Britain's empire the four winds proclaim,
Her sun-burnt islands swell the exulting sound,
And farthest Ganges echoes George's name.

Period of bliss! can any British muse
Bid thee farewell without a parting tear?
Shall the historian's gratitude refuse
His brightest page to this recorded year?

Thou Freedom's nursing mother shall be stil'd,
The glories of its birth are all thine own,
Upon thy breasts hung the Herculean child,
And tyrants trembled at its baby frown.

A sanguine mantle the dread infant wore,
Before it roll'd a stream of human blood;
Smiling it stood, and, pointing to the shore,
Beckon'd the nations from across the flood.

Then at that awful sight, as with a spell,
The everlasting doors of Death gave way,
Prone to the dust Oppression's fortress fell,
And rescu'd captives hail'd the light of day.

Meanwhile Ambition chac'd its fairy prize
With moonstruck madness down the Danube's stream,
The Turkish crescent glittering in its eyes,
And lost an empire to pursue a dream.

The trampled serpent (Superstition) wreath'd
Her fest'ring scales with anguish to and fro,
Torpid she lay, then darting forward sheath'd
Her deadly fangs in the unguarded foe.

Oh Austria! why so prompt to venture forth,
When fate now hurries thee to life's last goal?
Thee too, thou crowned eagle of the north,
Death's dart arrests, though tow'ring to the pole.

Down then, Ambition; drop into the grave!
And by thy follies be this maxim shewn—
'Tis not the monarch's glory to enslave
His neighbour's empire, but to bless his own.

Come then, sweet Peace! in Britain fix thy reign,
Bid Plenty smile, and Commerce croud her coast;
And may this ever blessed year remain
Her king's, her people's, and her muse's boast.

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

Nicolas Pedrosa, a busy little being, who followed the trades of shaver, surgeon and man-midwife in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his shop in the Plazuela de los Affligidos, and pushed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral, upon a pressing occasion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain in certain cases do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain description, and no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was resolved not to lose an inch of his way, nor of his mule's best speed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid strait forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinion, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads most familiar and agreeable to herself, and accordingly began to dispute the point of topography with Nicolas by fixing her fore feet resolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the same time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiously into the air in the way of argument. Little Pedrosa, who was armed at heel with one massy silver spur of stout, though antient, workmanship, resolutely applied the rusty rowel to the shoulder of his beast, driving it with all the good-will in the world to the very butt, and at the same time adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his right arm, and flinging the skirt over the left shoulder *en cavalier*,

began to lay about him with a stout ashen sapling upon the ears, pole and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flashed from a pair of Andalusian eyes, as black as charcoal and not less inflammable, and taking the segara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his nostrils in a sharp winter's evening by the way, raised such a thundering troop of angels, saints and martyrs, from St. Michael downwards, not forgetting his own namesake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curses could have made the mule to go, the dispute would have been soon ended, but not a saint could make her stir any other ways than upwards and downwards at a stand. A small troop of mendicant friars were at this moment conducting the host to a dying man.—'Nicolas Pedrosa,' says an old friar, 'be patient with your beast and spare your blasphemies; remember Balaam.'—'Ah father,' replied Pedrosa, 'Balaam cudgelled his beast till she spoke, so will I mine till she roars.'—'Fie, fie, prophane fellow,' cries another of the fraternity. 'Go about your work, friend,' quoth Nicolas, 'and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the more pressing of the two; your patient is going out of the world, mine is coming into it.'—'Hear him,' cries a third, 'hear the vile wretch, how he blasphemes the body of God.'—And then the troop past slowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man must know nothing of a mule's ears who does not know what a passion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no sooner had the jingling cords vibrated in the sympathetic organs of Pedrosa's beast, than boulting forward with a sudden spring she ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on some and shouldering others at a most prophane rate; when Nicolas availing himself of the impetus, and perhaps not able to controul it, broke away and

was out of sight in a moment. 'All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beast of Babylon,' muttered Nicolas to himself as he scampered along, never once looking behind him or stopping to apologize for the mischief he had done to the bare feet and shirtless ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas saved his distance, as likewise, if he did, whether it was a male or female Castilian he ushered into the world, we will not just now inquire, contented to wait his return in the first of the morning next day, when he had no sooner dismounted at his shop and delivered his mule to a sturdy Arragonese wench, than Don Ignacio de Santos Aparicio, alguazil mayor of the supreme and general inquisition, put an order into his hand, signed and sealed by the inquisidor general, for the conveying his body to the Casa, whose formidable door presents itself in the street adjoining to the square in which Nicolas's brazen basin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint, and with a face as yellow as saffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and crossed himself most devoutly; as soon as he had ascended the first flight of stairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade, and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts that shut him in. He was led through passages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his solitary meditations. Hapless being! what a scene of horror. Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andalusian, and like his countrymen of a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the resources of his invention for some happy fetch, if any such might occur, for helping him out of the dismal limbo he was in: he was not long to seek for the

cause of his misfortune: his adventure with the barefooted friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any; there was however another thing, which might have troubled a stouter heart than Nicolas's—He was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a staggering item in a poor devil's confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not just then urge him to reveal it: he now began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the Blessed Virgin, two Agnus Deis, a Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, and a formidable string of beads all pendant from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had a paper of dried figs, a small bundle of segaras, a case of lancets, squirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who first arrested him,—'and let him make the most of them,' said he to himself, 'they can never prove me an Israelite by a case of razors.'—Upon a closer rummage however he discovered in a secret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de Casafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed—'Well, well,' cried he, 'let it pass; there can be no mystery in this harmless scrawl; a letter of advice to some friend or relation, I'll not break the seal; let the fathers read it, if they like, 'twill prove the truth of my deposition, and help out my excuse for the hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate adventure of my damned refractory mule.'—And now no sooner had the recollection of the wayward mule crossed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedrosa, than he began to blast her at a furious rate,—'The scratches and the scab to boot confound thy scurvy hide,' quoth he, 'thou ass-begotten bas-

tard, whom Noah never let into his ark! The vengeance take thee for an uncreated barren beast of promiscuous generation! What devil's crotchet got into thy capricious noddle, that thou shouldst fall in love with that Nazaritish bell, and run bellowing like Lucifer into the midst of those barefooted vermin, who are more malicious and more greedy than the locusts of Egypt? Oh! that I had the art of Simon Magus to conjure thee into this dungeon in my stead; but I warrant thou art chewing thy barley straw without any pity for thy wretched master, whom thy jade's tricks have delivered bodily to the tormentors, to be the sport of these uncircumcised sons of Dagon.' And now the cell door opened, when a savage figure entered, carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedrosa, telling him with a truly diabolic grin, whilst he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of a blasphemer.—'Jesu-Maria,' quoth Pedrosa, 'is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a restive mule?' 'Aye,' cried the demon, 'and this is only a taste of what is to come,' at the same time slipping his pincers from the screw he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of flesh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nicolas, whilst he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a just reward for the torture he had put him to awhile ago, when he tugged at a tooth, till he broke it in his jaw. 'Ah, for the love of Heaven,' cried Pedrosa, 'have more pity on me; for the sake of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, be not so unmerciful to a poor barber-surgeon, and I will shave your worship's beard for nothing as long as I have life.' One of the messengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow strike off the prisoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and

demanded him for examination. 'This is something extraordinary,' quoth the tormentor, 'I should not have expected it this twelvemonth to come.' Pedrosa's fetters were struck off; some brandy was applied to staunch the bleeding of his cheeks; his hands and face were washed, and a short jacket of coarse ticking thrown over him, and the messenger with an assistant taking him each under an arm led him into a spacious chamber, where at the head of a long table sate his excellency the inquisidor general with six of his assessors, three on each side the chair of state: the alguazil mayor, a secretary and two notaries, with other officers of the holy council, were attending in their places.

The prisoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table between the messengers who brought him in, and having made his obeisance to the awful presence in the most supplicating manner, he was called upon according to the usual form of questions by one of the junior judges to declare his name, parentage, profession, age, place of abode, and to answer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: his excellency the inquisidor general now opened his reverend lips, and in a solemn tone of voice, that penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling prisoner, interrogated him as follows—

'Nicolas Pedrosa, we have listened to the account you give of yourself, your business and connections, now tell us for what offence, or offences, you are here standing a prisoner before us: examine your own heart, and speak the truth from your conscience without prevarication or disguise.' 'May it please your excellency,' replied Pedrosa, 'with all due submission to your holiness and this reverend assembly, my most equitable judges, I conceive I stand here before you for no worse a crime, than that of cudgelling a refractory mule; an animal so

restive in its nature, (under correction of your holiness be it spoken) that although I were blest with the forbearance of holy Job, (for like him too I am married and my patience hath been exercised by a wife) yet could I not forbear to smite my beast for her obstinacy, and the rather because I was summoned in the way of my profession, as I have already made known to your most merciful ears, upon a certain crying occasion, which would not admit of a moment's delay.'

'Recollect yourself, Nicolas,' said his Excellency the inquisidor general, 'was there nothing else you did, save smiting your beast?'

'I take saint Nicolas de Tolentino to witness,' replied he, 'that I know of no other crime, for which I can be responsible at this righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly beast.'

'Take notice, brethren,' exclaimed the inquisidor, 'this unholy wretch holds trampling over friars to be no crime.'

'Pardon me, holy father,' replied Nicolas, 'I hold it for the worst of crimes, and therefore willingly surrender my refractory mule to be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale her alive it will not be more than she deserves.'

'Your wits are too nimble, Nicolas,' cried the judge; 'have a care they do not run away with your discretion: recollect the blasphemies you uttered in the hearing of those pious people.'

'I humbly pray your excellency,' answered the prisoner, 'to recollect that anger is a short madness, and I hope allowances will be made by your holy council for words spoke in haste to a rebellious mule: the prophet Balaam was thrown off his guard with a simple ass, and what is an ass compared to a mule: if your excellency had seen the lovely creature that was screaming in an agony till I

came to her relief, and how fine a boy I ushered into the world, which would have been lost but for my assistance, I am sure I should not be condemned for a few hasty words spoke in passion.'

'Sirrah!' cried one of the puisny judges, 'respect the decency of the court.'

'Produce the contents of this fellow's pockets before the court,' said the president, 'lay them on the table.'

'Monster,' resumed the aforesaid puisny judge, taking up the forceps, 'what is the use of this diabolical machine?'

'Please your reverence,' replied Pedrosa, '*aptum est ad extrahendos fœtus.*'—'Unnatural wretch,' again exclaimed the judge, 'you have murdered the mother.'

'The mother of God forbid!' exclaimed Pedrosa, 'I believe I have a proof in my pocket, that will acquit me of that charge;' and so saying, he tendered the letter we have before made mention of: the secretary took it, and by command of the court read as follows:

'Senor Don Manuel de Herrera,

'When this letter, which I send by Nicolas Pedrosa, shall reach your hands, you shall know that I am safely delivered of a lovely boy after a dangerous labour, in consideration of which I pray you to pay to the said Nicolas Pedrosa the sum of twenty gold pistoles, which sum his excellency'—

'Hold!' cried the inquisidor general, starting hastily from his seat, and snatching away the letter, 'there is more in this than meets the eye: break up the court; I must take an examination of this prisoner in private.'

NUMBER LXXXIX.

As soon as the room was cleared, the inquisidor general beckoning to the prisoner to follow him, retired into a private closet, where throwing himself carelessly in an arm chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him sit down upon a low stool by his side, thus accosted him:—'Take heart, senor Pedrosa, your imprisonment is not likely to be very tedious, for I have a commission you must execute without loss of time: you have too much consideration for yourself to betray a trust, the violation of which must involve you in inevitable ruin, and can in no degree attaint my character, which is far enough beyond the reach of malice: be attentive therefore to my orders; execute them punctually, and keep my secret as you tender your own life: dost thou know the name and condition of the lady, whom thou hast delivered?' Nicolas assured him he did not, and his excellency proceeded as follows —'Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the illustrious Donna Leonora de Casafonda: her husband is the president of Quito, and daily expected with the next arrivals from the South Seas; now, though measures have been taken for detaining him at the port, wherever he shall land, till he shall receive further orders, yet you must be sensible Donna Leonora's situation is somewhat delicate: it will be your business to take the speediest measures for her recovery, but as it seems she has had a dangerous and painful labour, this may be a work of more

time than could be wished, unless some medicines more efficacious than common are administered: art thou acquainted with any such, friend Nicolas?' —' So please your excellency,' quoth Nicolas, ' my processes have been tolerably successful; I have bandages and cataplasms with oils and conserves, that I have no cause to complain of: they will restore nature to its proper state in all decent time.'— ' Thou talkest like a fool, friend Nicolas,' interrupting him, said the inquisidor; ' What tellest thou me of thy swathings and swadlings? quick work must be wrought by quick medicines: Hast thou none such in thy botica? I'll answer for it thou hast not; therefore look you, sirrah, here is a little vial compounded by a famous chymist; see that you mix it in the next apozem you administer to Donna Leonora; it is the most capital sedative in nature; give her the whole of it, and let her husband return when he will, depend upon it he will make no discoveries from her.'—' Humph!' quoth Nicolas within himself, ' Well said, inquisidor!' He took the vial with all possible respect, and was not wanting in professions of the most inviolable fidelity and secrecy—' No more words, friend Nicolas,' quoth the inquisidor, upon that score; I do not believe thee one jot the more for all thy promises; my dependence is upon thy fears and not thy faith; I fancy thou hast seen enough of this place not to be willing to return to it once for all.'—Having so said, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the messenger return his clothes instantly to him with all that belonged to him, and having slipped a purse into his hand well filled with doubloons, he bade him begone about his business, and not see his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas boulted out of the porch without taking

leave of the altar, and never checked his speed till he found himself fairly housed under shelter of his own beloved brass basin.—'Aha!' quoth Nicolas, 'my lord inquisidor, I see the king is not likely to gain a subject more by your intrigues: a pretty job you have set me about; and so, when I have put the poor lady to rest with your damned sedative, my tongue must be stopt next to prevent its blabbing: but I'll show you I was not born in Andalusia for nothing.' Nicolas now opened a secret drawer and took out a few pieces of money, which in fact was his whole stock of cash in the world; he loaded and primed his pistols, and carefully lodged them in the housers of his saddle, he buckled to his side his trusty spada, and hastened to caparison his mule. 'Ah, thou imp of the old one,' quoth he as he entered the stable, 'art not ashamed to look me in the face?' But come, hussey, thou owest me a good turn methinks, stand by me this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in good case, and if thou wilt put thy best foot foremost, like a faithful beast, thou shalt not want for barley by the way.' The bargain was soon struck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment, and pointing his course towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly strides with half a dozen lofty arches over a stream scarce three feet wide, he found himself as completely in a desart in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the center of Arabia petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not a tour of curiosity, he did not amuse himself with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida by the way; for the same reason he took a *circumbendibus* round the frontier town of Badajoz, and crossing a little brook refreshed his mule with the last draught of Spanish water, and instantly congratulated himself upon entering the territory of Portugal. 'Brava!'

quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, 'thou shalt have a supper this night of the best sieve-meat that Estramadura can furnish: we are now in a country where the scattered flock of Israel fold thick and fare well.' He now began to chaunt the song of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart.

When Nicolas at length reached the city of Lisbon, he hugged himself in his good fortune; still he recollected that the inquisition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect security. Our adventurer had in early life acted as assistant surgeon in a Spanish frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a British man of war, and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly passed some years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the English language: no sooner then did he discover the British ensign flying on the poop of an English frigate then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a visit to the surgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himself, and was entered in that capacity for a cruize against the French and Spaniards, with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this secure asylum Nicolas enjoyed the first happy moments he had experienced for a long time past, and being a lively good-humoured little fellow, and one that touched the guitar and sung sequidillas with a tolerable grace, he soon recommended himself to his ship-mates, and grew in favour with every body on board from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon their cruise hovering on the Spanish coast, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquisidor general at Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the president of Quito, and having

imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and as the intelligence seemed of importance, he availed himself of it by hawling into the track of the homeward-bound galleons, and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the mast-head announced a square rigged vessel in view : the ardor of a chace now set all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to discern that she was a Spanish frigate, and seemingly from a long voyage : little Pedrosa, as alert as the rest, stript himself for his work, and repaired to his post in the cock-pit, whilst the thunder of the guns rolled incessantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes ascertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas, with the governor of Quito and his suite on board.

Pedrosa was now called upon deck, and sent on board the prize as interpreter to the first lieutenant, who was to take possession of her. He found every thing in confusion, a deck covered with the slain, and the whole crew in consternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general, and the passengers without exception, under the most horrid impressions of the English, and expecting to be plundered, and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Casafonda the governor, whose countenance bespoke a constitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himself on a sopha in the last state of despair, and given way to an effusion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin he rose trembling from his couch, and with the most supplicating action presented to him his sword, and with it a casket which he carried in his other hand;

as he tendered these spoils to his conqueror, whether through weakness or of his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee: the generous Briton, shocked at the unmanly overture, caught him suddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedrosa, said aloud—'Convince this gentleman he is fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy.'—'Is it possible!' cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his streaming eyes to the countenance of the British officer, saw humanity, valour, and generous pity so strongly charactered in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. 'Will he not accept my sword?' cried the Spaniard. 'He desires you to wear it, till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain.'—'Ah then he has a captain,' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels; they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesitate to take them from me.'—'If they are your excellency's private property,' replied Pedrosa, 'I am ordered to assure you, that if your ship was loaded with jewels, no British officer, in the service of his king, will take them at your hands; the ship and effects of his Catholic Majesty are the only prize of the captors; the personals of the passengers are inviolate.'—'Generous nation!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'how greatly have I wronged thee!'—The boats of the British frigate now came alongside, and part of the crew were shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern-sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship's captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the

mast awaiting their arrival; the accommodation ladder was slung over the side, and manned for the prisoners, who were received on the gang-way by the second lieutenant, whilst perfect silence and the strictest discipline reigned in the ship, where all were under the decks, and no inquisitive curious eyes were suffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin stood the captain, who received them with that modest complaisance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overstrained politeness; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners, with a heart as benevolent as it was brave: such an address, set off with a person finely formed and perfectly engaging, could not fail to impress the prisoners with the most favourable ideas; and as Don Manuel spoke French fluently, he could converse with the British captain without the help of an interpreter: as he expressed an impatient desire of being admitted to his parole, that he might revisit friends and connections, from which he had been long separated, he was overjoyed to hear that the English ship would carry her prize into Lisbon; and that he would be there set on shore, and permitted to make the best of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardor of the most impassioned lover, and apologized for his tears, by imputing them to the agony of his mind, and the infirmity of his health, under the dread of being longer separated from an object so dear to his heart, and on whom he doated with the fondest affection. The generous captor indulged him in these conversations, and, being a husband himself, knew how to allow for all the tenderness of his sensations. 'Ah, sir,' cried Don Manuel, 'would to Heaven it were in my power to have the honour of presenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Lisbon.—Perhaps,' added he, turn-

ing to Pedrosa, who at that moment entered the cabin, 'this gentleman, whom I take to be a Spaniard, may have heard the name of Donna Leonora de Casafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is possible he may have seen her; should that be the case, he can testify to her external charms; I alone can witness to the exquisite perfection of her mind.'—'Senor Don Manuel,' replied Pedrosa, 'I have seen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can say in her praise; she is of incomparable beauty.' These words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes sparkled with delight; the blood rushed into his emaciated cheeks, and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: he pressed Pedrosa with a variety of rapid inquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, saying, that he had only had a casual glance of her, as she passed along the Pardo. The embarrassment however which accompanied these answers, did not escape the English captain, who shortly after drawing Pedrosa aside into the surgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy situation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the story as before related; nay the very vial was produced with its contents, as put into the hands of Pedrosa by the inquisidor.

NUMBER XC.

'Can there be such villainy in man!' cried the British captain, when Pedrosa had concluded his detail: 'Alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy

husband: assuredly that monster has destroyed Leonora: as for thee, Pedrosa, whilst the British flag flies over thy head, neither Spain, nor Portugal, nor inquisitors, nor devils shall annoy thee under its protection; but if thou ever venturest over the side of this ship, and rashly settest one foot upon Catholic soil, when we arrive at Lisbon, thou art a lost man.'—'I were worse than a madman,' replied Nicolas, should I attempt it.'—'Keep close in this asylum then,' resumed the captain, and fear nothing. Had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?'—'In the worst of extremities,' replied Nicolas, 'I should have applied to the inquisidor's vial; but I confess I had no fears of that sort; a ship so commanded and so manned is in little danger of being carried into a Spanish port.'—'I hope not,' said the captain, 'and I promise thee thou shalt take thy chance in her, so long as she is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou shalt have thy proper share of prize money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be something towards enabling thee to shift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am persuaded thou wilt be, whilst I live thou shalt never want a seaman's friend.'—At these chearing words, little Nicolas threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raising him by the hand, forbade him, as he prized his friendship, ever to address him in that posture any more: 'Thank me, if you will,' added he, 'but thank me as one man should another; let no knees bend in this ship but to the name of God.—But now,' continued he, 'let us turn our thoughts to the situation of our unhappy Casafonda: we are now

drawing near to Lisbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole.' 'By no means let him venture into Spain,' said Pedrosa; 'I am well assured there are orders to arrest him in every port or frontier town, where he may present himself.'—'I can well believe it,' replied the captain; 'his piteous case will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing transpire on your part, and keep yourself out of his sight as carefully as you can.'—This said, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their several occupations.

As soon as the frigate and her prize cast anchor in the Tagus, Don Manuel de Casafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promised parole. The painful moment was now come, when an explanation of some sort became unavoidable: The generous Englishman, with a countenance expressive of the tenderest pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his, and seating him on a couch beside him, ordered the centinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himself as follows:

'Senor Don Manuel, I must now impart to you an anxiety which I labour under on your account; I have strong reason to suspect you have enemies in your own country, who are upon the watch to arrest you on your landing: when I have told you this, I expect you will repose such trust in my honour, and the sincerity of my regard for you, as not to demand a further explanation of the particulars on which my intelligence is founded.'—'Heaven and earth!' cried the astonished Spaniard, 'who can be those enemies I have to fear, and what can I have done to deserve them?'—'So far I will open myself to you,' answered the captain, 'as to point out the principal to you, the inquisidor general.'—'The best friend I have in Spain,' exclaimed the governor, 'my sworn pro-

tector, the patron of my fortune. He my enemy! impossible.'—'Well, Sir,' replied the captain, 'if my advice does not meet belief, I must so far exert my authority for your sake, as to make this ship your prison till I have waited on our minister at Lisbon, and made the inquiries necessary for your safety; suspend your judgment upon the seeming harshness of this measure till I return to you again;' and at the same time rising from his seat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving strict injunctions with the first lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the shore, and left the melancholy Spaniard buried in profound and silent meditation.

The emissaries of the inquisition having at last traced Pedrosa to Lisbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no sooner turned into the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres, than he was accosted by a messenger of state, with a requisition from the prime minister's office for the surrender of one Nicolas Pedrosa, a subject of Spain and a criminal, who had escaped out of the prison of the inquisition in Madrid, where he stood charged with high crimes and misdemeanors.—As soon as this requisition was explained to our worthy captain, without condescending to a word in reply, he called for pen and ink, and writing a short order to the officer commanding on board, instantly dispatched the midshipman, who attended him, to the barge, with directions to make the best of his way back to the frigate, and deliver it to the lieutenant: Then turning to the messenger, he said to him in a resolute tone—'That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and before you shall take him out of the service of my king, you must sink his ship.'—Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded without stop

to the house of the British minister at the farther end of the city: Here he found Pedrosa's intelligence, with regard to the governor of Quito, expressly verified, for the order had come down even to Lisbon, upon the chance of the Spanish frigate's taking shelter in that port: To this minister he related the horrid tale, which Pedrosa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel should be advised to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their answer before any further discoveries were imparted to him respecting the blacker circumstances of the case. In the mean time it was resolved to keep the prisoner safe in his asylum.

The generous Captain lost no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the British Minister's—'This, indeed,' cried the afflicted Spaniard, 'is a stroke I was in no respect prepared for; I had fondly persuaded myself there was not in the whole empire of Spain, a more friendly heart than that of the Inquisidor's; to my beloved Leonora he had ever shewn the tenderness of a paternal affection from her very childhood; by him our hands were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial benediction, and through his favour I was promoted to my government: Grant, heaven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora; surely she cannot have offended him, and forfeited his favour.'—'As I know him not,' replied the Captain, 'I can form no judgment of his motives; but this I know, that if a man's heart is capable of cruelty, the fittest school to learn it in, must be the inquisition.' The proposal was now suggested of sending letters into Spain, and the Governor retired to his desk for the purpose of writing them; in the afternoon of the

same day the minister paid a visit to the captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel, promised to get it forwarded by a safe conveyance according to direction.

In due course of time this fatal letter from Leonora, opened all the horrible transaction to the wretched husband :—

'The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poison, traces these few trembling lines to an injured wretched husband. If thou hast any pity for my parting spirit fly the ruin that awaits thee, and avoid this scene of villainy and horror. When I tell thee I have borne a child to the monster, whose poison runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithless Leonora; had I strength to relate to thee the subtle machinations, which betrayed me to disgrace, thou wouldst pity and perhaps forgive me. Oh agony! can I write his name? The inquisidor is my murderer—My pen falls from my hand—Farewell for ever.'

Had a shot passed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have stopt its motions, than the perusal of this fatal writing: He dropped lifeless on the couch, and but for the care and assistance of the captain and Pedrosa, in that posture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be described by words, for to words it gave no utterance; 'twas suffocating, silent woe.

Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pause in our narration, and attend upon the mournful widower now landing upon English ground, and conveyed by his humane and generous preserver to the house of a noble Earl, the father of our amiable captain, and a man by his virtues still more conspicuous than by his rank. Here amidst the gentle solicitudes of a benevolent family, in one of the

most enchanting spots on earth, in a climate most salubrious and restorative to a constitution exhausted by heat, and a heart nearly broken with sorrow, the reviving spirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the first symptoms of a possible recovery. At the period of a few tranquillizing weeks here passed in the bosom of humanity, letters came to hand from the British Minister at Lisbon, in answer to a memorial, that I should have stated to have been drawn up by the friendly Captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts deposed and sworn to by Nicolas Pedrosa, which memorial, with the documents attached to it, was forwarded to the Spanish Court by special express from the Portuguese premier. By these letters it appeared that the high dignity of the person impeached by this statement of facts, had not been sufficient to screen him from a very serious and complete investigation: in the course of which facts had been so clearly brought home to him by the confession of his several agents, and the testimony of the deceased Leonora's attendants, together with her own written declarations, whilst the poison was in operation, that though no public sentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally understood he was either no longer in existence, or in a situation never to be heard of any more, till roused by the awakening trump he shall be summoned to his tremendous last account. As for the unhappy widower, it was fully signified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether upon exchange or parole, would be no longer opposed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of government, when he should there arrive. The same was signified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedrosa.

Whether Don Manuel de Casafonda will in time

to come avail himself of these overtures time alone can prove: As for little Nicolas, whose prize money has set him up in a comfortable little shop in Duke's Place, where he breathes the veins and cleanses the bowels of his Israelitish brethren, in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at rest, save only when with fire is his eyes, and vengeance on his tongue, he anathematizes the inquisition, and struts into the synagogue every sabbath with as bold a step and as erect a look, as if he was himself High Priest of the Temple, going to perform sacrifice upon the re-assembling of the scattered tribes.

NUMBER XCI.

A GOOD man will live with the world as a wise man lives with his wife; he will not let himself down to be a dupe to its humours, a devotee to its pleasures, or a flatterer of its faults; he will make himself as happy as he can in the connexion for his own sake, reform where he is able, and complain only when he cannot help it. I am sick of that conversation which spends itself in railing at the times we live in; I am apt to think they are not made better by those complaints, and I have oftentimes occasion to know they are made worse by those very people who are loudest to complain of them. If this be really one of the habits of age, it is high time for every man, who grows old, to guard against it; for there is no occasion to invite more peevish companions for the last hours of life, than time and decrepitude will bring in their train: let

us look back upon things past with what content we can, salute time present with the best grace we are able, and resign ourselves to futurity with calmness and a patient mind. If we do not wish to be banished from society before death withdraws us from it, do not let us trust to the world's respect only, let us strive also to conciliate its love.

But I do not wish to argue this point with the sect of the Murmurers merely upon the ground of good policy; I should be sorry for the world, if I could give no better reason for keeping well with it than in self-defence: I really think it a world very easy to live with upon passable good terms; I am free to confess it has mended me since I have lived with it, and I am fully of opinion it has mended itself: I do not deny but it has its failings; it still cuts out work for the moralists, and I am in no fear of finding subject matter for three more vo-volumes of essays, before I have exhausted the duty of an Observer. However, though I have presumed upon taking up this character late in life, yet I feel no provocation from what I observe in others, or in myself, to turn Murmurer; I can call the time past under my review, as far back as my experience will go, and comfort myself by the comparison of it with the time present; I can turn to the authors, who have delineated the manners of ages antecedent to my own, without being ashamed of my contemporaries, or entertaining a superior respect for theirs. I cannot look back to any period of our own annals, of which I can conscientiously pronounce, according to such judgment as I am possessed of, that the happiness of society was better secured, and more completely provided for, than at the present moment.

This may appear so hardy an assertion, that if the Murmurers take the field against me, I suspect

that I shall find myself, as I frequently have done, in a very decided minority; for let the reader take notice, I know the world too well to think of getting popularity by defending it; if ever I make that my object, I must run counter to my own principles, and abuse many, that all may read me: In the mean time I shall make a shew of some of my defences, if it be only to convince the Murmurers, that I shall not capitulate upon the first summons; and I will keep some strong posts masked from their view, that if they repeat their assault, I may still have resources in my reach.

Society is cemented by laws, upheld by religion, endeared by manners, and adorned by arts.

Let us now inquire what is the present state of these great fundamentals of social happiness, and whether any better period can be pointed out, compared to which their present state may be justly pronounced a state of declension.

The constitution of England has undergone many changes: The monarch, the nobles, and the people, have each in their turn for a time destroyed that proper balance, in which its excellence consists. In feudal times the aristocratic power preponderated, and the kingdom was torn to pieces with civil distractions. From the accession of Henry the Seventh to the breaking out of the great rebellion, the power of the sovereign was all but absolute; the rapacity of that monarch, the brutality of his successor, the persecuting spirit of Mary, and the imperious prerogative of Elizabeth, left scarce a shadow of freedom in the people; and, in spite of all the boasted glories of Elizabeth's golden days, I must doubt if any nation can be happy, whose lives and properties were no better secured than those of her subjects actually were: In all this period, the most tranquil moments

are to be found in the peaceful reign of James the First; yet even then the king's *jus divinum* was at its height, and totally overturned the scale and equipoise of the constitution. What followed in Charles's day I need not dwell upon; a revolution ensued; monarchy was shaken to its foundations, and in the general fermentation and concussion of affairs, the very dregs of the people were thrown up into power, and all was anarchy, slaughter, and oppression. From the Restoration to the Revolution we contemplate a period full of trouble, and, for the most part, stained with the deepest disgrace; a pensioned monarch, an abandoned court, and a licentious people. The abdication, or more properly, the expulsion of a royal bigot, set the constitution upon its bottom, but it left the minds of men in a ferment that could not speedily subside; antient loyalty and high monarchical principles were not to be silenced at once by the peremptory fiat of an act of parliament; men still harboured them in their hearts, and popery, three times expelled, was still upon the watch, and secretly whetting her weapons for a fourth attempt. Was this a period of social happiness?—The succession of the House of Hanover still left a pretender to the throne; and though the character of the new sovereign had every requisite of temper and judgment for conciliating his government, yet the old leaven was not exhausted, fresh revolutions were attempted, and the nation felt a painful repetition of its former sorrows.

So far therefore as the happiness of society depends upon the secure establishment of the constitution, the just administration of the laws, the strict and correct ascertainment of the subjects' rights, and those sacred and inviolable privileges as to person and property, which every man amongst us can

now define, and no man living dares to dispute, so far we must acknowledge that the times we live in, are happier times than ever fell to the lot of our ancestors, and if we complain of them, it must be on account of something which has not yet come under our review; we will therefore proceed to the next point, and take the present state of religion into our consideration.

Religious feuds are so terrible in their consequences, and the peace of this kingdom has been so often destroyed by the furiousness of zealots and enthusiasts, struggling for church-establishment, and persecuting in their turns the fallen party without mercy, that the tranquillity we now enjoy, (greater as I believe, than in any time past, but certainly as great) is of itself sufficient to put the modern *murmurer* to silence. To substantiate my assertion, let me refer to the rising spirit of toleration; wherever that blessed spirit prevails, it prevails for the honour of man's nature, for the enlargement of his heart, and for the augmentation of his social happiness. Whilst we were contending for our own rights, self-defence compelled us to keep off the encroachments of others, that were hostile to those rights; but these being firmly established, we are no longer warranted to hang the sword of the law over the head of religion, and oppress our seceding fellow-subjects. Is there any just reason to complain of our established clergy in their collective character? If they do not stun us with controversies, it is because they understand the spirit of their religion better than to engage in them. The publications of the pulpit are still numerous, and if they have dropt their high inflammatory tone, it is to the honour of Christianity that they have so done, and taken up a milder, meeker language in its stead. As for the practice of religion, it is not in

my present argument to speak of that; my business is only to appeal to it as an establishment, essential to the support and happiness of society; and when we reflect how often in times past it has been made an engine for subverting that tranquillity and good order in the state, which it now peaceably upholds, I think it will be clear to every candid man, that this cannot be one of the causes of complaint and murmur against the present times.

The *manners* of the age we live in is the next point I am to review; and if I am to bring this into any decent compass, I must reject many things out of the account, that would make for my argument, and speak very briefly upon all others.

To compare the manners of one age with those of another, we must begin by calling to remembrance the changes that may have been made in our own time, (if we have lived long enough to be witnesses of any) or we must take them upon tradition, or guess at them by the writings of those who describe them: The comic poets are in general good describers of the living manners, and of all dramatic painters in this class Ben Jonson is decidedly the best. In the mirror of the stage we have the reflection of the times through all their changes, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Anne, with an exception to the days of Oliver, of which interval, if there was no other delineation of the reigning manners than what we find in the annals of Whitelocke, and Clarendon, we should be at no loss to form our judgment of them. I stop at the age of Queen Anne, because it was then that Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addison began to spread their pallets, and when they had completed The Spectator, nobody will dispute their having given a very finished portrait of the age they lived in. Where they stop tradition may begin; so that I think an observing

man, with all these aids, and no short experience of his own to help them out, may form a pretty close comparison in his own thoughts upon the subject.

Here I must remind the reader that I am speaking of manners as they respect society. Now we can readily refer to certain times past, when the manners of men in this country were insufferably boisterous and unpolished; we can point to the period, when they were as notoriously reserved, gloomy, dark, and fanatical; we know when profligacy threw off all appearances, and libertinism went naked as it were into all societies; we can tell when pedantry was in general fashion, when duelling was the rage, and the point of honour was to be defined by a chain of logic that would have puzzled Aristotle; we can turn to the time, when it was reputable to get drunk, and when the fine gentleman of the comedy entertains his mistress with his feats over the bottle, and recommends himself to her good graces by swearing, blustering, and beating the watch. We know there are such words in the language as fop and beau, and some can remember them in daily use; many are yet living, who have had their full bottomed wigs brought home in a chair, and many an old lady now crouds herself into a corner, who once hooped herself in a circle hardly less than Arthur's round table. Here I may be told that dress is not manners; but I must contend that the manners of a man in a full-bottomed wig must partake something of the stiffness of the barber's buckle; nor do I see how he can walk on foot at his ease, when his wig goes in a chair. How many of us can call to mind the day, when it was a mark of good-breeding to cram a poor surfeited guest to the throat, and the most social hours of life were thrown away in a continual

interchange of solicitations and apologies? What a stroke upon the nerves of a modest man was it then to make his first approaches, and perform his awkward reverences to a solemn circle, all rising on their legs at the awful moment of his entry! and what was his condition at departing, when, after having performed the same tremendous ceremonies, he saw his retreat cut off by a double row of guards in livery, to every one of whom he was to pay a toll for free passage! A man will now find his superiors more acessible, his equals more at their ease, and his inferiors more mannerly than in any time past. The effects of public education, travel and a general intercourse with mankind, the great influx of foreigners, the variety of public amusements, where all ranks and degrees meet promiscuously, the constant resort to bathing and water-drinking places in the summer, and above all the company of the fair sex, who mix so much more in society than heretofore, have, with many other conspiring causes, altogether produced such an ease and suavity of manners throughout the nation, as have totally changed the face of society, and levelled all those bars and barriers, which made the approaches to what was called good company so troublesome, and obstructed the intercourse between man and man. Here then I shall conclude upon this topic, and pass to the arts, which I said were the ornaments of society.

As I am persuaded my argument will not be contested in this quarter, I need spend few words upon so clear a point. If ever this country saw an age of artists, it is the present: Italy, Spain, Flanders and France have had their turn, but they are now in no capacity to dispute the palm, and England stands without a rival; her painters, sculptors, and engravers are now the only schools, properly so

called, in Europe; Rome will bear witness that the English artists are as superior in talents as they are in numbers to those of all nations besides. I reserve the mention of her architects as a separate class, that I may for once break in upon my general rule, by indulging myself in a prediction, (upon which I am willing to stake all my credit with the reader) that when the modest genius of a Harrison shall be brought into fuller display, England will have to boast of a native architect, which the brightest age of Greece would glory to acknowledge.

NUMBER XCII.

To the Observer.

Etiam mortuus loquitur.

Sir,

If I am rightly advised, the laws of England have provided no remedy for an injury, which I have received from a certain gentleman, who sets me at defiance, and whom I am not conscious of having offended in the smallest article in life. My case is as follows: Some time ago I went into the South of France for the recovery of my health, which (thank God) I have so far effected, that I should think I was at this very moment enjoying as good a stock of spirits and strength, as I have enjoyed for many years of my life past, if I was not outfaced by the gentleman in queſtion, who swears I am dead, and has proceeded so far as to publish me dead to all the world, with a whole volume of memoirs which I

have no remembrance of, and of sayings which I never said.

I think this is very hard upon me, and if there is no redress for such proceedings, but that a man must be printed dead, whenever any fanciful fellow chuses to write a book of memoirs, I must take the freedom to say this is no country to live in; and let my ingenious biographer take it how he will, I shall still maintain to his face that I am alive, and do not see why my word in such a case should not go as far as his.

There is yet another thing I will venture to say, that I did never in the whole course of my life utter one half or even one tenth part of the smart repartees and bon-mots he is pleased to impute to me: I don't know what he means by laying such things at my door; I defy any one of my acquaintance to say I was a wit, which I always considered as another name for an ill-tempered fellow. I do acknowledge that I have lived upon terms of acquaintance with my biographer, and have passed some social hours in his company, but I never suspected he was minuting down every foolish thing that escaped my lips in the unguarded moments of convivial gaiety; if I had, I would have avoided him like the pestilence. It is hard upon a man, let me tell you, Sir, very hard indeed, to find his follies upon record, and I could almost wish his words were true, and that I were dead in earnest, rather than alive to read such nonsense, and find myself made the father of it.

Judge of my surprise, when passing along Vigo-lane upon a friendly call, as I intended it, to this very gentleman of whom I complain, I took up a volume from a stall in a whitey-brown paper binding, and opening it at the title-page met my own face, staring me out of countenance full in the

front: I started back with horror; nature never gave me any reason to be fond of my own features; I never survey my face but when I shave myself, and then I am ashamed of it; I trust it is no true type of my heart, for it is a sorry sample of nature's handy-work, to say no worse of it. What the devil tempted him to stick it there I cannot guess, any more than I can at his publishing a bundle of nonsensical sayings and doings, which I detest and disavow. As for his printing my last will and testament, and disposing of my poor personals at pleasure, I care little about it; if he had taken only my money and spared my life, I would not have complained.

And now what is my redress? I apply myself to you in my distress, as an author whose book is in pretty general circulation, and one, as I perceive, who assaults no man's living fame and character; I desire therefore you will take mine into your protection, and if you can think of any thing to deter the world in future from such flippancies, you are welcome to make what use you please of this letter; for as I have always strove to do what little service I could to the living, when I was allowed to be one of their number, so now I am voted out of their company, I would gladly be of some use to the dead. Your's whilst I lived,

H. Posthumous.

P. S. I am sorry I did not leave you something in my will, as I believe you deserve it as well, and want it more than some that are in it. If I live to die a second time, I will be sure to remember you.

As I am not versed in the law of libels, I know not what advice to give in Posthumous's case, whom I would by no means wish to see entangled in further difficulties; though I think he might

fairly say to his biographer with a courtly poet of this century.

> Oh! libel me with all things but thy praise!

The practice which some of our public news-writers are in, of treating their readers with a farrago of puerile anecdotes and scraps of characters, has probably led the way to a very foolish fashion, which is gaining ground amongst us: no sooner does a great man die, than the small wits creep into his coffin, like the swarm of bees in the carcase of Sampson's lion, to make honey from his corpse. It is high time that the good sense of the nation should correct this impertinence.

I have availed myself of Posthumous's permission to publish his letter, and I shall without scruple subjoin to it one of a very different sort, which I have received from a correspondent, whose name I do not mean to expose; it is with some reluctance I introduce it into this work, because it brings a certain person on the stage, whom I have no desire to exhibit oftener than I can help; but as I think it will be a consolation to Posthumous to shew him others in the same hazard with himself, I hope my readers will let it pass with this apology.

To the Observer.

Sir,

I am a man, who say a great many good things myself, and hear many good things said by others; for I frequent clubs and coffee-rooms in all parts of the town, attend the pleadings in Westminster Hall, and am remarkably fond of the company of men of genius, and never miss a dinner at the Mansion House upon my Lord Mayor's day.

I am in the habit of committing to paper every thing of this sort, whether it is of my own saying,

or any other person's, when I am convinced I myself should have said it, if he had not: these I call my conscientious witticisms, and give them a leaf in my common-place book to themselves.

I have the pleasure to tell you, that my collection is now become not only considerable in bulk, but, (that I may speak humbly of its merit) I will also say, that it is to the full as good, and far more creditable to any gentleman's character, than the books which have been published about a certain great wit lately deceased, whose memory has been so completely dissected by the operators in Stationers Hall.

Though I have as much respect for posterity as any man can entertain for persons he is not acquainted with, still I cannot understand how a post-obit of this sort can profit me in my life, unless I could make it over to some purchaser upon beneficial conditions. Now, as there are people in the world, who have done many famous actions, without having once uttered a real good thing, as it is called, I should think my collection might be an acceptable purchase to a gentleman of this description, and such an one should have it a bargain, as I would be very glad to give a finishing to his character, which I can best compare to a coat of Adams's plaister on a well-built house.

For my own part, being neither more nor less than a haberdasher of small wares, and having scarcely rambled beyond the boundaries of the bills of mortality, since I was out of my apprenticeship, I have not the presumption to think the anecdotes of my own life important enough for posthumous publication; neither do I suppose my writings, (though pretty numerous, as my books will testify, and many great names standing amongst them, which it is probable I shall never cross out) will

be thought so interesting to the public, as to come into competition with the lively memoirs of a Bellamy and a Baddeley, who furnish so many agreeable records of many noble families, and are the solace of more than half the toilets in town and country.

But to come more closely to the chief purport of this letter—It was about a fortnight ago, that I crossed upon you in the Poultry near the shop-door of your worthy bookseller: I could not help giving a glance at your looks, and methought there was a morbid sallowness in your complexion, and a sickly languor in your eye, that indicated speedy dissolution: I watched you for some time, and as you turned into the shop remarked the total want of energy in your step. I know whom I am saying this to, and therefore am not afraid of startling you by my observations, but if you actually perceive those threatening symptoms, which I took notice of, it may probably be your wish to lay in some store for a journey you are soon to take. You have always been a friend and customer to me, and there is no body I shall more readily serve than yourself: I have long noticed with regret the very little favour you receive from your contemporaries, and shall gladly contribute to your kinder reception from posterity; now I flatter myself, if you adopt my collection, you will at least be celebrated for your sayings, whatever may become of your writings.

As for your private history, if I may guess from certain events, which have been reported to me, you may, with a little allowable embellishment, make up a decent life of it. It was with great pleasure I heard t'other day, that you was stabbed by a monk in Portugal, broke your limbs in Spain, and was poisoned with a sallad at Paris; these, with your adventures at sea, your sufferings at

Bayonne, and the treatment you received from your employers on your return, will be amusing anecdotes, and as it is generally supposed you have not amassed any very great fortune by the plunder of the public, your narrative will be read without raising any envy in the reader, which will be so much in your favour. Still your chief dependance must rest upon the collection I shall supply you with, and when the world comes to understand how many excellent things you said, and how much more wit you had than any of your contemporaries gave you credit for, they will begin to think you had not fair play whilst you was alive, and who knows but they may take it in mind to raise a monument to you by subscription amongst other merry fellows of your day? I am your's,

H. B.

I desire my correspondent will accept this short but serious answer: If I am so near the end of life, as he supposes, it will behove me to wind it up in another manner from what he suggests: I therefore shall not treat with my friend the haberdasher for his small wares.

NUMBER XCIII.

Ἀληθόμυθον χρὴ εἶναι, οὐ πολύλογον.

DEMOCRATES.

Remember only that your words be true,
No matter then how many or how few.

To the Observer.

I HAVE a habit of dealing in the marvellous, which I cannot overcome: some people, who seem to take a pleasure in magnifying the little flaws to be found

in all characters, call this by a name which no gentleman ought to use, or likes to hear: the fact is, I have so much tender consideration for truth in her state of nakedness, that, till I have put her into decent cloathing, I cannot think of bringing her into company; and if her appearance is sometimes so much altered by dress, that her best friends cannot find her out, am I to blame for that?

There is a matter-of-fact man of my acquaintance, who haunts me in all places, and is the very torment of my life; he sticks to me as the thresher does to the whale, and is the perfect night-mare of my imagination: this fellow never lets one of my stories pass without docking it like an attorney's bill before a master in chancery: he cut forty miles out of a journey of one hundred, which but for him I had performed in one day upon the same horse; in which I confess I had stretched a point for the pleasure of out-riding a fat fellow in company, who, by the malicious veracity of my aforesaid Damper, threw me at least ten miles distance behind him.

This provoking animal cut up my success in so many intrigues and adventures, that I was determined to lay my plan out of his reach, in a spot which I had provided for an evil day, and accordingly I led him a dance into Corsica, where I was sure he could not follow me: here I had certainly been, and knew my ground well enough to prance over it at a very handsome rate: I noticed a kind of sly leer in some of the company, which was pointed towards a gentleman present, who was a stranger to me, and so far from joining in the titter was very politely attentive to what I was relating. I was at this moment warm in the cause of freedom, and had performed such prodigies of valour in its defence, that, before my story was well ended I had got upon such close terms with General Paoli, that, had my

hearers been but half as credulous as they ought to have been, they might have set us down for sworn friends and inseparables: but here again, as ill luck would have it, my evil genius tapt me on the shoulder, and remarking that I principally addressed myself to the gentleman, whose politeness and attention were so flattering, said to me with a smile, that had the malice of the devil in it—'Give me leave to introduce you to General Paoli here present.'—Death and confusion, what I felt! a stroke of lightning would have been charity compared to this.—My persecutor had not done with me.—'I am afraid you have forgot your old friend and familiar, who no doubt will be overjoyed at recognizing a brother warrior, who has performed such noble services jointly with himself in the glorious struggle for the liberties of his beloved country.'—Can I paint the shame I suffered at this moment? It is impossible; I can only say there is a generosity in true valour, which scorns to triumph over the fallen.—'There were so many brave men,' (said that gallant person in a tone I shall never lose the impression of) 'of whose services I shall ever preserve a grateful memory, but whose persons have slipt from my recollection, that I have only to entreat your pardon for a forgetfulness, which I desire you to believe is not my fault, but my infirmity,'—if a bottle had been vollied at my head, I could not have been more in need of a surgeon, than I was at this instant: I could never have suspected Truth of playing me such a jade's trick; I always considered her as a good-natured simple creature without gall or bitterness, and was in the habit of treating her accordingly; but this was such a specimen of her malice, that I fled out of her company as hastily as I could.

The very next morning I took my passage in the

stage-coach for my native town in the north of England, heartily out of humour with my trip to Corsica; but even here I could not shake off old habits, so far as to resist the temptation of getting into a post-chaise for the last stage, by which manœuvre I took the credit of having travelled like a gentleman, and became entitled to rail against the post-tax and the expences of the road.

I was now voted into a club of the chief inhabitants of the place, and as I had no reason to believe the story of my late discomfiture had reached them, I soon recovered my spirits, and with them the amplifying powers of my invention. My stories for a considerable time were swallowed so glibly, and seemed to sit so easy on the stomachs of these natural, unsophisticated people, that I was encouraged to increase the dose to such a degree, as seemed at length to produce something like a nausea with those I administered it to: especially with a certain precise personage of the sect of Quakers, one Simon Stiff, a wealthy trader, and much respected for his probity and fair dealing. Simon had a way of asking me at the end of a story—*But is it true?*—which sometimes disconcerted me, and considerably lessened the applauses that the rest of the club had been accustomed to bestow upon my narratives.

One evening, when I had been describing an enormous shark, by which I had been attacked in one of my West-India voyages, Simon Stiff, lifting up both his hands in an attitude of astonishment, cried out—'Verily, friend Cracker, thou drawest a long bow.' With an angry look I demanded the meaning of that expression.—'I mean,' replied Simon, 'thou speakest the thing which is not.'—'That is as much as to say I tell a lie.'—'Even so, friend, thou hast hit it,' said Simon, without altering his voice, or regarding the tone of rage I had

thrown mine into: the steady serenity of his countenance put me down, and I suffered him to proceed without interruption—'Thou hast told us many things, friend Cracker, that are perfectly incredible; were I to attempt imposing upon my customers in the way of traffic, as thou dost upon thy company in the way of talk, the world would justly set me down for a dishonest man. Believe me, thou mayest be a very good companion without swerving from the truth, nay, thou canst no otherwise be a good one than by adhering to it; for if thou art in the practice of uttering falsehoods, we shall be in the practice of disbelieving thee, even when thou speakest the truth, and so there will be an end of all confidence in society, and thy word will pass for nothing. I have observed it is thy vanity that betrays thee into falsehood; I should have hoped thou wou'dst not have forgotten how thy falsehood betrayed thee into shame, and how we received and welcomed thee into our society, when thy friends in the metropolis had hooted thee out of their's. Think not thou canst establish a credit with us by the fictions of imagination; plain truths suit men of plain understandings. Had thy shark been as big again as thou wou'dst have us believe it was, what wou'dst thou have gained by it? Nothing but the merit of having seen a monster; and what is that compared to the risque of being thought a monster-maker? If thou wast snatched from the jaws of the animal by the hand of God, give God the praise: if thine own courage and address contributed to save thee, give him still the praise, who inspired thee with those means of furthering his providence in thy rescue: where is the ground for boasting in all this? Sometimes thou wou'dst persuade us thou art a man of consequence, in the favour of princes, and in the secrets of ministers: if we are to believe all

this, thou dost but libel those ministers for letting such a babbler into their councils, and if thou thinkest to gain a consequence with us thereby, thou art grievously deceived, friend Cracker, for we do not want to know what thou oughtest not to tell, and we despise the servant who betrayeth his master's trust. As for wonders, what signifieth telling us of them? The time is full of wonders; the revolution of empires, the fall of depotism, and the emancipation of mankind, are objects, whose superior magnitude makes thy shark shrink into an atom. Had the monster gorged thee at a mouthful, how many thousands, nay tens of thousands, have the voracious jaws of death devoured in a succession of campaigns, which have made creation melt? Didst thou escape the monster? what then; how can we have leisure to reflect upon thy single deliverance, when we call to mind the numbers of despairing captives, who have been liberated from the dungeons of tyranny? In a word, friend Cracker, if it is through a love for the marvellous thou makest so free with the sacred name of truth, thou dost but abuse our patience and thine own time in hunting after sharks and monsters of the deep; and if thou hast any other motive for fiction than the above, it must be a motive less innocent than what I have supposed, and in that case we hold thee dangerous to society and a disgrace to human nature.'

Here he concluded, and though the length and deliberate solemnity of his harangue had given me time enough, yet I had not so availed myself of it as to collect my thoughts, and prepare myself for any kind of defence: how to deal with this formal old fellow I knew not; to cudgel him was a service of more danger than I saw fit to engage in, for he was of athletic limbs and stature; to challenge him

to a gentleman's satisfaction, being a Quaker, would have subjected me to universal ridicule: I rose from my chair, took my hat from the peg, and abruptly quitted the room: next morning I sent to cut my name out of the club, but behold! they had saved me that ceremony over night, and I had once more a new set of acquaintance to go in search of.

In this solitary interim I strove to lighten the burthen of time by starting a correspondence with one of our public prints, and so long as I supplied it with anecdotes from the country, I may say without vanity there was neither fire nor flood, murder, rape nor robbery, wanting to embellish it: I broke two or three necks at a horse-race without any detriment to the community, and for the amusement of my readers drove over blind beggars, drowned drunken farmers, and tossed women with child by mad bullocks, without adding one item to the bills of mortality; I made matches without number which the register never recorded; I was at the same time a correspondent at Brussels, a resident in Spain, and a traveller at Constantinople, who gave secret information of all proceedings in those several places, and by the mysterious style in which I enveloped my dispatches, nobody could fix a falsehood on my intelligence, till I imprudently fought a battle on the banks of the Danube, after the armies were gone into winter quarters, which did the Turk no mischief, and effectually blasted me with the compiler, and him with the public.

I am now out of business, and, if you want any thing in my way to enliven your *Observers*, (which give me leave to remark are sometimes rather of the dullest) I shall be proud to serve you, being

Your very humble servant,
at command,
KIT CRACKER.

N. B. I do not want any thing in Kit Cracker's way; but though I decline the offer of his assistance, I willingly avail myself of the moral of his example.

NUMBER XCIV.

Λυποῦντα τὸν πλησιόν, οὐ ῥάδιον αὐτὸν ἄλυπον εἶναι.

DEMOPHILI SENTENTIA.

He, who another's peace annoys,
By the same act his own destroys.

To the Observer.

As I have lived long enough to repent of a fatal propensity, that has led me to commit many offences, not the less irksome to my present feelings for the secrecy with which I contrived to execute them, and as these can now be no otherwise atoned for than by a frank confession, I have resolved upon this mode of addressing myself to you. Few people chuse to display their own characters to the world in such colours as I shall give to mine, but as I have mangled so many reputations in my time without mercy, I should be the meanest of mankind if I spared my own; and being now about to speak of a person whom no man loves, I may give vent to an acrimony at which no man can take offence. If I have been troublesome to others, I am no less uncomfortable to myself, and amidst vexations without number, the greatest of all is, that there is not one which does not originate from myself.

I entered upon life with many advantages natural and acquired; I am indebted to my parents for a li-

beral education, and to nature for no contemptible share of talents: my propensities were not such as betrayed me into dissipation and extravagance: my mind was habitually of a studious cast; I had a passion for books, and began to collect them at an early period of my life: to them I devoted the greatest portion of my time, and had my vanity been of a sort to be contented with the literary credit I had now acquired, I had been happy; but I was ambitious of convincing the world, I was not the idle owner of weapons which I did not know the use of; I seized every safe opportunity of making my pretensions respected by such dabblers in the belles lettres who paid court to me, and as I was ever cautious of stepping an inch beyond my tether on these occasions, I soon found myself credited for more learning than my real stock amounted to. I received all visitors in my library, affected a studious air, and took care to furnish my table with volumes of a select sort: upon these I was prepared to descant, if by chance a curious friend took up any one of them, and as there is little fame to be got by treading in the beaten track of popular opinion, I sometimes took the liberty to be eccentric and paradoxical in my criticisms and cavils, which gained me great respect from the ignorant, (for upon such only I took care to practise this chicanery) so that in a short time I became a sovereign dictator within a certain set, who looked up to me for second-hand opinions in all matters of literary taste, and saw myself inaugurated by my flatterers censor of all new publications.

My trumpeters had now made such a noise in the world, that I began to be in great request, and men of real literature laid out for my acquaintance; but here I acted with a coldness, that was in me constitutional as well as prudential: I was resolved not to

risk my laurels, and throw away the fruits of a triumph so cheaply purchased: solicitations, that would have flattered others, only alarmed me; such was not the society I delighted in; against such attacks I entrenched myself with the most jealous caution: if however by accident I was drawn out of my fastnesses, and trapped unawares into an ambuscade of wicked wits, I armed myself to meet them with a triple tier of smiles; I primed my lips with such a ready charge of flattery, that when I had once engaged them in the pleasing contemplation of their own merits, they were seldom disposed to scrutinize into mine, and thus in general I contrived to escape undetected. Though it was no easy matter to extort an opinion from me in such companies, yet sometimes I was unavoidably entangled in conversation, and then I was forced to have recourse to all my address; happily my features were habituated to a smile of the most convertible sort, for it would answer the purposes of affected humility as well as those of actual contempt, to which in truth it was more congenial: my opinion, therefore, upon any point of controversy flattered both parties and befriended neither; it was calculated to impress the company with an idea that I knew much more than I professed to know; it was in short so insinuating, so submitted, so hesitating, that a man must have had the heart of Nero to have prosecuted a being so absolutely inoffensive: but these sacrifices cost me dear, for they were foreign to my nature, and, as I hated my superiors, I avoided their society.

Having sufficiently distinguished myself as a critic, I now began to meditate some secret attempts as an author; but in these the same caution attended me, and my performances did not rise above a little sonnet, or a parody, which I circulated through a few hands without a name, prepared to disavow it, if it

was not applauded to my wishes: I also wrote occasional essays and paragraphs for the public prints, by way of trying my talents in various kinds of style; by these experiments I acquired a certain facility of imitating other people's manner and disguising my own, and so far my point was gained; but as for the secret satisfaction I half promised myself in hearing my productions applauded, of that I was altogether disappointed; for though I tried both praise and dispraise for the purpose of bringing them into notice, I never had the pleasure to be contradicted by any man in the latter case, or seconded by a living soul in the former: I had circulated a little poem, which cost me some pains, and as I had been flattered with the applause it gained from several of its readers, I put it one evening in my pocket, and went to the house of a certain person, who was much resorted to by men of genius: an opportunity luckily offered for producing my manuscript, which I was prepared to avow as soon as the company present had given sentence in its favour: it was put into the hands of a dramatic author of some celebrity, who read it aloud, and in a manner as I thought that clearly anticipated his disgust: as soon, therefore, as he had finished it, and demanded of me if I knew the author, I had no hesitation to declare that I did not. Then, I presume, rejoined he, it is no offence to say I think it the merest trash I ever read—None in life, I replied, and from that moment held him in everlasting hatred.

Disgusted with the world, I now began to dip my pen in gall, and as soon as I had singled out a proper object for my spleen, I looked round him for his weak side, where I could place a blow to best effect, and wound him undiscovered: the author abovementioned had a full share of my attention: he was an irritable man, and I have seen him

agonized with the pain, which my very shafts had given him, whilst I was foremost to arraign the scurrility of the age, and encourage him to disregard it: the practice I had been in of masking my style facilitated my attacks upon every body, who either moved my envy or provoked my spleen.

The meanest of all passions had now taken entire possession of my heart, and I surrendered myself to it without a struggle: still there was a consciousness about me, that sunk me in my own esteem, and when I met the eye of a man whom I had secretly defamed, I felt abashed; society became painful to me; and I shrunk into retirement, for my self-esteem was lost: though I had gratified my malice, I had destroyed my comfort; I now contemplated myself a solitary being, at the very moment when I had every requisite of fortune, health and endowments, to have recommended me to the world, and to those tender ties and engagements which are natural to man, and constitute his best enjoyments.

The solitude I resorted to, made me every day more morose, and supplied me with reflections that rendered me intolerable to myself, and unfit for society. I had reason to apprehend, in spite of all my caution, that I was now narrowly watched, and that strong suspicions were taken up against me; when I was feasting my jaundiced eye one morning with a certain newspaper, which I was in the habit of employing as the vehicle of my venom, I was startled at discovering myself conspicuously pointed out in an angry column as a cowardly defamer, and menaced with personal chastisement, as soon as ever proofs could be obtained against me: and this threatening denunciation evidently came from the very author, who had unknowingly given me such umbrage when he recited my poem.

The sight of this resentful paragraph was like an arrow to my brain: habituated to skirmish only behind entrenchments, I was ill prepared to turn into the open field, and had never put the question to my heart, how it was provided for the emergency: In early life I had not any reason to suspect my courage, nay it was rather forward to meet occasions in those days of innocence; but the meanness I had lately sunk into, had sapped every manly principle of my nature, and I now discovered to my sorrow, that, in taking up the lurking malice of an assassin, I had lost the gallant spirit of a gentleman.

There was still an alleviation to my terrors: it so chanced that I was not the author of the particular libel which my accuser had imputed to me: and though I had been father of a thousand others, I felt myself supported by truth in almost the only charge against which I could have fairly appealed to it. It seemed to me therefore adviseable to lose no time in disculpating myself from the accusation, yet to seek an interview with this irascible man, was a service of some danger: chance threw the opportunity in my way, which I had probably else wanted spirit to invite; I accosted him with all imaginable civility, and made the strongest asseverations of my innocence: whether I did this with a servility that might aggravate his suspicion, or that he had others impressed upon him besides those I was labouring to remove, so it was, that he treated all I said with the most contemptuous incredulity, and elevated his voice to a tone that petrified me with fear, bade me avoid his sight, threatening me, both with words and actions, in a manner too humiliating to relate.

Alas! can words express my feelings? Is there a being more wretched than myself? to be friendless, an exile from society, and at enmity with my-

self, is a situation deplorable in the extreme: let what I have now written be made public; if I could believe my shame would be turned to others' profit, it might perhaps become less painful to myself; if men want other motives to divert them from defamation, than what their own hearts supply, let them turn to my example, and if they will not be reasoned, let them be frightened out of their propensity.

I am, Sir, &c.

WALTER WORMWOOD.

The case of this correspondent is a melancholy one, and I have admitted his letter, because I do not doubt the present good motives of the writer; but I shall not easily yield a place in these essays to characters so disgusting, and representations so derogatory to human nature. The historians of the day, who profess to give us intelligence of what is passing in the world, ought not to be condemned, if they sometimes make a little free with our foibles and our follies; but downright libels are grown too dangerous, and scurrility is become too dull to find a market; the pillory is a great reformer. The detail of a court drawing-room, though not very edifying, is perfectly inoffensive; a lady cannot greatly complain of the liberty of the press, if it is contented with the humble task of celebrating the workmanship of her mantua-maker: as for such inveterate malice, as my correspondent Wormwood describes, I flatter myself it is very rarely to be found: I can only say, that though I have often heard of it in conversation, and read of it in books, I do not meet in human nature originals so strongly featured as their paintings: amongst a small collection of sonnets in manuscript, descriptive of the human pas-

sions, which has fallen into my hands, the following lines upon Envy, as coinciding with my subject, shall conclude this paper.

ENVY.

Oh! never let me see that shape again,
Exile me rather to some savage den,
 Far from the social haunts of men!
Horrible phantom, pale it was as death,
Consumption fed upon its meager cheek,
And ever as the fiend essay'd to speak,
Dreadfully steam'd its pestilential breath.
 Fang'd like the wolf it was, and all as gaunt,
And still it prowl'd around us and around,
 Rolling its squinting eyes askaunt,
Wherever human happiness was found.
 Furious thereat, the self-tormenting sprite
Drew forth an asp, and (terrible to sight)
To its left pap the envenom'd reptile prest,
Which gnaw'd and worm'd into its tortur'd breast.

The desperate suicide with pain
Writh'd to and fro, and yell'd amain;
And then with hollow, dying cadence cries—
It is not of this asp that Envy dies;
'Tis not this reptile's tooth that gives the smart;
'Tis others happiness, that gnaws my heart.

NUMBER XCV.

Facilitas Animæ ad partem stultitiæ rapit

P. SYRUS.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

THE ancient family of the Saplins, whereof your humble servant is the unworthy representative, has been for many generations distinguished for a cer-

tain pliability of temper, which with some people passes for good humour, and by others is called weakness; but however the world may differ in describing it, there seems a general agreement in the manner of making use of it.

Our family estate, though far from contemptible, is considerably reduced from its antient splendor, not only by an unlucky tumble that my grandfather Sir Paul got in the famous Mississippi scheme, but also various losses, bad debts, and incautious securities, which have fallen heavy upon the purses of my predecessors at different times; but as every man must pay for his good character, I dare say they did not repent of their purchase, and for my part it is a reflection that never gives me any disturbance. This aforesaid grandfather of mine, was supposed to have furnished Congreve with the hint for his character of Sir Paul Pliant, at least it hath been so whispered to me very frequently by my aunt Jemima, who was a great collector of family anecdotes; and, to speak the truth, I am not totally without suspicion, that a certain ingenious author, lately deceased, had an eye towards my insignificant self in the dramatic portrait of his *Good-natured Man.*

Though I scorn the notion of setting myself off to the public and you by panegyrics of my own penning, (as the manner of some is) yet I may truly say without boasting, that I had the character at school of being the very best *fag* that ever came into it; and this I believe every gentleman, who was my contemporary at Westminster, will do me the justice to acknowledge: it was a reputation I confess that I did not earn for nothing, for whilst I worked the clothes off my back, and the skin off my bones in scouting upon every body's errands, I was pummeled to a mummy by the boys, *shewed up* by the ushers, flead alive by the masters, and reported for

an incorrigible dunce at my book; a report which, under correction, I must think had some degree of injustice in it, as it was impossible for me to learn a book I was never allowed to open: in this period of my education I took little food and less sleep, so that whilst I shot up in stature after the manner of my progenitors, who were a tall race of men, I grew as gaunt as a greyhound; but having abundantly more spirit than strength, and being *voted* by the great boys to be what is called *true game*, I was singled out as a kind of trial-cock, and pitted against every new comer to make proof of his bottom in fair fighting, though I may safely say I never turned out upon a quarrel of my own making in all my life. Notwithstanding all these honours, which I obtained from my colleagues, I will not attempt to disguise from you that I left the school in disgrace, being expelled by the master, when head of my boarding house, for not supporting my authority over the petty boys belonging to it, who, I must confess, were just then not in the most orderly and correct state of discipline.

My father, whose maxim it was never to let trifles vex him, received me with all the good humour in life, and admitted me of the university of Oxford: here I was overjoyed to find, that the affair of the expulsion was so far from having prejudiced my contemporaries against me, that I was resorted to by numbers whose time hung upon their hands, and my rooms became the rendezvous of all the loungers in the college: few or no schemes were set on foot without me, and if a loose guinea or two was wanted for the purpose, every body knew where to have it: I was allowed a horse for my health's sake, which was rather delicate, but I cannot say my health was much the better for him, as I never mounted

his back above once or twice, whilst my friends kept him in exercise morning and evening, as long as he lasted, which indeed was only till the hunting season set in, when the currier had his hide, and his flesh went to the kennel. I muſt own I did not excel in any of my academical exercises, save that of circumambulating the colleges and public buildings with strangers, who came to gaze about them for curiosity's sake; in this branch of learning I gained such general reputation, as to be honoured with the title of *Keeper of the Lions:* neither will I disguise the frequent *jobations* I incurred for neglect of college duties, and particularly for non-attendance at chapel, but in this I should not perhaps have been thought so reprehensible, had it been known that my surplice never failed to be there, though I had rarely the credit of bearing it company.

My mother died of a cold she caught by attending some young ladies on a water-party before I had been a month in the world; and my father never married again, having promised her on her deathbed not to bring a step-dame into his family whilst I survived: I had the misfortune to lose him when I was in my twenty-second year; he got his death at a country canvass for Sir Harry Osier, a very obliging gentleman, and nearly related to our family: I attended my father's corpse to the grave, on which melancholy occasion, such were the lamentations and bewailings of all the servants in the house, that I thought it but a proper return for their affection to his memory, to prove myself as kind a master by continuing them in their several employs: this however was not altogether what they meant, as I was soon convinced every one amongst them had a remonstrance to make, and a new demand to prefer: the butler would have better perquisites, the footman wanted to be out of livery, the scullion de-

manded tea-money, and the cook murmured about kitchen-ſtuff.

Though I was now a single being in the world, my friends and neighbours kindly took care I should not be a solitary one! I was young indeed, and of small experience in the world, but I had plenty of counsellors; some advised me to buy horses they wanted to sell, others to sell horses they wanted to buy: a lady of great taste fell in love with two or three of my best cows for their colour; they were upon her lawn the next day: a gentleman of extraordinary *vertue* discovered a picture or two in my collection that exactly fitted his pannels: an eminent improver, whom every body declared to be the first genius of the age for laying out grounds, had taken measures for transporting my garden a mile out of my sight, and floating my richest meadow grounds with a lake of muddy water: as for my mansion and its appendages, I am persuaded I could never have kept them in their places, had it not been that the several projectors, who all united in pulling them down, could never rightly agree in what particular spot to build them up again: one kind friend complimented me with the first refusal of a mistress, whom for reasons of œconomy he was obliged to part from; and a neighbouring gentlewoman, whose daughter had perhaps stuck on hand a little longer than was convenient, more than hinted to me that miss had every requisite in life to make the married state perfectly happy.

In justice however to my own discretion, let me say, that I was not hastily surprized into a serious measure by this latter overture, nor did I ask the young lady's hand in marriage, till I was verily persuaded, by her excessive fondness, that there were no other means to save her life. Now whether it was the violence of her passion before our marriage,

that gave some shock to her intellects, or from what other cause it might proceed, I know not, certain however it is, that after marriage she became subject to very odd whims and caprices; and though I made it a point of humanity never to thwart her in these humours, yet I was seldom fortunate enough to please her; so that, had I not been sure to demonstration that love for me was the cause and origin of them all, I might have been so deceived by appearances as to have imputed them to aversion. She was in the habit of deciding upon almost every action in her life by the interpretation of her dreams, in which I cannot doubt her great skill, though I could not always comprehend the principles on which she applied it; she never failed, as soon as winter set in, to dream of going to London, and our journey as certainly succeeded. I remember upon our arrival there the first year after our marriage, she dreamt of a new coach, and at the same time put the servants in new liveries, the colours and pattern of which were circumstantially revealed to her in sleep: sometimes, (dear creature!) she dreamt of winning large sums at cards, but I am apt to think those dreams were of the sort, which should have been interpreted by their contraries: she was not a little fond of running after conjurors and deaf and dumb fortune-tellers, who dealt in figures and cast nativities; and when we were in the country my barns and outhouses were haunted with gypsies and vagabonds, who made sad havoc with our pigs and poultry: of ghosts and evil spirits she had such terror, that I was fain to keep a chaplain in my house to exorcise the chambers, and when business called me from home, the good man condescended so far to her fears, as to sleep in a little closet within her call in case she was troubled in the night; and I must say this for my friend, that if

there is any trust to be put in flesh and blood, he was a match for the best spirit that ever walked: she had all the sensibility in life towards omens and prognostics, and though I guarded every motion and action that might give any possible alarm to her, yet my unhappy awkwardnesses were always boding ill luck, and I had the grief of heart to hear her declare in her last moments, that a capital oversight I had been guilty of in handing to her a candle with an enormous winding-sheet appending to it, was the immediate occasion of her death and my irreparable misfortune.

My second wife I married in mere charity and compassion, because a young fellow, whom she was engaged to, had played her a base trick by scandalously breaking off the match, when the wedding clothes were bought, the day appointed for the wedding, and myself invited to it. Such transactions ever appeared shocking to me, and therefore to make up her loss to her as well as I was able, I put myself to extraordinary charges for providing her with every thing handsome upon our marriage: she was a fine woman, loved shew, and was particularly fond of displaying herself in public places, where she had an opportunity of meeting and mortifying the young man who had behaved so ill to her: she took this revenge against him so often, that one day to my great surprize I discovered that she had eloped from me and fairly gone off with him. There was something so unhandsome, as I thought, in this proceeding, that I should probably have taken legal measures for redress, as in like cases other husbands have done, had I not been diverted from my purpose by a very civil note from the gentleman himself, wherein he says—'That being a younger son of little or no fortune, he hopes I am too much of a gentleman to think of resorting to the vexatious

measures of the law for revenging myself upon him; and, as a proof of his readiness to make me all the reparation in his power in an honourable way, he begs leave to inform me, that he shall most respectfully attend upon me with either sword or pistols, or with both, whenever I shall be pleased to lay my commands upon him for a meeting, and appoint the hour and place.'

After such atonement on the part of the offender, I could no longer harbour any thoughts of a divorce, especially as my younger brother the parson has heirs to continue the family, and seems to think so entirely with me in the business, that I have determined to drop it altogether, and give the parties no further molestation; for, as my brother very properly observes, it is the part of a christian to forget and to forgive; and in truth I see no reason why I should disturb them in their enjoyments, or return evil for good to an obliging gentleman, who has taken a task of trouble off my hands, and set me at my ease for the rest of my days; in which tranquil and contented state of mind, as becomes a man, whose inheritance is philanthropy, and whose mother's milk hath been the milk of human kindness, I remain in all brotherly charity and good will,

Your's and the world's friend,

SIMON SAPLING.

NUMBER XCVI.

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Dii Superi? HORAT.

TO-MORROW is the day, which procrastination always promises to employ and never overtakes: my correspondent Tom Tortoise, whose letter I shall now lay before the public, seems to have made these promises and broken them as often as most men.

TO THE OBSERVER.

I have been resolving to write to thee every morning for these two months, but something or other has always come athwart my resolution to put it by. In the first place I should have told thee that aunt Gertrude was taken grievously sick, and had a mighty desire to see thee upon affairs of consequence, but as I was in daily hopes she would mend and be able to write to thee herself, (for every body you know understands their own business best) I thought I would wait till she got well enough to tell her own story; but alas! she dwindled and dwindled away till she died; so, if she had any secrets they are buried with her, and there's an end of that matter.

Another thing I would fain have written to thee about, was to enquire into the character of a fellow, one John Jenkyns, who had served a friend of thine, Sir Theodore Thimble, as his house-steward, and offered himself to me in the same capacity: but this was only my own affair do you see, so I put it by from day to day, and in the mean time took the

rascal upon his word without a character: but if he ever had one, he would have lost it in my service, for he plundered me without mercy, and at last made off with a pretty round sum of money, which I have never been able to get any wind of, probably because I never took the trouble to make any inquiry.

I now sit down to let you know son Tom is come from Oxford, and a strapping fine fellow he is grown of his age: he has a mighty longing to set out upon his travels to foreign parts, which you must know seems to me a very foolish conceit in a young lad, who has only kept his first term and not completed his nineteenth year; so I opposed his whim manfully, which I think you will approve of, for I recollected the opinion you gave upon this subject when last here, and quoted it against him: to do him justice, he fairly offered to be ruled by your advice, and willed me to write to you on the matter; but one thing or other always stood in the way, and in the mean time came Lord Ramble in his way to Dover, and being a great crony of Tom's and very eager for his company, and no letter coming from you (which indeed I acquit you of, not having written to you on the subject) away the youngsters went together, and probably before this are upon French ground. Pray tell me what you think of this trip, which appears to me but a wild-goose kind of chace, and if I live till to-morrow I intend to write Tom a piece of my mind to that purpose, and give him a few wholesome hints, which I had put together for our parting, but had not time just then to communicate to him.

I intend very shortly to brush up your quarters in town, as my solicitor writes me word every thing is at a stand for want of my appearance: what dilatory doings must we experience, who have to do

with the law! putting off from month to month and year to year: I wonder men of business are not ashamed of themselves: as for me, I should have been up and amongst them long enough ago, if it had not been for one thing or another that hampered me about my journey: horses are for ever falling lame, and farriers are such lazy rascals, that before one can be cured, another cries out; and now I am in daily expectation of my favourite brood-mare dropping a foal, which I am in great hopes will prove a colt, and therefore I cannot be absent at the time, for a master's eye you know is every thing in those cases: besides I should be sorry to come up in this dripping season, and as the parson has begun praying for fair weather, I hope it will set in ere long in good earnest, and that it will please God to make it pleasant travelling.

You will be pleased to hear that I mean soon to make a job of draining the marsh in front of my house: every body allows that as soon as there is a channel cut to the river, it will be as dry as a bowling-green, and as fine meadow land as any on my estate: it will also add considerably to the health as well as beauty of our situation, for at present 'tis a grievous eye-sore, and fills us with fogs and foul air at such a rate, that I have had my whole family down with the ague all this spring: here is a fellow ready to undertake the job at a very easy expence, and will complete it in a week, so that it will soon be done when once begun; therefore you see I need not hurry myself for setting about it, but wait till leisure and opportunity suit.

I am sorry I can send you no better news of your old friend the vicar; he is sadly out of sorts: you must know the incumbent of *Slow-in-the-Wilds* died some time ago, and as the living lies so handy to my own parish I had always intended it for our

friend, and had promised him again and again: when behold! time slipt away unperceived, and in came my lord bishop of the diocese with a parson of his own, ready cut and dried, and claimed it as a lapsed living, when it has been mine and my ancestors any time these five hundred years for aught I know: if these are not nimble doings I know not what are: egad! a man need have all his eyes about him, that has to do with these bishops. If I had been aware of such a trick being played me, I would have hoisted the honest vicar into the pulpit, before the old parson who is dead and gone had been nailed in his coffin; for no man loves less to be taken napping (as they call it) than I do; and as for the poor vicar 'tis surprising to see how he takes to heart the disappointment; whereas I tell him he has nothing for it but to outlive the young fellow who has jumped into his shoes, and then let us see if any bishop shall jockey us with the like jade's trick for the future.

I have now only to request you will send me down a new almanack, for the year wears out apace, and I am terribly puzzled for want of knowing how it goes, and I love to be regular. If there is any thing I can do for you in these parts, pray employ me, for I flatter myself you believe no man living would go further, or more readily fly to do you service than your's to command,

THOMAS TORTOISE.

Alas! though the wise men in all ages have been calling out as it were with one voice for us 'to know ourselves,' it is a voice that has not yet reached the ears or understanding of my correspondent Tom Tortoise. Somebody or other hath left us another good maxim, 'never to put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day.'—Whether he was indeed a wise

man, who first broached this maxim, I'll not take on myself to pronounce, but I am apt to think he would be no fool who observed it.

If all the resolutions, promises and engagements of To-day, that lie over for To-morrow, were to be summed up and posted by items, what a cumbrous load of procrastinations would be transferred in the midnight crisis of a moment! Something perhaps like the following might be the outline of the deed, by which To-day might will and devise the foresaid contingencies to its heir and successor.

'Conscious that my existence is drawing to its close, I hereby devise and make over to my natural heir and successor, all my right and title in those many vows, promises and obligations, which have been so liberally made to me by sundry persons in my lifetime, but which still remained unfulfilled on their part, and stand out against them: but at the same time that I am heartily desirous all engagements, fair and lawful in their nature, may be punctually complied with, I do most willingly cancel all such as are of a contrary description; hereby releasing and discharging all manner of persons, who have bound themselves to me under rash and inconsiderate resolutions, from the performance of which evil might ensue to themselves, and wrong or violence be done society.

'In the first place I desire my said heir and successor will call in all those debts of conscience, which have been incurred by, and are due from, certain defaulters, who stand pledged to repentance and atonement, of all which immediate payment ought in justice and discretion to be rigorously exacted from the several parties, forasmuch as every hour, by which they outrun their debt, weakens their security.

'It is my further will and desire, that all those free livers and profest voluptuaries, who have wasted the hours of my existence in riot and debauchery, may be made to pay down their lawful quota of sick stomachs and aching heads, to be levied upon them severally by poll at the discretion of my heir and successor.

'Whereas I am apprized of many dark dealings and malicious designs now in actual execution, to the great annoyance of society and good-fellowship, I earnestly recommend the detection of all such evil-minded persons with To-morrow's light, heartily hoping they will meet their due shame, punishment and disappointment: and I sincerely wish that every honest man, who hath this night gone to rest with a good reputation, may not be deprived of To-morrow's repose by any base efforts, which Slander, who works in the dark, may conjure up to take it from him.

'It is with singular satisfaction I have been made privy to sundry kind and charitable benevolences, that have been privately bestowed upon the indigent and distrest, without any ostentation or parade on the part of the givers, and I do thereupon strictly enjoin and require a fair and impartial account to be taken of the same by my lawful heir and successor, (be the amount what it may) that interest for the same may be put into immediate course of payment; whereby the parties so intitled may enjoy, as in justice they ought to do, all those comforts, blessings and rewards, which talents so employed are calculated to produce.

'All promises made by men of power to their dependants, and all verbal engagements to tradesmen on the score of bills, that lie over for To-morrow, I hereby cancel and acquit; well assured they were not meant by those who made them, nor expected

by any who received them, then to be made good and fulfilled.

'To all gamesters, rakes and revellers, who shall be found out of bed at my decease, I bequeath rotten constitutions, restless thoughts and squalid complexions; but to all such regular and industrious people, who rise with the sun and carefully resume their honest occupations, I give the greatest of all human blessings—health of body, peace of mind and length of days.

'Given under my hand, &c. &c.

'To-Day.'

NUMBER XCVII.

To the Observer.

Sir,

There is an old gentleman of my acquaintance who annoys me exceedingly with his predictions: I have reason to believe he bears me good will in the main, and does not know to what a degree he actually disturbs my peace of mind, I would therefore fain put up with his humour if I could; but when he is for ever ringing his knell in my ears, he sometimes provokes me to retort upon him, oftentimes to laugh at him, and never fails to put me out of patience or out of spirits.

I have read your account of the Dampers with great fellow-feeling, and perceive that my old gentleman is very deep in that philosophy; but as I unfortunately have very little philosophy of any sort to

set against it, I find myself frequently at his mercy and without defence.

I do not think this proceeds so much from any radical vice in his nature, as from a foolish vanity to seem wiser than his neighbours, and to put himself off for a man who knows the world: the fact is he is an old bachelor, lives in absolute retirement, and has scarcely stept out of the precincts of his own village three times in his life; yet he is ever telling me of his experience and his observations: if I was to put implicit faith in what he says, common honesty in mankind would be a miracle, and happiness a disappointment; as for hope, that moon-shine diet as he calls it, which is so plentifully served up in the fanciful repasts of the poets, and which is too often the only standing dish at their tables, I should never get a taste of it; and yet if ruining a merchant's credit is tantamount to robbing him of his property, I must think the Damper, who blasts my hope, is in fact little better than a thief.

I have a natural prejudice for certain people at first sight, where a countenance impresses me in its favour, for I am apt to fancy that honesty sets a mark upon its owners; there is not a weakness incident to human nature, for which he could hold my understanding in more sovereign contempt: if I was to be advised by him, I should not trust my wife out of my sight, for it is a maxim with him, that no love-matches can be happy; mine was of that sort and I am happy; still I am out of credit with my Damper. I was bound for a relation in public trust some years ago; there I confess his augury sometimes staggered me, and he urged me with proverbs out of holy writ, which I was rather puzzled to parry; my friend however has done well in the world, discharged his obligation, and repaid it with

grateful returns; still I am out of credit with my Damper. I invested a small sum in a venture to the East Indies; he descanted upon the risque of the sea; I insured upon the ship, he denounced bankruptcy against the underwriter, the ship came home, and I doubled the capital of my investment; still I am out of credit with my Damper, and he shakes his head at my folly.

I can plainly perceive that his predictions oftentimes are as troublesome to himself as to me; he loses many a fine morning's walk by foreseeing a change of weather; he never goes to church because he has had a suit with the parson; and part of his estate remains untenanted, because a farmer some time ago broke in his debt.

Though I am no philosopher, I am not such a simpleton, as not to know how little we ought to depend upon worldly events in general; yet it appears to me that what a man has already enjoyed, he can no longer be said to depend upon: if therefore I have had real pleasure in any innocent and agreeable expectation, disappointment can at worst do no more than remove the meat after I have made my meal.

Though I do not know how to define hope as a metaphysician, I am inclined to speak of it with respect, because I find it has been a good friend to me in my life; it has given me a thousand things, which malice and misfortune would have ravished from me, if I had not fairly worn them out before they could lay their fingers upon them: *spe pascit inani*—says the poet, and contradicts himself in the same breath: for my part, if it was not for the fear of appearing paradoxical, I should say upon experience that hope, though called a shadow, is, together with that other phantom death, the sole reality beneath the sun; the unfaithfulness of friends, from whom I had the

claim of gratitude, can never rob me of those pleasures I enjoyed, when I served them, loved them, and confided in them; and, in spite of all my friend the Damper can say to the contrary, it is not on my own account I am sorry to have thought better of mankind than they deserve.

I am, Sir, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to belong to a club of gentlemen of public spirit and talents, who make it a rule to meet every Sunday evening, in a house of entertainment behind St. Clement's, for the regulation of literature in this metropolis. Our fraternity consists of two distinct orders, The Dampers and The Puffers; and each of these are again classed into certain inferior subdivisions. We take notice that both these descriptions of persons have in turn been the objects of your feeble raillery; but I must fairly tell you, we neither think worse of ourselves nor any better of you for those attempts. We consider the republic of letters under obligations to us for its very existence, for how could it be a republic, unless its members were kept upon an equality with each other? Now this is the very thing which our institution professes to do.

We have an ingenious member of our society, who has invented a machine for this purpose, which answers to admiration · he calls it—*The Thermometer of Merit*: this machine he has set in a frame, and laid down a very accurate scale of gradations by the side of it: one glance of the eye gives every author's altitude to a minute. The middle degree on this scale, and which answers to *temperate* on a common thermometer, is that standard, or common level of merit, to which all contemporaries in the same free

community ought to be confined; but as there will always be some eccentric beings in nature, who will either start above standard heighth, or drop below it; it is our duty by the operation of the daily *press* either to screw them down, or to screw them up, as the case requires; and this brings me to explain the uses of the two grand departments of our fraternity: authors above par fall to the province of the Dampers, all below par appertain to the Puffers. The daily press being common to all men, and both the one class and the other having open access thereto, we can work either by *forcers* or *repellers*, as we see fit; and I can safely assure you our process seldom fails in either case, when we apply it timely, and especially to young poets in their *veal-bones*, as the saying is: with this view we are always upon terms with the conductors of the said press, who are fully sensible of the benefits of our institution, and live with us in the mutual interchange of friendly offices, like Shakspeare's Zephyrs——

Stealing and giving odours.——

As we act upon none but principles of general justice, and hold it right that parts should be made subservient to the whole, our scheme of equalization requires, that accordingly as any individual rises on the scale, our depressing powers should counteract and balance his ascending powers: this process, as I said before, belongs to the Dampers' office, and is by them termed *pressing* an author, or more literally committing him to the *press*. This is laid on more or less forcibly, according to his degree of ascension; in most cases a few turns squeeze him down to his proper bearing, but this is always done with reasonable allowance for the natural re-action of elastic bodies, so that it is necessary to bring him some degrees below standard, lest he should mount

above it when the *press* is taken off: if by chance his ascending powers run him up to *sultry* or *fever-heat*, the Dampers must proportion their discipline accordingly; in like manner the Puffers have to blow an author up by mere strength of lungs, when he is heavy in ballast, and his sinking powers fall below the *freezing-point*, as sometimes happens even to our best friends: in that case the Puffers have *bursts of applause* and *peals of laughter* in petto, which, though they never reach vulgar ears, serve his purpose effectually—But these are secrets, which we never reveal but to the *Initiated*, and I shall conclude by assuring you I am your's as you deserve.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

NUMBER XCVIII.

A WRITER of miscellaneous essays is open to the correspondence of persons of all descriptions, and though I think fit to admit the following letter into my collection, I hope my readers will not suppose I wish to introduce the writer of it into their company, or even into my own.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

As we hear a great deal of the affluence of this flourishing country, and the vast quantity of *sleeping cash*, as it is called, locked up in vaults and strong boxes, we conceive it would be a good deed to waken some of it, and put it into use and circulation: we have therefore associated ourselves into a

patriotic fraternity of circulators, commonly called pick-pockets: but with sorrow we let you know, that notwithstanding our best endeavours to put forward the purposes of our institution, and the great charges of providing ourselves with instruments and tools of all sorts for the better furtherance of our business, we have yet hooked up little except dirty handkerchiefs, leathern snuff-boxes, empty purses and bath-metal watches from the pockets of the public; articles these, let me say, that would hardly be received at the depôt of the patriotic contributors at Paris. Are these the symptoms of a great and wealthy nation? we blush for our country, whilst we are compelled by truth and candour to reply—They are not.

As we have a number of pretty articles on hand, which will not pass in our trade, nothing deters us from putting them up to public cant but the tax our unworthy parliament has laid upon auctions. I send you two or three papers, which a brother artist angled out of the pocket of a pennyless gentleman the other night at the playhouse door: the one a letter signed Urania, the other Gorgon: they can be no use to us, as we have nothing to do with Urania's virtue, nor stand in need of Gorgon to paint scenes, which we can act better than he describes; neither do we want his effigy of a man under the gallows to remind us of what we must all come to.

Your's,

CROOK-FINGERED JACK.

The letter from Urania breathes the full spirit of that amiable ambition, which at present seems generally to inspire our heroines of the stage to accept of none but shining characters, and never to present themselves to the public but as illustrious models of purity and grace. If virtue be thus captivating by

resemblance only, how beautiful must it be in the reality! I cannot however help pitying the unknown poet, whose hopes were dashed with the following rebuke:

SIR,

I have run my eye over your tragedy, and am beyond measure surprized you could think of allotting a part to me, which is so totally unamiable. Sir, I neither can, nor will, appear in any public character, which is at variance with my private one; and, though I have no objection to your scene of self-murder, and flatter myself I could do it justice, yet my mind revolts from spilling any blood but my own.

I confess there are many fine passages and some very striking situations, that would fall to my lot in your drama, but permit me to tell you, Sir, that until you can clear up the legitimacy of the child, you have been pleased therein to lay at my door, and will find a father for it, whom I may not blush to own for a husband, you must never hope for the assistance of your humble servant,

URANIA.

The other letter is addressed to the same unfortunate poet from an artist, who seems to have studied nature in her deformities only.

DEAR DISMAL,

I wait with impatience to hear of the success of your tragedy, and in the mean time have worked off a frontispiece for it, that you, who have a passion for the terrific, will be perfectly charmed with.

I am scandalized when I hear people say that the fine arts are protected in this country; nothing can be further from the truth, as I am one amongst

many to witness. Painting I presume will not be disputed to be one of the fine arts, and I may say without vanity I have some pretensions to rank with the best of my brethren in that profession.

My first studies were carried on in the capital of a certain county, where I was born; and being determined to chuse a striking subject for my *debut* in the branch of portrait-painting, I persuaded my grandmother to sit to me, and I am bold to say there was great merit in my picture, considering it as a maiden production: particularly in the execution of a hair-mole upon her chin, and a wart under her eye, which I touched to such a nicety, as to make every body start who cast their eyes upon the canvass.

There was a little dwarfish lad in the parish, who besides the deformity of his person, had a remarkable hair-lip, which exposed to view a broken row of discoloured teeth, and was indeed a very brilliant subject for a painter of effect: I gave a full-length of him, that was executed so to the life, as to turn the stomach of every body, who looked upon it.

At this time there came into our town a travelling show-man, who amongst other curiosities of the savage kind brought with him a man-ape, or Ourong-outong: and this person, having seen and admired my portrait of the little hump-backed dwarf, employed me to take the figure of his celebrated savage for the purpose of displaying it on the outside of his booth. Such an occasion of introducing my art into notice, spurred my genius to extraordinary exertions, and though I must premise that the savage was not the best sitter in the world, yet I flatter myself I acquitted myself to the satisfaction of his keeper, and did justice to the ferocity of my subject: I caught him in one of his most striking attitudes, standing erect with a huge club

in his paw: I put every muscle into play, and threw such a terrific dignity into his features, as would not have disgraced the character of a Nero or Caligula. I was happy to observe the general notice, which was taken of my performance by all the country folks, who resorted to the show, and I believe my employer had no cause to repent of having set me upon the work.

The figure of this animal with the club in his paw suggested a hint to a publican in the place of treating his ale-house with a new sign, and as he had been in the service of a noble family, who from antient time have borne the *Bear* and *ragged staff* for their crest, he gave me a commission to provide him with a sign to that effect: though I spared no pains to get a real bear to sit to me for his portrait, my endeavours proved abortive, and I was forced to resort to such common prints of that animal as I could obtain, and trusted to my imagination for supplying what else might be wanted for the piece: as I worked upon this capital design in the room where my grandmother's portrait was before my eyes, it occurred to me to introduce the same hair-mole into the whiskers of Bruin, which I had so successfully copied from her chin, and certainly the thought was a happy one, for it had a picturesque effect; but in doing this I was naturally enough, though undesignedly, betrayed into giving such a general resemblance to the good dame in the rest of Bruin's features, that when it came to be exhibited on the sign-post all the people cried out upon the likeness, and a malicious rumour ran through the town, that I had painted my grandmother instead of the bear; which lost me the favour of that indulgent relation, though Heaven knows I was as innocent of the intention as the child unborn.

The disgust my grandmother conceived against

her likeness with the ragged staff, gave me incredible uneasiness, and as she was a good customer to the landlord, and much respected in the place, he was induced to return the bear upon my hands. I am now thinking to what use I can turn him, and as it occurs to me, that by throwing a little more authority into his features, and gilding his chain, he might very possibly hit the likeness of some lord mayor of London in his fur-gown and gold chain, and make a respectable figure in some city hall, I am willing to dispose of him to any such at an easy price.

As I have also preserved a sketch of my famous Ourong-Outong, a thought has struck me, that with a few finishing touches he might easily be converted into a Caliban for the Tempest, and, when that is done, I shall not totally despair of his obtaining a niche in the Shakspeare gallery.

It has been common with the great masters, Rubens, Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others, when they paint a warrior, or other great personage, on horseback, to throw a dwarf, or some such contrasted figure, into the back ground: should any artist be in want of such a thing, I can very readily supply him with my hair-lipped boy; if otherwise, I am not totally without hopes that he may suit some Spanish grandee, when any such shall visit this country upon his travels, or in the character of ambassador from that illustrious court.

Before I conclude I shall beg leave to observe, that I have a complete set of ready-made devils, that would do honour to Saint Antony, or any other person, who may be in want of such accompaniments to set off the self-denying virtues of his character: I have also a fine parcel of murdered innocents, which I mean to have filled up with the story of Herod; but if any gentleman thinks fit to lay the scene in Ghent, and make a modern composition of

it, I am bold to say my pretty babes will not disgrace the pathos of the subject, nor violate the *Costuma*. I took a notable sketch of a man hanging, and seized him just in the dying twitches, before the last stretch gave a stiffness and rigidity unfavourable to the human figure; this I would willingly accommodate to the wishes of any lady, who is desirous of preserving a portrait of her lover, friend or husband in that interesting attitude.

These, *cum multis aliis*, are part of my stock on hand, and I hope, upon my arrival at my lodgings in Blood-bowl-alley, to exhibit them with much credit to myself, and to the entire satisfaction of such of my neighbours in that quarter, as may incline to patronize the fine arts, and restore the credit of this drooping country.

Your's,

GORGON.

NUMBER XCIX.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ!

A CURIOUS Greek fragment has been lately discovered by an ingenious traveller at Constantinople, which is supposed to have been saved out of the famous Alexandrian library, when set on fire by command of the Caliph. There is nothing but conjecture to guide us to the author: some learned men, who have examined it, give it to Pausanias, others to Ælian; some contend for Suidas, others for Libanius; but most agree in ascribing it to some one of

the Greek sophists, so that it is not to be disguised that just doubts are to be entertained of its veracity in point of fact. There may be much ingenuity in these discussions, but we are not to expect conviction; therefore I shall pass to the subject-matter, and not concern myself with any previous argumentation on a question, that is never likely to be settled.

'This fragment says, that some time after the death of the great dramatic poet Æschylus, there was a certain citizen of Athens named Philoteuchus, who by his industry and fair character in trade had acquired a plentiful fortune, and came in time to be actually chosen one of the Areopagites: this man in an advanced period of his life engaged in a very splendid undertaking for collecting a series of pictures to be composed from scenes in the tragedies of the great poet above-mentioned, and to be executed by the Athenian artists, who were then both numerous and eminent.

'The old Areopagite, with a spirit that would have done honour to Pisistratus or Pericles, constructed a spacious lyceum for the reception of these pictures, which he laid open to the resort both of citizens and strangers, and the success of the work reflected equal credit upon the undertaker and the artists, whom he employed.'

The chain of the narration is here broken by a loss of a part of the fragment, which however is fortunately resumed in that place, where the writer gives some account of the masters, who painted for this collection, and of the scenes they made choice of for their several pictures.

'He tells us that Apelles was then living and in the vigour of his genius, though advanced in years; he describes the scene chosen for his composition minutely, and it appears to have been taken from

that suite of dramas, which we know Æschylus composed from the story of the Atridæ, and of which we have still such valuable remains. He represents Ægisthus, after the murder of Agamemnon by the instigation of Clytemnestra, in the act of consulting certain Sybils, who by their magical spells and incantations have raised the ghost of Agamemnon, which is attended by a train of phantoms, emblematic of eight successive kings of Argos, his immediate descendants: the spectre is made *pointing* to his posterity, and at the same time looking on his murderer with a smile, in which Apelles contrived to give the several expressions of contempt, exultation and revenge, with such a character of ghastly pain and horror, as to make the beholders shrink. Amongst these Sybils he introduces the person of Cassandra the prophetess, whom Agamemnon brought captive from the destruction of Troy. The light, he says, proceeds only from a flaming cauldron, in which the Sybils have been making their libations to the infernal deities or furies, and he speaks of the reflected, ruddy tints, which by this management of the artist were cast upon the figures, as producing a wonderful effect, and giving an amazing horror and magnificence to the group. Upon the whole he states it as the most capital performance of the master, and that he got such universal honour thereby, that he was afterwards employed to paint for the Persian monarch, and had a commission even from the queen of Scythia, a country then emerging from barbarity.

'Parrhasius, though born in the colony of Miletus on the coast of Asia, was an adopted citizen of Athens, and in great credit there for his celebrated picture on the death of Epaminondas: he contributed to this collection by a very capital composition taken from a tragedy, which was the third in a series of dramas, founded by Æschylus on the well-

known story of Oedipus, all which are lost. The miserable monarch, whose misfortunes had overturned his reason, is here depicted taking shelter under a wretched hovel in the midst of a tremendous storm, where the elements seem conspiring against a helpless being in the last stage of human misery. The painter has thrown a very touching character of insanity into his features, which plainly indicates that his loss of reason has arisen from the tender rather than the inflammatory passions; for there is a majestic sensibility mixed with the wildness of his distraction, which still preserves the traces of the once benevolent monarch. In this desolate scene he has a few forlorn companions in his distress, which form a very peculiar group of personages; for they consist of a venerable old man in a very piteous condition, whose eyes have been torn from their sockets, together with a naked maniac, who is starting from the hovel, where he had housed himself during the tempest: the effect of this figure is described with rapture, for he is drawn in the prime of youth, beautiful and of a most noble air; his naked limbs display the finest proportions of the human figure, and the muscular exertion of the sudden action he is thrown into furnish ample scope to the anatomical science of the artist. The fable feigns him to be the son of the blind old man above described, and the fragment relates that his phrensy being not real but assumed, Parrhasius availed himself of that circumstance, and touched the character of his madness with so nice and delicate a discrimination from that of Oedipus, that an attentive observer might have discovered it to be counterfeited even without the clue of the story. There are two other attendant characters in the group: one of these is a rough, hardy veteran, who seems to brave the storm with a certain air of contemptuous petulance in his

countenance, that bespeaks a mind superior to fortune, and indignant under the visitation even of the gods themselves. The other is a character, that seems to have been a kind of imaginary creature of the poet, and is a buffoon or jester upon the model of Homer's Thersites, and was employed by Æschylus in his drama upon the old burlesque system of the Satyrs, as an occasional chorus or parody upon the severer and more tragic characters of the piece.

'The next picture in our author's catalogue was by the hand of Timanthes: this modest painter, though residing in the capital of Attica, lived in such retirement from society, and was so absolutely devoted to his art, that even his person was scarce known to his competitors. Envy never drew a word from his lips to the disparagement of a contemporary, and emulation could hardly provoke his diffidence into a contest for fame, which so many bolder rivals were prepared to dispute.

'Æschylus, it is well known, wrote three plays on the fable of Prometheus; the second in this series is the 'Prometheus chained,' which happily survives; the last was 'Prometheus delivered,' and from the opening scene of this drama Timanthes formed his picture. Prometheus is here discovered on the sea-shore upon an island inhabited only by himself and his daughter, a young virgin of exquisite beauty, who is supposed to have seen none other of the human species but her father, besides certain imaginary beings, whom Prometheus had either created by his stolen fire, or whom he employed in the capacity of familiars for the purposes of his enchantments, for the poet very justifiably supposes him endowed with supernatural powers, and by that vehicle brings to pass all the beautiful and surprising incidents of his drama. One of these aërial spirits had by his command conjured up a most dreadful tempest, in which

a noble ship is represented as sinking in the midst of the breakers on this enchanted shore. The daughter of Prometheus is seen in a supplicating attitude imploring her father to *allay* the storm, and save the sinking mariners from destruction. In the back ground of the picture is a cavern, and at the entrance of it a misshapen savage being, whose evil nature is depicted in the deformity of his person and features, and who was employed by Prometheus in all servile offices, necessary for his accommodation in this solitude. The aërial spirit is in the clouds, which he is driving before him at the *behest* of his great master. In this composition therefore, although not replete with characters, there is yet such diversity of style and subject, that we have all which the majesty and beauty of real nature can furnish, with beings out of the regions of nature, as strongly contrasted in form and character, as fancy can devise: the scenery also is of the sublimest cast, and whilst all Greece resounded with applauses upon the exhibition of this picture, Timanthes alone was silent, and startled at the very echo of his own fame, shrunk back again to his retirement.'

As this fragment is now in the hands of an ingenious translator, I forbear for the present to intrude upon his work by any further anticipation of it, conscious withal as I am that the public curiosity will shortly be gratified with a much more full and satisfactory delineation of this interesting narrative, than I am able to give.

NUMBER C.

Magnum iter ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas.

PROPERT.

I WAS agreeably surprized the other day with an unexpected visit from a country friend, who once made a considerable figure in the fashionable world, and, with an elegant taste for the fine arts, is possest of many valuable paintings and sculptures of his own collecting in Italy: he told me, that after six years absence from town, he had made a journey purposely to regale his curiosity for a few days with the spectacles of this great capital, and desired I would accompany him on his morning's tour to some of the eminent artists, and afterwards conduct him to the theatre, where he had secured himself a seat for the representation of Mr. Southern's tragedy of 'The Fatal Marriage.' Though I had just been honoured with a card from Vanessa, purporting that she would hold 'The Feast of Reason' that evening at her house, where my company was expected, I did not hesitate to accept the invitation of my country friend, and excuse myself from that of Vanessa, though I must confess my curiosity was somewhat roused by the novelty of the entertainment to which I was bidden. Our day passed so entirely to the satisfaction of my candid companion, that, when we parted at night, he shook me by the hand, and with a smile of complacency, declared, that a day so spent would not disgrace the diary of Pericles.

When I had returned to my apartment, this allusion of my friend to the age of Pericles, with the

recollection of what had passed in the day, threw me into a reverie, in the course of which I fell asleep, whilst my mind with more distinctness than is usual in dreaming, pursued its waking train of thought after the following manner:

'I found myself in a stately portico, which being on an eminence, gave me the prospect of a city, inclosing a prodigious circuit, with groves, gardens, and fields, seemingly set apart for martial exercises and sports; the houses were not clustered into streets and alleys like our great trading towns, but were placed apart and separated without any regular order, as if each man had therein consulted his own particular taste and enjoyments. I though I never saw so delightful a place, nor a people who lived so much at their ease: I felt a freshness and salubrity in the climate, that seemed to clear the brain, and give a spring to the spirits and whole animal frame: the sun was bright and glowing, but the lightness of the atmosphere and a refreshing breeze qualified the heat in the most delicious manner. As I looked about with me with wonder and delight, I observed a great many edifices of the purest architecture, that seemed calculated for public purposes; and wherever my eye went, it was encountered by a variety of statues in brass or marble; immediately at the foot of the steps, leading to the portico, in which I stood, I observed a figure in brass of exquisite workmanship, which by its attributes I believed designed to represent the heathen deity Mercurius. In the center of the city there was an edifice inclosed within walls, which I took to be the citadel: a rapid stream of clear water meandered about the place, and was trained through groves and gardens in the most picturesque and pleasing manner, while the prospect at distance was bounded by the sea.

'As I stood wrapt in contemplation of this new

and brilliant scenery, methought I was accosted by a middle-aged man in a loose garment of fine purple, who wore his hair after the manner of our ladies, braided and coiled round upon the crown of his head with great care and delicacy to a considerable heighth; and (which I thought remarkable) he had fastened the braids in several places with golden pins, on which were several figures of small grass-hoppers of the same metal; behind him walked a servant-youth, or slave, carrying a light wicker chair for his master to repose in, a custom that seemed to me to argue great effeminacy; and looking about me I found it was pretty universal, many of the bettermost sort of citizens being seated in the streets, conversing at their ease, though there was certainly nothing in the climate, that made such an indulgence necessary.

'As I was eyeing this gentleman with a surprize, that I must own had some small tincture of contempt in it, he turned himself to me, and in the most complaisant manner imaginable accosted me in my own language, telling me, he perceived I was a stranger in Athens, and if I was curious to see what was remarkable in the place, he was ready to dedicate the day to my service. To this courteous address I returned the best answer I was able, adding that every thing was new to me and many things appeared admirable. You will say so, replied he, before the day is past, and yet I cannot shew you in the space of a day the hundredth part of what this city contains worth a stranger's observation: of a certain Arts and Sciences are now carried to their utmost pitch, and no future age I think will succeed, in which the glory of the Athenian commonwealth, and the genius of its citizens shall be found superior to their present lustre.

'The portico, in which you stand, continued the

Athenian, is what we call *Pœcile*, or the *painted Portico*; the brazen statue at the foot of the steps was raised by the nine Archons in honour of Mercurius Agoræus, or the Forensal; and dedicated by them to the tribes: that by its side is the statue of Solon, the other at some distance is the lawgiver Lycurgus. The gate before you, on which you see those warlike trophies, was so adorned in memory of the defeat of Plistarchus, who was brother of the famous Cassander, and commanded his cavalry and auxiliary troops in the action recorded. These paintings behind you, with which the portico is furnished and from which it has its name, are all upon public subjects in commemoration of wise or valiant citizens: the pictures on your right hand are by the celebrated Polygnotus, these on your left by Micon, equal to his rival in art, but not in munificence; for Polygnotus would accept no other reward for his works, than the fame inseparable from such eminent performances; Micon on the contrary was paid by the state. There are several others by the hands of our great masters, particularly that incomparable piece, which represents the field of Marathon, a composition by the great Panænus, brother of the statuary Phidias; but this, as well as the others, will demand a more particular description.

'Examine this composition on your right; it is the work of Polygnotus: you see two armies drawn up front to front and on the point of engaging; these are the Athenians, the adverse troops are the Lacedemonians; the scene is Œnoe; such is the contrivance of the artist, that you are sure victory is to declare for the Athenians, though the battle is not yet commenced.

'In the opposite piece you see the battle of Theseus with the Amazons; a capital composition by Micon; these warlike ladies are fighting on horse-

back; with what wonderful art has the master expressed the character of athletic beauty without deviating into vulgarity and grossness! If you recollect the Lysistrata of Aristophanes you will meet an eulogium on this picture; it is thus the sister arts encourage and support each other.

'Now turn to Polygnotus's side and look at that magnificent piece of art: the painter has chosen for the subject of his composition the council of the Grecian chiefs upon the violence done to Cassandra by Ajax after the capture of Troy; you see the brutal character of the man strongly expressed in the hero of the piece; amongst that group of Trojan captives Cassandra is conspicuous; that figure which represents Laodice, is worth your notice, as being a portrait of Elpinice a celebrated courtesan: scrupulous people have taken offence at it, but great painters will indulge themselves in these liberties, and are fond of painting after beautiful nature, of which I could give you innumerable examples.

'Now let us in the last place regale our eyes with this inestimable battle of Marathon by Panænus: What think you of it? Was it not a reward worthy of the heroes, who preserved their country on that glorious day? Which party is most honoured by the work, the master who wrought it, or the valiant personages who are recorded by it? It is a question difficult to decide. You will observe three different groups in this superb composition, describing three different periods of the action: here you see the Athenians and their allies the Platæans just commencing the action.—There, further removed in perspective, the barbarians are defeated; the slaughter is raging, and the Medes are plunging desperately into the marshy lake to avoid their pursuers; examine the back ground, and you see the Phœnician gallies; the barbarians are making a bold at-

tack, and the sea is covered with wrecks: all mouths are open in applause of this picture, and it was but the other day, that the great orator Demosthenes referred to it in a solemn harangue upon Neæra, as did Eschines in his pleadings against Ctesiphon. All our Captains are taken from the life; that General who is encouraging his troops is Miltiades; he is the hero of the piece, and I can assure you the resemblance is in all points exact: this is the portrait of Callimachus the Polemarck: there you see the hero Echetlus, and this is the brave Epizelus; that Athenian, who is valiantly fighting, is Cynœgirus himself, who lost both his hands in the action; there goes an extraordinary story with that dog which is by his side, and has seized the dying barbarian by the throat; the faithful creature would not forsake his master; he was killed in the action, and is now deservedly immortalized in company with the illustrious heroes, who are the subject of the piece. Those splendid warriors in the army of the Medes, who are standing in their chariots, and calling to their troops, are the generals Datis and Artaphanes. They are drawn in a proud and swelling style, and seem of a larger size and proportion than our Athenian champions; and the fact is, that this group was inserted by another master; they are by the hand of Micon, and perhaps do not exactly harmonize with the rest; the silly Athenians were piqued at their appearance, and in a fit of jealousy punished Micon by a fine for having painted them too flatteringly; the painter suffered in his pocket, but the people in my opinion were disgraced by the sentence: this circumstance has given occasion for many on the part of Micon to contest the honour of the painting with Panænus, who in justice must be considered as principal author of the work; and in

course of time it may happen, that posterity will be puzzled which master to ascribe it to.

'There are many more pictures well deserving your attentive notice, particularly that by Pamphilus, which represents Alcmena with Heraclidæ asking aid of the Athenians against Eurystheus: and this inspired old figure by Polygnotus with a lyre in his hand, which is the portrait of no less a person than the great Sophocles;—but come, let us be gone, for we have much besides to see; and I perceive Zeno coming this way with his scholars to hold his lectures in this portico; and I for one must confess I am no friend to the Stoics, or as we call them the Zenonians.'

NUMBER CI.

Ad vetustissimam et sapientissimam et diis carissimam en communem amasiam, hominumque ac Deorum terram, Athenas mittebaris.

LIBANIUS IN ORATIONE.

'FROM the painted portico, in which my last was dated, my Athenian conductor took me to the Ptolemaic Gymnasium, in which I observed several statues of Mercury in marble, and others of brass, which he explained to me to be of Ptolemy the founder, Juba and Chrysippus the philosopher. There was one of Berosus the astrologer with a tongue of pure gold, in commemoration of his divine predictions: on one hand of me stood the doric temple of Theseus, enriched with some inestimable paintings of Micon, particularly one upon the sub-

ject of the fight of the Lapithæ and Centaurs: on the other hand was the antient temple of the Dioscuri, in which I was shewn many capital pictures by Polygnotus; it is here, says my conductor, we administer to the Athenian youth that solemn oath, which binds them not to desert their ranks in action, but to perish, when necessity so requires, in defence of their country; the form is rather long, says he, but this is the substance of the oath. The Prytaneum, or Court-house, was now in view, where the magistracy of the city assemble for the dispatch of public business: here I saw the venerable laws of Solon in a chest of stone, the statues of Pax and Vesta, and (which were more interesting to me) the figures of Miltiades and Themistocles of exquisite workmanship in pure marble; in this place all those citizens, and the posterity of those who have deserved well of the state, receive their public doles or allowance of bread in cakes composed of meal, oil, and water; here also I saw the perpetual fire upon the altar of Vesta, and the celebrated image of the Bona Fortuna of the Athenians. In the adjoining temple of Lucina I was shewn the famous statues of that deity clothed in drapery to the feet: my guide now carried me to the great temple of Olympian Jupiter, founded by the tyrant Pisistratus, and perfected by his sons and successors. I observed to my conductor, that I had seen no temple in Athens, except this, with interior columns; he informed me that the great span of the roof made it necessary in this instance, but that it was contrary to their rule of architecture and obtained in no other: he further told me, that the city had expended ten thousand talents in this edifice: the image of the god was cut in ivory and gold; to every column was affixed a brazen statue, representing the colonial cities of the Athenian empire. The display of sta-

tuary exceeded all description or belief, nor was the painter's art wanting in its share of the decoration; for wherever pictures could be disposed, and particularly about the pedestal of the statue of Jupiter, the most capital paintings were to be seen.

'My sight was now so dazzled with the display of brilliant images, and my mind so overpowered with the miracles of art, which had passed in review, that I beseeched my guide to carry me either to some of those groves which were in my eye, where I could meditate on what I had seen, or to spectacles of any other sort according to his choice and discretion, for otherwise I should apprehend, from the variety of objects, I should retain the memory of none. He told me in reply, that this was his intention, observing that the proportion I had seen was very small indeed to what the city contained; there was however one more statue, which he could not dispense with himself from shewing me, being a model of beauty and perfection; and having so said, methought he took me into a neighbouring garden, and in a grove of cypress and myrtle presented to my view the most exquisite piece of sculpture I had ever beheld.—This, says he, is the Venus called Celestial, the workmanship of the immortal Alcamen.—After I had contemplated this divine original with astonishment and rapture, I was satisfied within myself, that we are mistaken in supposing it has descended to us, and I now acknowledge that our celestial Venus is a copy far inferior to its inimitable prototype. Having examined this statue for some time, I turned to my conductor and said:—Let us gratify our senses in some other way; I have seen enough of art.

'It is impossible to avoid it, replies he, in this city, and so saying led me into the Lyceum; this Gymnasium, says he, has been lately instituted by

Pericles, and these plantations of plane-trees are of his making; so are these aqueducts; the Lyceum was originally dedicated to Pastoral Apollo; and owes its foundation and beauty in the first instance to the elegant Pisistratus, who from the surprising resemblance of their persons we now call the elder Pericles. The place is delightful, and before you leave it take notice of this statue of Apollo; the artist has described him in the attitude of resting after his daily course; you see he leans against a column; his right arm bent over his head, and in his left he holds his bow; it is a first-rate piece of sculpture. Leaving the Lyceum my conductor took me by the way of the Tripods; here he shewed me the inimitable satyr in brass, the boasted master-piece of Praxiteles, and the Cupid and Bacchus of Thymilus; we were now close by the theatre, in the portico of which I was shewn the statue of Eschylus, and two pedestals for the statues of Sophocles and Euripides, then under the artist's hands, although both those poets were now living: the doors of the theatre were not yet opened, and the temple of Venus being near at hand, methought we entered, and I beheld the beautiful Cupid crowned with roses, painted by Zeuxis; from hence I could see the works that Pericles had been carrying on upon the citadel, but this we did not enter.

'Methought I was now carried into the theatre amidst a prodigious crowd of people; the comedy of the night was intitled *The Clouds*, and the famous Aristophanes was announced to be the author of it. It was expected that Socrates would be personally attacked, and a great party of that philosopher's enemies were assembled to support the poet. I was much surprized, when my companion pointed out to me that great philosopher in person, who had actually taken his seat in the theatre, and was sitting

between Alcibiades and Antipho the son of Pericles; by the side of Alcibiades sate Euripides, and at Antipho's left hand sate Thucydides; I never beheld two more venerable old men than the poet and the historian, nor such comely persons as Alcibiades and Antipho: Socrates was exceedingly like the busts we have of him, his head was bald, his beard bushy, and his stature low; there was something very deterring in his countenance; his person was mean and his habit squalid; his vest was of loose drapery, thrown over his left shoulder after the fashion of a Spanish Capa, and seemed to be of coarse cloth, made of black wool undyed; he had a short staff in his hand of knotted wood with a round head, which he was continually rubbing in the palm of his hand, as he talked with Alcibiades, to whom he principally addressed his discourse: Thucydides had lately returned from exile upon a general amnesty, and I observed a melancholy in his countenance mixed with indignation; Euripides seemed employed in examining the countenances of the spectators, whilst Antipho with great modesty paid a most respectful attention to the venerable philosopher on his right hand. Whilst I was engaged in observing this respectable group, my conductor whispered the following words in my ear—' This is the second attack from the same hands upon Socrates; that of last year was defeated by Alcibiades; but if this night's comedy succeeds, I predict that our philosopher is undone: and in truth his school is much out of credit; for some of the worst characters of the age have come out of his hands of late.'

' When the players came first on the stage there was so great a murmur in the theatre, that I could scarce hear them; after a short time however the silence became pretty general, and the plot of the play, such as it was, began to open. I perceived

that the poet had devised the character of an old clownish father, who being plunged in debt by the extravagancies of a flaunting wife and a spendthrift son, who wasted his fortune upon race-horses, was for ever puzzling his brains to strike upon some expedient for cheating his creditors. With this view he goes to the house of Socrates to take counsel of that philosopher, who gives him a great many ridiculous instructions, seemingly not at all to the purpose, and amongst other extravagancies assures him that Jupiter has no concern in the government of the world, but that all the functions of Providence are performed by The Clouds, which upon his invocation appear and perform the part of a chorus throughout the play: the philosopher is continually foiled by the rustic wit of the old father, who, after being put in Socrates's truckle-bed and miserably stung with vermin, has a meeting with his creditors, and endeavours to parry their demands with a parcel of pedantic quibbles, which he has learnt of the philosopher, and which give occasion to scenes of admirable comic humour: my conductor informed me this incident was pointed at Eschines, a favorite disciple of Socrates; a man, says he, plunged in debts and a most notorious defrauder of his creditors. In the end the father brings his son to be instructed by Socrates; the son, after a short lecture, comes forth a perfect Atheist, and gives his father a severe cudgelling on the stage, which irreverend act he undertakes to defend upon the principles of the new philosophy he had been learning. This was the substance of the play, in the course of which there were many gross allusions to the unnatural vice of which Socrates was accused, and many personal strokes against Clisthenes, Pericles, Euripides, and others, which told strongly, and were much applauded by the theatre.

'It is not to be supposed, that all this passed without some occasional disgust on the part of the spectators, but it was evident there was a party in the theatre, which carried it through, notwithstanding the presence of Socrates and the respectable junto that attended him: for my part I scarce ever took my eyes from him during the representation, and I observed two or three little actions, which seemed to give me some insight into the temper of his mind, during the severest libel that was ever exhibited against any man's person and principles.

'Before Socrates appears on the stage, the old man raps violently at his door, and is reproved by one of his disciples, who comes out and complains of the disturbance; upon his being questioned what the philosopher may be then employed upon, he answers that he is engaged in measuring the leap of a flea, to decide how many of its own lengths it springs at one hop; the disciple also informs him with great solemnity, that Socrates has discovered that the hum of a gnat is not made by the mouth of the animal, but from behind: this raised a laugh at the expence of the naturalists and minute philosophers, and I observed that Socrates himself smiled at the conceit.

'When the school was opened to the stage, and all his scholars were discovered with their heads upon the floor and their posteriors mounted in the air, and turned towards the audience, though the poet pretends to account for it, as if they were searching for natural curiosities on the surface of the ground, the action was evidently intended to convey the grossest allusion, and was so received by the audience: when this scene was produced, I remarked that Socrates shook his head, and turned his eyes off the stage; whilst Euripides, with some indignation, threw the sleeve of his mantle over his face; this was

observed by the spectators, and produced a considerable tumult, in which the theatre seemed pretty fairly divided, so that the actors stood upright, and quitted the posture they were discovered in.

'When Socrates was first produced standing on a basket mounted into the clouds, the person of the actor and the mask he wore, as well as the garment he was dressed in, was the most direct counterpart of the philosopher himself that could be devised. But when the actor, speaking in his character, in direct terms proceeded to deny the divinity of Jupiter, Socrates laid his hand upon his heart, and cast his eyes up with astonishment; in the same moment Alcibiades started from his seat, and in a loud voice cried out—' Athenians! is this fitting?' Upon this a great tumult arose, and very many of the spectators called upon Socrates to speak for himself, and answer to the charge; when the play could not proceed for the noise and clamour of the people, all demanding Socrates to speak for himself, the philosopher unwillingly stept forward and said—' You require of me, O Athenians, to answer to the charge; there is no charge; neither is this a place to discourse in about the gods: let the actor proceed!'—Silence immediately took place, and Socrates's invocation to The Clouds soon ensued; the passage was so beautiful, the machinery of the clouds so finely introduced, and the chorus of voices in the air so exquisitely conceived, that the whole theatre was in raptures, and the poet from that moment had entire possession of their minds, so that the piece was carried triumphantly to its period. In the heat of the applause my Athenian friend whispered me in the ear and said—' Depend upon it, Socrates will hear of this in another place; he is a lost man; and remember I tell you, that if all our philosophers and

sophists were driven out of Attica, it would be happy for Athens.'—At these words I started and awaked from my dream.

NUMBER CII.

Natio comœda est.

If the present taste for private plays spreads as fast as most fashions do in this country, we may expect the rising generation will be, like the Greeks in my motto, one entire nation of actors and actresses. A father of a family may shortly reckon it amongst the blessings of a numerous progeny, that he is provided with a sufficient company for his domestic stage, and may cast a play to his own liking without going abroad for his theatrical amusements. Such a steady troop cannot fail of being under better regulation than a set of strollers, or than any set whatever, who make acting a vocation: where a manager has to deal with none but players of his own begetting, every play bids fair to have a strong cast, and in the phrase of the stage to be well got up. Happy author, who shall see his characters thus grouped into a family-piece, firm as the Theban band of friends, where all is zeal and concord; no bickerings nor jealousies about stage-precedency; no ladies to fall sick of the spleen, and toss up their parts in a huff; no heart-burnings about flounced petticoats and silver trimmings, where the mother of the whole company stands wardrobe-keeper and property-woman, whilst the father takes post at the side scene in the capacity of prompter, with plenipotentiary controul over PS's and OP's.

I will no longer speak of the difficulty of writing a comedy or tragedy, because that is now done by so many people without any difficulty at all, that if there ever was any mystery in it, that mystery is thoroughly bottomed and laid open; but the art of acting was till very lately thought so rare and wonderful an excellence, that people began to look upon a perfect actor as a phenomenon in the world, which they were not to expect above once in a century; but now that the trade is laid open, this prodigy is to be met at the turn of every street; the nobility and gentry, to their immortal honour, have broken up the monopoly, and new-made players are now as plentiful as new-made peers.

Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratocles aut cum molli Demetrius Hæmo.

Garrick and Powell would be now no wonder,
Nor Barry's silver note, nor Quin's heroic thunder.

Though the public professors of the art are so completely put down by the private practitioners of it, it is but justice to observe in mitigation of their defeat, that they meet the comparison under some disadvantages, which their rivals have not to contend with.

One of these is diffidence, which volunteers cannot be supposed to feel in the degree they do who are pressed into the service: I never yet saw a public actor come upon the stage on the first night of a new play, who did not seem to be nearly, if not quite, in as great a shaking fit as his author; but as there can be no luxury in a great fright, I cannot believe that people of fashion, who act for their amusement only, would subject themselves to it; they must certainly have a proper confidence in their own abilities, or they would never step out of a drawing-room, where they are sure to figure, upon a stage

where they run the risque of exposing themselves; some gentlemen perhaps, who have been *mutæ personæ* in the senate, may start at the first sound of their own voices in a theatre, but graceful action, just elocution, perfect knowledge of their author, elegant deportment, and every advantage that refined manners and courtly address can bestow, is exclusively their own: in all scenes of high life they are at home; noble sentiments are natural to them; love-parts they can play by instinct, and as for all the casts of rakes, gamesters, and fine-gentlemen, they can fill them to the life. Think only what a violence it must be to the nerves of an humble unpretending actor, to be obliged to play the gallant gay seducer, and be the cuckold-maker of the comedy, when he has no other object at heart but to go quietly home, when the play is over, to his wife and children, and participate with them in the honest earnings of his vocation; can such a man compete with the Lothario of high life?

And now I mention the cares of a family, I strike upon another disadvantage, which the public performer is subject to and the private exempt from: the Andromache of the stage may have an infant Hector at home, whom she more tenderly feels for than the Hector of the scene; he may be sick, he may be supperless; there may be none to nurse him, when his mother is out of sight, and the maternal interest in the divided heart of the actress may preponderate over the heroine's: this is a case not within the chances to happen to any lady-actress, who of course consigns the task of education to other hands, and keeps her own at leisure for more pressing duties.

Public performers have their memories loaded and distracted with a variety of parts, and oftentimes are compelled to such a repetition of the same part, as

cannot fail to quench the spirit of the representation; they must obey the call of duty, be the cast of the character what it may—

> ——*Cum Thaida sustinet, aut cum*
> *Uxorem comœdus agit.*
>
> Subject to all the various casts of life,
> Now the loose harlot, now the virtuous wife.

But, what is worse than all, the veterans of the public stage will sometimes be appointed to play the old and ugly, as I can instance in the person of a most admirable actress, whom I have often seen, and never without the tribute of applause, in the casts of Juliet's Nurse, Aunt Deborah, and other venerable damsels in the vale of years, when I am confident there is not a lady of independent rank in England of Mrs. Pitt's age, who would not rather struggle for Miss Jenny or Miss Hoyden, than stoop to be the representative of such old hags.

These, and the subjection public performers are under to the caprice of the spectators, and to the attacks of conceited and misjudging critics, are amongst the many disagreeable circumstances which the most eminent must expect, and the most fortunate cannot escape.

It would be hard indeed if performers of distinction, who use the stage only as an elegant and moral resource, should be subject to any of these unpleasant conditions; and yet as a friend to the rising fame of the domestic drama I must observe, that there are some precautions necessary, which its patrons have not yet attended to. There are so many consequences to be guarded against, as well as provisions to be made for an establishment of this sort, that it behoves its conductors to take their first ground with great judgment; and above all things to be very careful that an exhibition so ennobled by

its actors, may be cast into such a style and character, as may keep it clear from any possible comparison with spectacles, which it should not condescend to imitate, and cannot hope to equal. This I believe has not been attempted, perhaps not even reflected upon, and yet, if I may speak from information of specimens which I have not been present at, there are many reforms needful both in its external as well as internal arrangement.

By external I mean spectacle, comprehending theatre, stage, scenery, orchestra, and all things else which fall within the province of the *arbiter deliciarum:* these should be planned upon a model new, original and peculiar to themselves; so industriously distinguished from our public play-houses, that they should not strike the eye, as now they do, like a copy in miniature, but as the independent sketch of a master who disdains to copy. I can call to mind many noble halls and stately apartments in the great houses and castles of our nobility, which would give an artist ample field for fancy, and which with proper help would be disposed into new and ſtriking shapes for such a scene of action, as should become the dignity of the performers. Halls and saloons, flanked with interior columns and surrounded by galleries, would, with the aid of proper draperies or scenery in the intercolumnations, take a rich and elegant appearance, and at the same time the music might be so disposed in the gallery, as to produce a most animating effect. A very small elevation of stage should be allowed of, and no contraction by side scenes to huddle the speakers together and embarrass their deportment; no shift of scene whatever, and no curtain to draw up and drop, as if puppets were to play behind it; the area, appropriated to the performers, should be so dressed and furnished with all suitable accommodations, as to afford every

possible opportunity to the performers of varying their actions and postures, whether of sitting, walking or standing, as their situations in the scene, or their interest in the dialogue may dictate; so as to familiarize and assimilate their whole conduct and conversation through the progress of the drama, to the manners and habits of well-bred persons in real life.

Prologues and epilogues in the modern style of writing and speaking them I regard as very unbecoming, and I should blush to see any lady of fashion in that silly and unseemly situation: they are the last remaining corruptions of the antient drama; reliques of servility, and only are retained in our London theatres as vehicles of humiliation at the introduction of a new play, and traps for false wit, extravagant conceits and female flippancy at the conclusion of it: where authors are petitioners, and players servants to the public, these condescensions must be made, but where poets are not suitors, and performers are benefactors, why should the free Muse wear shackles? for such they are, though the fingers of the brave are employed to put them on the limbs of the fair.

As I am satisfied nothing ought to be admitted from beginning to end, which can provoke comparisons, I revolt with indignation from the idea of a lady of fashion being trammelled in the trickery of the stage, and taught her airs and graces, till she is made the mere *fac-simile* of a mannerist, where the most she can aspire to is to be the copy of a copyist: let none such be consulted in dressing or drilling an honorary novitiate in the forms and fashions of the public stage; it is a course of discipline, which neither person will profit by; a kind of barter, in which both parties will give and receive false airs and false conceits; the fine lady will be disqualified by copy-

ing the actress, and the actress will become ridiculous by aping the fine lady.

As for the choice of the drama, which is so nice and difficult a part of the business, I scarce believe there is one play upon the list, which in all its parts and passages is thoroughly adapted to such a cast as I am speaking of: where it has been in public use I am sure it is not, for there comparisons are unavoidable. Plays professedly wrote for the stage must deal in strong character, and striking contrast: how can a lady stand forward in a part, contrived to produce ridicule or disgust, or which is founded upon broad humour and vulgar buffoonery?

Nempe ipsa videtur,
Non persona loqui.

'Tis she herself, and not her mask which speaks.

I doubt if it be altogether seemly for a gentleman to undertake, unless he can reconcile himself to cry out with Laberius—

Eques Romanus care egressus meo
Domum revertam mimus.

Esquire I sign'd myself at noon,
At night I countersign'd Buffoon.

The drama therefore must be purposely written for the occasion; and the writer must not only have local knowledge of every arrangement preparatory for the exhibition, but personal knowledge also of the performers who are to exhibit it. The play itself, in my conception of it, should be part only of the projected entertainment, woven into the device of a grand and splendid *fête*, given in some noble country-house or palace: neither should the spectators be totally excused from their subscription to the general *gala*, nor left to dose upon their benches through the progress of five tedious acts, but called

upon at intervals by music, dance or refreshment, elegantly contrived, to change the sameness of the scene and relieve the efforts of the more active corps, employed upon the drama.

And now let me say one word to qualify the irony I set out with and acquit myself as a moralist. There are many and great authorities against this species of entertainment, and certainly the danger is great, where theatrical propensities are too much indulged in young and inexperienced minds. Tertullian says, (but he is speaking of a very licentious theatre) *Theatrum sacrarium est Veneris*—'A play-house is the very sacristy of Venus.' And Juvenal, who wrote in times of the grossest impurity, maintains that no prudent man will take any young lady to wife, who has ever been even within the walls of a theatre—

> *Cuneis an habent spectacula totis*
> *Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?*
>
> Look round, and say if any man of sense
> Will dare to single out a wife from hence?

Young women of humble rank and small pretensions should be particularly cautious how a vain ambition of being noticed by their superiors betrays them into an attempt at displaying their unprotected persons on a stage, however dignified and respectable. If they have talents, and of course applause, are their understandings and manners proof against applause? If they mistake their talents, and merit no applause, are they sure they will get no contempt for their self-conceit? If they have both acting talents and attractive charms, I tremble for their danger; let the foolish parent, whose itching ears tingled with the plaudits that resounded through the theatre, where virgin modesty deposited its blushes, beware how his aching heart shall throb

with sorrow, when the daughter, *quæ pudica ad theatrum accesserat, inde revertetur impudica.* (*Cyprian. ad Donatum.*)

So much by way of caution to the guardians and protectors of innocence; let the offence light where it may, I care not, so it serves the cause for which my heart is pledged.

As for my opinion of private plays in general, though it is a fashion, which hath kings and princes for its nursing fathers and queens and princesses for its nursing mothers, I think it is a fashion, that should be cautiously indulged and narrowly confined to certain ranks, ages and conditions in the community at large. Grace forbid! that what the author of my motto said scoffingly of the Greeks should be said prophetically of this nation; emulate them in their love of freedom, in their love of science; rival them in the greatest of their actions, but not in the versatility of their mimic talents, till it shall be said of us by some future satirist—

Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur: flet, si lacrymas aspexit amici,
Nec dolet. Igniculum brumæ si tempore poscas,
Accipit endromidem: si dixeris, æstuo, sudat.
Non sumus ergo pares; melior, qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum.

Laugh, and your merry echo bursts his sides;
Weep, and his courteous tears gush out in tides:
Light a few sticks you cry, 'tis wintry—Lo!
He's a furr'd Laplander from top to toe;
Put out the fire, for now 'tis warm—He's more,
Hot, sultry hot, and sweats at every pore:
Oh! he's beyond us; we can make no race
With one, who night and day maintains his pace,
And fast as you shift humours still can shift his face.

Before I close this paper I wish to go back to what I said respecting the propriety of new and occasional dramas for private exhibition: too many

men are in the habit of decrying their contemporaries, and this discouraging practice seems more generally levelled at the dramatic province, than any other; but whilst the authors of such tragic dramas as Douglas, Elfrida and Caractacus, of such comic ones as The School for Scandal, The Jealous Wife, The Clandestine Marriage and The Way to Keep Him, with others in both lines, are yet amongst us, why should we suppose the state of genius so declined as not to furnish poets able to support and to supply their honorary representatives? Numbers there are no doubt, unnamed and unknown, whom the fiery trial of a public stage deters from breaking their obscurity: let disinterested fame be their prize and there will be no want of competitors.

Latet anguis in herba,

'There is a serpent in the grass,' and that serpent is the emblem of wisdom; the very symbol of wit upon the watch, couching for a while under the cover of obscurity, till the bright rays of the sun shall strike upon it, give it life and motion to erect itself on end and display the dazzling colours of its burnished scales.

Though thou, vile cynic, art the age's shame,
Hope not to damn all living fame;
True wit is arm'd in scales so bright,
It dazzles thy dull owlish sight;
Thy wolfish fangs no entrance gain,
They gnaw, they tug, they gnash in vain,
Their hungry malice does but edge their pain.

Avaunt, profane! 'tis consecrated ground:
Let no unholy foot be found
Where the Arts mingle, where the Muses haunt
And the Nine Sisters hymn their sacred chaunt,
Where Freedom's nymph-like form appears,
And high 'midst the harmonious spheres
Science her laurel-crowned head uprears.

Ye moral masters of the human heart!
  And you advance, ye sons of Art!
  Let Fame's far-echoing trumpet sound
To summon all her candidates around;
  Then bid old Time his roll explore,
  And say what age presents a store
In merit greater or in numbers more.

  Come forth, and boldly strike the lyre,
  Break into song, poetic choir!
Let Tragedy's loud strains in thunder roll:
With Pity's dying cadence melt the soul;
  And now provoke a sprightlier lay;
  Hark! Comedy begins to play,
She smites the string, and Dullness flits away.

For envious Dullness will essay to fling
  Her mud into the Muse's spring,
  Whilst critic curs with pricking ears
  Bark at each bard as he appears;
  Ev'n the fair dramatist, who sips
  Her Helicon with modest lips,
Sometimes alas! in troubled water dips.

But stop not, fair one, faint not in thy task,
  Slip on the sock and snatch the mask,
  Polish thy clear reflecting glass,
  And catch the manners as they pass;
  Call home thy playful Sylphs again,
  And chear them with a livelier strain;
Fame weaves no wreath that is not earn'd with pain.

  And thou, whose happy talent hit
  The richest vein of Congreve's wit,
Ah! fickle rover, false ingrateful loon,
Did the fond easy Muse consent too soon,
  That thou should'st quit Thalia's arms
  For an old Begum's tawny charms,
And shake us, not with laughter, but alarms?

Curst be ambition! Hence with musty laws!
Why pleads the bard but in Apollo's cause?
Why move the Court and humbly apprehend
But as the Muse's advocate and friend?
  She taught his faithful scene to show
  All that man's varying passions know,
Gay-flashing wit and heart-dissolving woe.

Thou too, thrice happy in a Jealous Wife,
Comic interpreter of nuptial life,
Know that all candid hearts detest
Th' unmanly scoffer's cruel jest,
Who for his jibes no butt could find
But what cold palsy left behind,
A shaking man with an unshaken mind.

And ye, who teach man's lordly race,
That woman's wit will have its place,
Matrons and maidens who inspire
The scenic flute or sweep the Sapphic lyre,
Go, warble in the ſylvan seat,
Where the Parnassian sisters meet,
And stamp the rugged soil with female feet.

'Tis ye, who interweave the myrtle bough
With the proud palm that crowns Britannia's brow,
Who, to the age in which ye live
Its charms, its graces, and its glories give;
For me, I seek no higher praise,
But to crop one small sprig of bays,
And wear it in the sunshine of your days.

NUMBER CIII.

I do not know a man in England better received in the circles of the great than Jack Gayless: Though he has no one quality for which he ought to be respected, and some points in his character for which he should be held in detestation, yet his manners are externally so agreeable, and his temper generally so social, that he makes a holiday in every family where he visits. He lives with the nobility upon the easiest footing, and in the great houses where he is in habits of intimacy, he knows all the do-

mestics by name, and has something to say to every one of them upon his arrival: he has a joke with the butler at the side-board during dinner, and sets the footman a tittering behind his chair, and is so comical and so familiar—he has the best receipt book in England, and recommends himself to the cook by a new sauce, for he is in the secrets of the king's kitchen at Versailles: he has the finest breed of spaniels in Europe, and is never without a puppy at the command of a friend: he knows the theory of hunting from top to bottom, is always in with the hounds; can develop every hit in a check, and was never known to cheer a wrong dog in a cover, when he gives his tongue: if you want an odd horse to match your set, Jack is your man; and for a neat travelling carriage, there is not an item that he will not superintend, if you are desirous to employ him; he will be at your door with it, when the builder brings it home, to see that nothing is wanting, he is so ready and so obliging: no man canvasses a county or borough like Jack Gayless; he is so pleasant with the freeholders, and has so many songs and such facetious toasts, and such a way with him amongst their wives and daughters, that flesh and blood cannot hold out against him: in short, he is the best leader of a mob, and of course 'the honestest fellow in England.'

A merchant's daughter of great fortune married him for love; he ran away with her from a boarding-school, but her father after a time was reconciled to his son-in-law, and Jack, during the life of the good man, passed his time in a small country-house on Clapham Common, superintending the concerns of about six acres of ground; being very expert however in the gardens and grape-house, and a very sociable fellow over a bottle with the citizen and his friends on a Saturday and Sunday, he

became a mighty favourite: all this while he lived upon the best terms with his wife; kept her a neat little palfrey, and regularly took his airing on the common by her side in the most uxorious manner: she was in fact a most excellent creature, of the sweetest temper and mildest manners, so that there seemed no interruption to their happiness, but what arose from her health, which was of a delicate nature. After a few years the citizen died, and Jack, whose conviviality had given him a helping hand out of the world, found himself in possession of a very handsome sum of money upon casting up his affairs at his decease.

Jack Gayless having no further purpose to serve, saw no occasion to consult appearances any longer, and began to form connexions, in which he did not think it necessary for his wife to have a share. He now set out upon the pursuit of what the world calls pleasure, and soon found himself in the company of those whom the world calls the Great. He had the address to recommend himself to his new acquaintance, and used great dispatch in getting rid of his old ones; his wife was probably his greatest incumbrance on this occasion; but Jack possessed one art in perfection, which stood him in great stead; he had the civillest way of insulting that could be imagined; and as the feelings of his wife were those of the fondest susceptibility, operating upon a weak and delicate constitution, he succeeded to admiration in tormenting her by neglect, at the same time that he never gave her a harsh expression, and in particular, when any body else was present, behaved himself towards her in so obliging a manner, that all his acquaintance set him down as the best tempered fellow living, and her as a lady, by his report, rather captious and querulential. When he had thus got the world on his side, he detached

himself more and more from her society, and became less studious to disguise the insults he put upon her: she declined fast in her health, and certain symptoms began to appear, which convinced Jack that a perseverance in his system would in a short time lay her in the grave, and leave him without any further molestation. Her habit was consumptive, for where is the human frame that can long resist the agony of the heart? In this extremity she requested the assistance of a certain physician, very eminent in these cases: this little gentleman has a way of hitting off the complaints of his patients, which is not always so convenient to those expectant parties, who have made up their minds and reconciled themselves to the call of nature. As Jack had one object, and the doctor another, they did not entirely agree in their process, and she was sent down by her hufband into a distant county for the benefit of the air, in a low situation and a damp house. Jack and the physician had now a scene of altercation, in which it was evident that the least man of the two had the greatest spirit and the largest heart, and Jack certainly put up with some expressions, which could only be passed over by perfect innocence or absolute cowardice: the little doctor, who had no objection to send Jack out of the world, and a very longing desire to keep his lady in it, spoke like a man who had long been in the practice of holding death at defiance; but what Jack lost in argument he made up in address, and after professing his acquiescence in the measures of his antagonist, he silently determined to pursue his own, and the doctor's departure was very soon followed by that of his patient. The dying wife made a feeble stand for a while, but what can a broken heart do against a hardened one?

After Jack had taken such zealous pains to over-

rule the doctor's advice, it is not to be supposed but he would have accompanied his wife to the place of her destination, if it had been only for the satisfaction of contemplating the effects of his own greater sagacity in her case; and he protested to her, in the kindest manner, that nothing should have robbed him of the pleasure of attending her on the journey, but the most indispensable and unexpected business: he had just then received letters from two friends, which would be attended with the greatest breach of honour, if neglected; and she knew his nicety of principle in those affairs: he would not read them to her, as she was in too weak a condition (he observed) to attend to business, but she might rest assured, he would, if possible, overtake her on the way, or be with her in a few hours after her arrival, for he should be impatient to be a witness of her recovery, which he persuaded himself would soon take place, when she had made experiment of the place he had chosen for her. When he had finished his apology, his wife raised her eyes from the ground, where she had fixed them whilst he was speaking, and with a look of such mild languor, and such dying softness, as would almost have melted marble into pity, mournfully replied—*farewell!* and resigning herself to the support of her maid and a nurse, was lifted into her carriage, and left her husband to pursue his business without reproach.

Jack Gayless now lost no further time in fulfilling the promise he had made to his wife, and immediately began to apply himself to the letters, which had so indispensably prevented him from paying her those kind offices, which her situation was in so much need of. These letters I shall now insert, as some of my readers may probably think he wants a justification on this occasion. The first was from a great lady of unblemished reputation,

who has a character for public charity and domestic virtues, which even malice has not dared to impeach. Her ladyship was now at her country seat, where she presided at a table of the most splendid hospitality, and regulated a princely establishment with consummate judgment and decorum: in this great family Jack had long been a welcome visitor, and as he had received a thousand kindnesses at her hands, gratitude would dispose him to consider her requests as commands the most pressing. The important contents were as follow, viz.

'Dear Jack,

'I am sorry your wife's so sick; but methinks you'd do well to change the scene, and come amongst us, now home's so dull. You'll be griev'd to hear I have clapp'd Tom Jones in the back sinews: Ned has put a charge to him, but he is so cruelly let down, I am afraid he must be scor'd with a fine iron, and that will be an eye-sore, to say no worse on't. My lord you know hates writing, so he bids me tell you to bring Moll Ross with you, as he thinks there is a young man here will take her off your hands; and as you have had the beſt of her, and she is rather under your weight, think you'll be glad to get well out of her. Would you believe it, I was eight hours in the saddle yesterday: we dug a fox in Lady Tabby's park: the old dowager goes on setting traps; all the country round cries out upon it: thank the fates, she had a py'd peacock and a whole brood of Guinea fowls carried off last night: My lord says 'tis a judgment upon her. Don't forget to bring your Highland tarrier, as I would fain have a cross with my bitch Cruel.

Dear Jack, your's,

* * *.'

As Jack Gayless was not one of those milksops, who let family excuses ſtand in the way of the more amiable office of obliging his friends, and saw in its just light the ridicule he would naturally expose himself to, if he sheltered himself under so silly a pretence as a wife's sickness, he would infallibly have obeyed her ladyship's commands, and set out with the Highland tarrier instead of Mrs. Gayless, if he had not been divided by another very pressing attention, which every man of the world will acknowledge the importance of. There was a certain young lady of easy virtue, who had made a tender impression on his heart as he was innocently taking the air in Hyde-park: he had prevailed so far with her as to gain her consent to an appointment for that day: not foreseeing, as I should suppose, or perhaps not just at that moment recollecting his wife's journey, and the call there would be upon him on that account. This young lady, who was wanting in no other virtue but chastity, had learnt some particulars of Mr. Gayless, which she had not been informed of when she yielded to the assignation, and in consequence had written him the following perplexing billet:

'Sir,

'I am sorry it is not possible for me to receive the honour of your visit, and the more so, as I am afraid my reason for declining it, though insuperable with me, will not appear a sufficient one in your opinion. I have just now been informed that you are a married man; this would have been enough, if I had not heard it with the addition, that your lady is one of the most excellent and most injured women living—if indeed she be yet living, for I learn from the same authority that she is in the last stage of a rapid decline.

'In what light must I regard myself, if I was to supply you with a motive for neglecting that attention, which her situation demands of you? Don't let it surprize you, that a woman who has forfeited her claim to modesty, should yet retain some pretensions to humanity: if you have renounced both the one and the other, I have a double motive for declining your acquaintance.

I am, &c.

* * *.'

The style of this letter seemed so extraordinary to Jack, and so unlike what he had been used to receive from correspondents of this lady's description, that it is not to be wondered at, if it threw him into a profound meditation: not that the rebuke made any other impression on him, than as it seemed to involve a mystery which he could not expound; for it never entered into his head to suppose that the writer was in earnest. In this dilemma he imparted it to a friend, and with his usual gaiety desired his help to unriddle it: his friend perused it, and with a serious countenance told him he was acquainted with the lady, and gave her perfect credit for the sincerity of the sentiments it contained: she was a romantic girl, he told him, and not worth a further thought; but as he perceived he was chagrined with the affair, he advised him to take post for the country, and attend the summons of his noble correspondent, for that he himself had always found the dissipation of a journey the best remedy in all cases of vexation, like the present. This friendly advice was immediately followed by an order for the journey, and Jack Gayless put himself into his post-chaise, with his tarrier by his side, ordering his groom to follow with Moll Ross by easy stages.

Whilst Jack was rapidly posting towards the

house of jollity and dissipation, his suffering and forsaken wife by slow stages pursued her last melancholy journey: supported in her coach by her two women, and attended by an old man-servant of her father's, she at last reached the allotted house, where her miseries were to find a period. One indiscretion only, a stolen and precipitate marriage, had marked her life with a blemish, and her husband, who in early youth had betrayed her artless affection into that fatal mistake, was now the chosen instrument of chastisement. She bore her complicated afflictions with the most patient resignation; neither sickness nor sorrow forced a complaint from her; and Death, by the gentleness of his advances, seemed to lay aside his terrors, and approach her with respect and pity.

Jack was still upon his visit, when he received the news of her death: this event obliged him to break off from a most agreeable party, and take a journey to London; but as the season had happened to set in for a severe frost, and the fox-hounds were confined to their kennel, he had the consolation to reflect that his amusements were not so much interrupted as they might have been. He gave orders for a handsome funeral, and deported himself with such outward propriety on the occasion, that all the world gave him credit for his behaviour, and he continues to be the same popular character amongst his acquaintance, and universally caressed: in short, Jack Gayless (to use the phrase of fashion) is 'the honestest fellow in England,' and—a disgrace to human nature.

NUMBER CIV.

The conduct of a young lady, who is the only daughter of a very worthy father, and some alarming particulars respecting her situation which had come to my knowledge, gave occasion to me for writing my Paper, No. XXVII. in which I endeavour to point out the consequences parents have to apprehend from novels, which though written upon moral plans, may be apt to take too strong a hold upon young and susceptible minds, especially in the softer sex, and produce an affected character, where we wish to find a natural one.

As the young person in question is now happily extricated from all danger, and has seen her error, I ſhall relate her story, not only as it contains some incidents which are amusing, but as it tends to illustrate by example the several instructions, which in my paper before mentioned I endeavoured to convey.

Sappho is the only child of Clemens, who is a widower; a passionate fondness for this daughter, tempered with a very small share of observation or knowledge of the world, determined Clemens to an attempt (which has seldom been found to succeed) of rendering Sappho a miracle of accomplishments, by putting her under the instructions of masters in almost every art and science at one and the same time: his house now became an academy of musicians, dancing-masters, language-masters, drawing-masters, geographers, historians, and a variety of inferior artists male and female; all these studies

appeared the more desirable to Clemens, from his own ignorance of them, having devoted his life to business of a very different nature. Sappho made just as much progress in each, as is usual with young ladies so attended; she could do a little of most of them, and talk of all: she could play a concerto by heart with every grace her master had taught her, note for note, with the precise repetition of a barrel-organ: she had stuck the room round with drawings, which Clemens praised to the skies, and which Sappho assured him had been only 'touched up a little' by her master: she could tell the capital of every country, when he questioned her out of the newspaper, and would point out the very spot upon the terrestrial globe, where Paris, Madrid, Naples, and Constantinople actually were to be found: she had as much French as puzzled Clemens, and would have served her to buy blond-lace and Paris netting at a French milliner's; nay, she had gone so far as to pen a letter in that language to a young lady of her acquaintance, which her master, who stood over whilst she wrote it, declared to be little inferior in style to Madame Sevigné's: in history, both antient and modern, her progress was proportionable, for she could run through the twelve Cæsars in a breath, and reckon up all the kings from the Conquest upon her fingers without putting one out of place; this appeared a prodigy to Clemens, and in the warmth of his heart he fairly told her she was one of the world's wonders; Sappho aptly set him right in this mistake, by assuring him that there was but seven wonders in the world, all of which she repeated to him, and only left him more convinced that she herself was deservedly the eighth.

There was a gentleman about fifty years old, a friend of Clemens, who came frequently to his

house, and, being a man of talents and leisure, was so kind as to take great pains in directing and bringing Sappho forward in her studies: this was a very acceptable service to Clemens, and the visits of Musidorus were always joyfully welcomed both by him and Sappho herself: Musidorus declared himself overpaid by the delight it gave him to contemplate the opening talents of so promising a young lady; and as Sappho was now of years to establish her pretensions to taste and sentiment, Musidorus made such a selection of authors for her reading, as were best calculated to accomplish her in those particulars: in settling this important choice, he was careful to put none but writers of delicacy and sensibility into her hands; interesting and affecting tales or novels were the books he chiefly recommended, which, by exhibiting the fairest patterns of female purity (suffering distress and even death itself from the attacks of licentious passion in the grosser sex) might inspire her sympathetic heart with pity, and guard it from seduction by displaying profligacy in its most odious colours.

Sappho's propensity to these studies fully answered the intentions of her kind director, and she became more and more attached to works of sentiment and pathos. Musidorus's next solicitude was to form her style, and with this view he took upon himself the trouble of carrying on a kind of probationary correspondence with her; this happy expedient succeeded beyond expectation, for as two people, who saw each other every day, could have very little matter to write upon, there was so much the more exercise for invention; and such was the copiousness and fluency of expression which she became mistress of by this ingenious practice, that she could fill four sides of letter paper with what other people express upon the back of a card: Clemens

once, in the exultation of his heart, put a bundle of these manuscripts into my hands, which he confessed he did not clearly understand, but nevertheless believed them to be the most elegant things in the language; I shall give the reader a sample of two of them, which I drew out of the number, not by choice, but by chance; they were carefully folded, and labelled at the back in Sappho's own hand as follows, 'Musidorus to Sappho of the 10th of June;' underneath she had wrote with a pencil these words:

PICTURESQUE!
ELEGANT!
HAPPY ALLUSION TO THE SUN!
KING DAVID NOT TO BE COMPARED TO MUSIDORUS.

Here follows the note, and I cannot doubt but the reader will confess that its contents deserve all that the label expresses.

'*June the* 10*th*, 1785.

'As soon as I arose this morning, I directed my eyes to the east, and demanded of the sun, if he had given you my good-morrow: this was my parting injunction last night, when I took leave of him in the west, and he this moment plays his beams with so particular a lustre, that I am satisfied he has fulfilled my commission, and saluted the eye-lids of Sappho: if he is described to 'come forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber,' how much rather may it be said of him, when he comes forth out of *your's?* I shall look for him to perform his journey this day with a peculiar glee; I expect he will not suffer a cloud to come near him, and I shall not be surprized, if, through his eagerness to repeat his next morning's salutation, he should 'whip his

fiery-footed steeds to the west' some hours before their time; unless indeed you should walk forth whilst he is descending, and he should delay the wheels of his chariot to look back upon an object so pleasing. You see therefore, most amiable Sappho, that unless you fulfil your engagement, and consent to repeat our usual ramble in the cool of the evening, our part of the world is likely to be in darkness before it is expected, and that nature herself will be put out of course, if Sappho forfeits her promise to Musidorus.'

'Sappho in reply to Musidorus.'

'If nature holds her course till Sappho forfeits her word to Musidorus, neither the setting nor the rising sun shall vary from his appointed time. But why does Musidorus ascribe to me so flattering an influence, when, if I have any interest with Apollo, it must be to his good offices only that I owe it? If he bears the messages of Musidorus to me, is it not a mark of his respect to the person who sends him, rather than to her he is sent to? And whom should he so willingly obey, as one whom he so copiously inspires? I shall walk as usual in the cool hour of even-tide, listening 'with greedy ear' to that discourse, which, by the refined and elevated sentiments it inspires, has taught me to look down with silent pity and contempt upon those frivolous beings, who talk the mere language of the senses, not of the soul, and to whose silly prattle I neither condescend to lend an ear, or to subscribe a word. Know then that Sappho will reserve her attention for Musidorus, and if Apollo 'shall delay the wheels of his chariot' to wait upon us in our evening ramble, believe me he will not stop for the unworthy purpose of looking back upon Sappho, but

for the nobler gratification of listening to Musidorus.'

The evening walk took place as usual, but it was a walk in the dusty purlieus of London, and Sappho sighed for a cottage and the country: Musidorus seconded the sigh, and he had abundance of fine things to say on the occasion: retirement is a charming subject for a sentimental enthusiast; there is not a poet in the language, but will help him out with a description; Musidorus had them all at his fingers ends, from 'Hesperus that led the starry host,' down to a glow-worm.

The passion took so strong a hold of Sappho's mind, that she actually assailed her father on the subject, and with great energy of persuasion moved him to adopt her ideas: it did not exactly suit Clemens to break up a very lucrative profession, and set out in search of some solitary cottage, whose romantic situation might suit the spiritualized desires of his daughter, and I am afraid he was for once in his life not quite so respectful to her wishes, as he might have been: Sappho was so unused to contradiction, that she explained herself to Musidorus with some asperity, and it became the subject of much debate between them: not that he held a contrary opinion from her's; but the difficulty which embarrassed both parties was, where to find the happy scene she sighed for, and how to obtain it when it was found. The first part of this difficulty was at last surmounted, and the chosen spot was pointed out by Musidorus, which according to his description was the very bower of felicity; it was in a northern county at a distance from the capital, and its situation was most delectable: the next measure was a strong one; for the question to be decided was, if Sappho should abandon her project or her father; she called upon Mu-

sidorus for his opinion, and he delivered it as follows:—'If I was not convinced, most amiable Sappho, that a second application to Clemens would be as unsuccessful as the first, I would advise you to the experiment; but as there is no doubt of this, it must be the height of imprudence to put that to a trial, of which there is no hope: it comes therefore next to be considered, if you shall give up your plan, or execute it without his privity; in other words, if you shall or shall not do that, which is to make you happy: if it were not consistent with the strictest purity of character, I should answer no; but when I reflect upon the innocence, the simplicity, the moral beauty of the choice you make, I then regard the duty you owe to yourself as superior to all others, which are falsely called natural; whereas, if you follow this in preference, you obey nature herself: if you were of an age too childish to be allowed to know what suits you best, or, if being old enough to be intitled to a choice, you wanted wit to make one, there would be no doubt in the case; nay, I will go so far as to say, that if Clemens was a man of judgment superior to your own, I should be staggered with his opposition; but if truth may ever be spoken, it may on this occasion, and who is there that does not see the weakness of the father's understanding; who but must acknowledge the pre-eminence of the daughter's? I will speak yet plainer, most incomparable Sappho, it is not fitting that folly should prescribe to wisdom: the question therefore is come to an upshot, shall Sappho live a life she despises and detests, to humour a father, whose weakness she pities, but whose judgment she cannot respect?'

'No,' replied Sappho, 'that point is decided; pass on to the next, and speak to me upon the practicability of executing what I am resolved to at-

tempt.' 'The authority of a parent,' resumed Musidorus, 'is such over an unprotected child, that reason will be no defence to you against obstinacy and coercion. In the case of a son, profession gives that defence: new duties are imposed by a man's vocation, which supersede what are called natural ones; but in the instance of a daughter, where shall she fly for protection against the imperious controul of a parent, but to the arms—? I tremble to pronounce the word; your own imagination must complete the sentence'—'Oh! horrible!' cried Sappho, interrupting him, 'I will never marry; I will never so contaminate the spotless lustre of my incorporeal purity: no, Musidorus, no —*I'll bear my blushing honours still about me*—'And fit you should,' cried Musidorus, 'what dæmon dare defile them? Perish the man, that could intrude a sensual thought within the sphere of such repelling virtue!—But marriage is a form; and forms are pure; at least they may be such; there's no pollution in a name; and if a name will shelter you, why should you fear to take it?'—'I perceive,' answered Sappho, 'that I am in a very dangerous dilemma; since the very expedient, which is to protect me from violence of one sort, exposes me to it under another shape too odious to mention.'—'And is there then,' said Musidorus sighing, 'is there no human being in your thoughts in whom you can confide? Alas for me! if you believe you have no friend who is not tainted with the impurities of his sex: and what is friendship? what, but the union of souls? and are not souls thus united already married? For my part, I have long regarded our pure and spiritualized connection in this light, and I cannot foresee how any outward ceremony is to alter that inherent delicacy of sentiment, which is inseparable from my soul's attachment to the soul

of Sappho: if we are determined to despise the world, we should also despise the constructions of the world: if retirement is our choice, and the life and habits of Clemens are not to be the life and habits of Sappho, why should Musidorus, who is ready to sacrifice every thing in her defence, not be thought incapable of abusing her confidence, when he offers the protection of his name? If a few words muttered over us by a Scotch blacksmith will put all our troubles to rest, why should we resort to dangers and difficulties, when so easy a remedy is before us? But why should I seek for arguments to allay your apprehensions, when you have in me so natural a security for my performance of the strictest stipulations?'—'And what is that security?' she eagerly demanded. Musidorus now drew back a few paces, and with the most solemn air and action, laying his hand upon his heart, replied, 'My age, madam!'—'That's true,' cried Sappho; and now the conversation took a new turn, in the course of which they agreed upon their plan of proceeding, settled their rendezvous for the next day, and Musidorus departed to prepare all things necessary for the security of their expedition.

NUMBER CV.

Tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

HORAT.

O Cupid, touch this rebel heart!

UPON the day appointed, Sappho, with her father's consent, set out in a hired post-chaise upon a pretended vist to a relation, who lived about twenty miles from town on the northern road: at the inn where she was to change horses, she dismissed her London postilion with a short note to her father, in which she told him she should write to him in two or three days time: here she took post for the next stage upon the great road, where she was met by Musidorus, and from thence they pressed forward with all possible expedition towards Gretna Green.

The mind of Sappho was visited with some compunctions by the way; but the eloquence of her companion, and the respectful delicacy of his behaviour, soon reconciled her conscience to the step she had taken: the reflections which passed in Musidorus's breast, were not so easily quieted: the anxiety of his thoughts, and the fatigues of the journey, brought so violent an attack upon him, that when he was within a stage or two of his journey's end, he found himself unable to proceed; the gout had seized upon his stomach, and immediate relief became necessary: the romantic visions with which Sappho hitherto had indulged her imagination, now began to vanish, and a gloomy prospect opened upon her; in place of a comforter and com-

panion by the way to soothe her cares, and fill her mind with soft healing sentiments, she had a wretched object before her eyes, tormented with pain and at the point of death.

The house in which she had taken shelter was of the meanest sort, but the good people were humane and assiduous, and the village afforded a medical assistant of no contemptible skill in his profession: there was another consolation attended her situation, for in the same inn was quartered a dragoon officer with a small recruiting party; this young cornet was of a good family, of an engaging person and very elegant address; his humanity was exerted not only in consoling Sappho, but in nursing and cheering Musidorus. These charitable offices were performed with such a natural benignity, that Sappho must have been most insensible if she could have overlooked them; her gentle heart on the contrary overflowed with gratitude, and in the extremity of her distress she freely confessed to him, that but for his support she must have sunk outright. Though the extremity of Musidorus's danger was now over, yet he was incapable of exertion; and Sappho, who was at leisure to reflect upon her situation, began to waver in her resolution, and to put some questions to herself, which reason could not readily answer. Her thoughts were so distracted and perplexed, that she saw no resource but to unburthen them, and throw herself upon the honour and discretion of Lionel, for so this young officer was called. This she had frequently in mind to do, and many opportunities offered themselves for it, but still her sensibility of shame prevented it. The constant apprehension of pursuit hung over her, and sometimes she meditated to go back to her father; in one of these moments she had begun to write a letter to Clemens to prepare him for her re-

turn, when Lionel entered the room and informed her that he perceived so visible an amendment in Musidorus, that he expected to congratulate her on his recovery in a very few days—'and then, Madam,' added he, 'my sorrows will begin where your's end; be it so! if you are happy, I must not complain: I presume this gentleman is your father or near relation?'—'Father!' exclaimed Sappho:— She cast her eyes upon the letter she was inditing, and burst into tears. Lionel approached, and took her hand in his; she raised her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and he proceeded—'If my anxious solicitude for an unknown lady, in whose happiness my heart is warmly interested, exposes me to any hazard of your displeasure, stop me before I speak another word; if not, confide in me, and you shall find me ready to devote my life to serve you. The mystery about you and the road you are upon, (were it not for the companion you are with) would tempt me to believe you was upon a generous errand, to reward some worthy man, whom fortune and your parents do not favour; but this poor object above stairs makes that impossible. If, however, there is any favoured lover, waiting in secret agony for that expected moment, when your release from hence may crown him with the best of human blessings, the hand, which now has hold of your's, shall be devoted to his service: command me where you will; I never yet have forfeited my honour, and cannot wrong your confidence.'— 'You are truly generous,' replied Sappho; 'there is no such man; the hand you hold is yet untainted, and till now has been untouched; release it therefore, and I will proceed. My innocence has been my error; I have been the dupe of sentiment: I am the only child of a fond father, and never knew the blessing of a mother; when I look back upon my

education, I perceive that art has been exhausted, and nature overlooked in it. The unhappy object above stairs has been my sole adviser and director; for my father is immersed in business: from him, and from the duty which I owe him, I confess I have seceded, and my design was to devote myself to retirement. My scheme I now perceive was visionary in the extreme; left to my own reflections, reason shews me both the danger and the folly of it: I have therefore determined upon returning to my father, and am writing to him a letter, which I shall send by express, to relieve him from the agonies my silly conduct has occasioned.'—'What you have now disclosed to me,' said Lionel, 'with a sincerity that does equal honour to yourself and me, demands a like sincerity on my part, and I must therefore confess to you, that Musidorus, believing himself at the point of death, imparted to me not only every thing that has passed, but all the future purposes of this treacherous plot, from which you have so providentially escaped; these I shall not explain to you at present, but you may depend upon it, that this attack upon his life has saved his conscience. I cannot as a man of honour oppose myself to your resolution of returning home immediately; and yet when I consider the ridicule you will have to encounter from the world at large, the reflections that will arise in your mind, when there is perhaps no friend at hand to assuage them, but above all when I thus contemplate your charms, and recollect that affectation is expelled, and nature reinstated in your heart, I cannot resist the impulse nor the opportunity of appealing to that nature against a separation so fatal to my peace: yes, loveliest of women, I must appeal to nature; I must hope this heart of your's, where such refined sensations have resided, will not be shut from others of a more generous

kind. What could the name of Musidorus do, which Lionel's cannot? Why should you not replace an unworthy friend with one of fairer principles: with one of honourable birth, of equal age, and owner of a heart that beats with ardent passion towards you? Had you been made the sacrifice of this chimæra, this illusion, what had your father suffered? If I am honoured with your hand in marriage, what can he complain of? My conduct, my connections, and my hopes in life, will bear the scrutiny: suffer me to say you will have a protector, whose character can face the world, and whose spirit cannot fear it. As for worldly motives, I renounce them; give me yourself and your affections; give me possession of this hand, these eyes, and the soul which looks through them; let your father withhold the rest. Now, loveliest and most beloved, have you the heart to ſhare a soldier's fortune? Have you the noble confidence to take his word? Will you follow, where his honour bids him go, and whether a joyful victory or a glorious death attends him, will you receive him living, or entomb him dying in your arms?'

Whilst Lionel was uttering these words, his action, his emotion, and that honest glow of passion, which nature only can assume, and artifice cannot counterfeit, had so subdued the yielding heart of Sappho, that he must have been dull indeed, if he could have wanted any stronger confirmation of his success, than what her looks bestowed: never was silence more eloquent; the labour of language and the forms of law had no share in this contract: a sigh of speechless ecstasy drew up the nuptial bond; the operations of love are momentary: tears of affection interchangeably witnessed the deed, and the contracting parties sealed it with an inviolable embrace.

Every moment now had wings to waft them to that happy spot, where the unholy hand of law has not yet plucked up the root of love: freedom met them on the very extremity of her precincts; nature held out her hand to welcome them, and the Loves and Graces, though exiled to a desart, danced in her train.

Thus was Sappho, when brought to the very brink of destruction, rescued by the happy intervention of Providence. The next day produced an interview with Clemens, at the house to which they returned after the ceremony in Scotland: the meeting, as might well be expected, was poignant and reproachful; but when Sappho, in place of a superannuated sentimentalist, presented to him a son-in-law, in whose martial form and countenance he beheld youth, honour, manly beauty, and every attractive grace that could justify her choice, his transports became excessive; and their union, being now sanctified by the blessing of a father, and warranted by love and nature, has snatched a deluded victim from misery and error, and added one conjugal instance to the scanty records of unfashionable felicity.

Let not my young female readers believe that the extravagance of Sappho's conduct is altogether out of nature, or that they have nothing to apprehend from men of Musidorus's age and character; my observation convinces me to the contrary. *Gravity*, says Lord Shaftesbury, *is the very essence of imposture*; and sentimental gravity, varnished over with the experienced artifice of age and wisdom, is the worst of its species.

NUMBER CVI.

I THINK the ladies will not accuse me of busying myself in impertinent remarks upon their dress and attire, for indeed it is not to their persons my services are devoted, but to their minds: if I can add to them any thing ornamental, or take from them any thing unbecoming, I shall gain my wish; the rest I shall leave to their milliners and mantua-makers.

Now if I have any merit with them for not intruding upon their toilets, let them shew me so much complaisance, as not to read this paper, whilst they are engaged in those occupations, which I have never before interrupted; for as I intend to talk with them a little metaphysically, I would not wish to divide their attention, nor shall I be contented with less than the whole.

In the first place I must tell them, gentle though they be, that human nature is subject to a variety of passions, some of these are virtuous passions, some, on the contrary, I am afraid are evil; there are however a number of intermediate propensities, most of which might also be termed passions, which by the proper influence of reason may become very useful allies to any one single virtue, when in danger of being overpowered by a host of foes: at the same time they are as capable of being kidnapped by the enemies of reason, and, when enlisted in the ranks of the insurgents, seldom fail to turn the fate of the battle, and commit dreadful havock in the peaceful quarters of the invaded virtue. It is apparent

then, that all these intermediate propensities are a kind of balancing powers, which seem indeed to hold a neutrality in moral affairs, but, holding it with arms in their hands, cannot be supposed to remain impartial spectators of the fray, and therefore must be either with us, or against us.

I ſhall make myself better understood when I proceed to instance them, and I will begin with that, which has been called the universal passion, *The love of Fame.*

I presume no lady will disavow this propensity; I would not wish her to attempt it; let her examine it however; let her first inquire to what point it is likely to carry her, before she commits herself to its conduct: if it is to be her guide to that fame only, which excels in fashionable dissipation, figures in the first circles of the gay world, and is the load-stone to attract every libertine of high life into the sphere of its activity, it is a traitorous guide, and is seducing her to a precipice, that will sooner or later be the grave of her happiness: on the contrary, if it proposes to avoid these dangerous pursuits, and recommends a progress through paths less tempting to the eye perhaps, but terminated by substantial comforts, she may securely follow a propensity, which cannot mislead her, and indulge a passion, which will be the moving spring of all her actions, and but for which her nature would want energy, and her character be no otherwise distinguished than by avoidance of vice without the grace and merit of any positive virtue. I can hardly suppose, if it was put to a lady's choice at her outset into life which kind of fame she would be distinguished for, good or evil, but that she would at once prefer the good; I must believe she would acknowledge more gratification in being signalized as the best wife, the best mother, the most exemplary woman of her time,

than in being pointed out in all circles she frequents as the most fashionable rake, the best dressed voluptuary in the nation: if this be rightly conjectured, why will not every woman, who has her choice to make, direct her ambition to those objects, which will give her most satisfaction when attained? There can be no reason but because it imposes on her some self-denials by the way, which she has not fortitude to surmount; and it is plain she does not love fame well enough to be at much pains in acquiring it; her ambition does not reach at noble objects, her passion for celebrity is no better than that of a buffoon's, who for the vanity of being conspicuous submits to be contemptible.

Friendship is a word which has a very captivating sound, but is by no means of a decided quality; it may be friend or foe, as reason and true judgment shall determine for it. If I were to decry all female friendships in the lump it might seem a harsh sentence, and yet it will seriously behove every parent to keep strict watch over this propensity in the early movements of the female mind. I am not disposed to expatiate upon its dangers very particularly; they are sufficiently known to people of experience and discretion; but attachments must be stemmed in their beginnings; keep off correspondents from your daughters as you would keep off the pestilence: romantic misses, sentimental novelists and scribbling pedants overturn each others heads with such eternal rhapsodies about friendship, and refine upon nonsense with such an affectation of enthusiasm, that if it has not been the parent's study to take early precautions against all such growing propensities, it will be in vain to oppose the torrent, when it carries all before it, and overwhelms the passions with its force.

Sensibility is a mighty favourite with the fair sex;

it is an amiable friend or a very dangerous foe to virtue: let the female, who professes it, be careful how she makes too full a display of her weakness; for this is so very soft and insinuating a propensity, that it will be found in most female glossaries as a synonimous term for love itself; in fact, it is little else than the *nomme-de-guerre*, which that insidious adventurer takes upon him in all first approaches; the pass-word in all those skirmishing experiments, which young people make upon each other's affections, before they proceed to plainer declarations; it is the whetstone, upon which love sharpens and prepares his arrows: if any lady makes a certain show of sensibility in company with her admirer, he must be a very dull fellow, if he does not know how to turn the weapon from himself to her. Now sensibility assumes a different character when it is taken into the service of benevolence, or made the centinel of modesty; in one case it gives the spring to pity, in the other the alarm to discretion; but whenever it assails the heart by soft seduction to bestow that pity and relief, which discretion does not warrant, and purity ought not to grant, it should be treated as a renegado and a spy, which, under the mask of charity, would impose upon credulity for the vilest purposes, and betray the heart by flattering it to its ruin.

Vanity is a passion to which I think I am very complaisant, when I admit it to a place amongst these convertible propensities, for it is as much as I can do to find any occupation for it in the family concerns of virtue; perhaps, if I had not known Vanessa I should not pay it even this small compliment: it can however do some under offices in the household of generosity, of cheerfulness, hospitality, and certain other respectable qualities: it is little else than an officious, civil, silly thing, that

runs on errands for its betters, and is content to be paid with a smile for its good-will, by those who have too much good sense to shew it any real respect: when it is harmless, it would be hard to wound it out of wantonness; when it is mischievous, there is merit in chastising it with the whip of ridicule: a lap-dog may be endured, if he is inoffensive and does not annoy the company, but a snappish, barking pett, though in a lady's arms, deserves to have his ears pulled for his impertinence.

Delicacy is a soft name, and fine ladies, who have a proper contempt for the vulgar, are very willing to be thought endowed with senses more refined and exquisite than nature ever meant to give them; their nerves are susceptible in the extreme, and they are of constitutions so irritable, that 'the very winds of heaven' must not be allowed to 'visit their face too roughly.' I have studied this female favourite with some attention, and I am not yet able to discover any one of its good qualities; I do not perceive the merit of such exquisite fibres, nor have I observed that the slenderest strings are apt to produce the sweetest sounds, when applied to instruments of harmony; I presume the female heart should be such an harmonious instrument, when touched by the parent, the friend, the husband; but how can these expect a concert of sweet sounds to be excited, from a thing which is liable to be jarred and put out of tune by every breath of air? It may be kept in its case, like an old-fashioned virginal, which nobody knows, or even wishes to know, how to touch: it can never be brought to bear its part in a family concert, but must hang by the wall, or at best be a solo instrument for the remainder of its days.

Bashfulness, when it is attached to modesty, will be regarded with the eye of candor, and cheared

with the smile of encouragement; but bashfulness is a hireling, and is sometimes discovered in the livery of pride, oftentimes in the cast-off trappings of affectation; pedantry is very apt to bring it into company, and sly, secret consciousness will frequently 'blush because it understands.' I do not say I have much to lay to its charge, for it is not apt to be troublesome in polite societies, nor do I commonly meet it even in the youngest of the female sex. There is a great deal of blushing I confess in all the circles of fine ladies, but then it is so universal a blush and withal so permanent, that I am far from imputing it always to bashfulness, when the cheeks of the fair are tinged with roses. However, though it is sometimes an impostor, and for that reason may deserve to be dismissed, I cannot help having a consideration for one, that has in past times been the handmaid of beauty, and therefore as merit has taken modesty into her service, I would recommend to ignorance to put bashfulness into full pay and employment.

Politeness is a charming propensity, and I would wish the fine ladies to indulge it, if it were only by way of contrast between themselves and the fine gentlemen they consort with. I do not think it is altogether becoming for a lady to plant herself in the center of a circle with her back to the fire, and expect every body to be warmed by the contemplation of her figure or the reflection of her countenance; at the same time I am free to confess it an attitude, by which the man of high breeding is conspicuously distinguished, and is charming to behold, when set off with the proper accompaniments of leather breeches, tight boots and jockey waistcoat. I will not deny however but I have seen this practised by ladies, who have acquitted themselves with great spirit on the occasion; but then it cannot be done

without certain male accoutrements, and presupposes a slouched hat, half-boots, short waistcoat and riding dress, not to omit broad metal buttons with great letters engraved upon them, or the signature of some hunt, with the indispensable appendage of two long dangling watch-chains, which serve to mark the double value people of fashion put upon their time, and also shew the encouragement they bestow upon the arts: with these implements the work may be done even by a female artist, but it is an art I wish no young lady to study, and I hope the present professors will take no more pupils, whilst the academies of Humphries and Mendoza are kept open for accomplishments, which I think upon the whole are altogether as becoming. Politeness, as I conceive, consists in putting people at their ease in your company, and being at your ease in their's; modern practice I am afraid is apt to misplace this process, for I observe every body in fashionable life polite enough to study their own ease, but I do not see much attention paid to that part of the rule, which ought to be first observed: it is well calculated for those, who are adepts in it, but if ever such an out-of-the-way thing as a modest person comes within its reach, the awkward novice is sure to be distressed, and whilst every body about him seems reposing on a bed of down, he alone is picketted upon a seat of thorns: 'till this shall be reformed by the ladies, who profess to understand politeness, I shall turn back to my red-book of forty years ago, to see what relicts of the old court are yet amongst us, and take the mothers for my models in preference to their daughters.

NUMBER CVII.

Alter in obsequium plus æquo pronus, et imi
Derisor lecti, sic nutum divitis horret,
Sic iterat voces, et verba cadentia tollit.

HORAT.

I AM bewildered by the definitions, which metaphysical writers give us of the human passions: I can understand the characters of Theophrastus, and am entertained by his sketches; but when your profound thinkers take the subject in hand, they appear to me to dive to the bottom of the deep in search of that which floats upon its surface: if a man in the heat of anger would describe the movements of his mind, he might paint the tempest to the life; but as such descriptions are not to be expected, moral essayists have substituted personification in their place, and by the pleasing introduction of a few natural incidents form a kind of little drama, in which they make their fictitious hero describe those follies, foibles and passions, which they who really feel them are not so forward to confess.

When Mr. Locke in his Essay on the Human Understanding describes all pity as partaking of contempt, I cannot acknowledge that he is speaking of pity, as I feel it: when I pity a fellow-creature in pain, (a woman, for instance, in the throes of childbirth) I cannot submit to own there is any ingredient of so bad a quality as contempt in my pity: but if the metaphysicians tell me that I do not know how to call my feelings by their right name, and that my pity is not pity properly so defined, I will

not pretend to dispute with any gentleman whose language I do not understand, and only beg permission to enjoy a sensation, which I call pity, without indulging a propensity which he calls contempt.

The flatterer is a character, which the moralists and wits of all times and all nations have ridiculed more severely and more successfully than almost any other; yet it still exists, and a few pages perhaps would not be misapplied, if I was to make room for a civil kind of gentleman of this description, (by name Billy Simper) who, having seen his failings in their proper light of ridicule, is willing to expose them to public view for the amusement, it is hoped, if not for the use and benefit, of the reader.

I beg leave therefore to introduce Mr. Billy Simper to my candid friends and protectors, and shall leave him to tell his story in his own words.——

I am the younger son of a younger brother: my father qualified himself for orders in the university of Aberdeen, and by the help of an insinuating address, a soft counter-tenor voice, a civil smile and a happy flexibility in the vertebræ of his back-bone, recommended himself to the good graces of a right reverend patron, who, after a due course of attendance and dependence, presented him to a comfortable benefice, which enabled him to support a pretty numerous family of children. The good bishop it seems was passionately fond of the game of chess, and my father, though the better player of the two, knew how to make a timely move so as to throw the victory into his lordship's hand after a hard battle, which was a triumph very grateful to his vanity, and not a little serviceable to my father's purposes.

Under this expert professor I was instructed in all the shifts and movements in the great game of

life, and then sent to make my way in the world as well as I was able. My first object was to pay my court to my father's elder brother, the head of our family; an enterprize not less arduous than important. My uncle Antony was a widower, parsimonious, peevish, and recluse, he was rich however, egregiously self-conceited, and in his own opinion a deep philosopher and metaphysician; by which I would be understood to say that he doubted every thing, disputed every thing and believed nothing. He had one son, his only child, and him he had lately driven out of doors and disinherited for non-suiting him in an argument upon the immortality of the soul: here then was an opening no prudent man could miss, who scorned to say his soul was his own, when it stood in the way of his interest: and as I was well tutored beforehand, I no sooner gained admission to the old philosopher, than I so far worked my way into his good graces, as to be allowed to take possession of a truckle-bed in a spare garret of the family mansion: envy must have owned (if envy could have looked asquint upon so humble a situation as mine was) that considering what a game I had to play, I managed my cards well; for uncle Antony was an old dog at a dispute, and as that cannot well take place, whilst both parties are on the same side, I was forced at times to make battle for the good of the argument, and seldom failed to find Antony as compleatly puzzled with the zigzaggeries of his metaphysics, as uncle Toby of more worthy memory was with the horn-works and counterscarps of his fortifications.

Amongst the various topics, from which Antony's ingenuity drew matter of dispute, some were so truly ridiculous, that if I were sure my reader was as much at leisure to hear, as I am just now to relate them, I should not scruple the recital. One

morning having been rather long-winded in describing the circumstances of a dream, that had disturbed his imagination in the night, I thought it not amiss to throw in a remark in the way of consolation upon the fallacy of dreams in general. This was enough for him to turn over to the other side, and support the credit of dreams *totis viribus:* I now thought it advisable to trim, and took a middle course between both extremes, by humbly conceiving dreams might be sometimes true and sometimes false: this he contended to be nonsense upon the face of it, and if I would undertake to shew they were both true and false, he would engage to prove by sound logic they could be neither one nor the other:—'But why do we begin to talk,' added he, 'before we settle what we are to talk about? What kind of dreams are you speaking of, and how do you distinguish dreams?'—'I see no distinction between them,' I replied; 'Dreams visit our fancies in sleep, and are all, according to Mr. Locke's idea, made up of the waking man's thoughts.'—'Does Mr. Locke say that?' exclaimed my uncle. 'Then Mr. Locke's an impostor for telling you so, and you are a fool for believing him: wiser men than Mr. Locke have settled that matter many centuries before he was born or even *dreamt* of; but perhaps Mr. Locke forgot to tell you how many precise sorts of dreams there are, and how to denominate and define them? perhaps he forgot that I say.' I confessed that I neither knew any thing of the matter myself, nor did I believe the author alluded to had left any clue towards the discovery.

'I thought as much,' retorted my uncle Antony in a tone of triumph, 'and yet this is the man who sets up for an investigator of the human understanding; but I will tell you, Sir, though he could not, that there are neither more nor less than five several

sorts of dreams particularly distinguished, and I defy even the seven sleepers themselves to name a sixth. The first of these was by the Greeks denominated *Oneiros*, by the Latins *Somnium*, (simply a *Dream*) and you must be asleep to dream it.' 'Granted,' quoth I. 'What is granted;' rejoined the philosopher, 'Not that sleep is in all cases indispensable to the man who dreams.'—'Humph!' quoth I.—My uncle proceeded.

'The second sort of dreams you shall understand was by the aforesaid Greeks called *Orama*, by the Latins *Visio*, or as we might say a *vision*; in this case take notice you may be asleep, or you may be awake, or neither, or as it were between both; your eyes may be shut, or they may be open, looking inwards or outwards or upwards, either with sight or without sight, as it pleases God, but the *vision* you must see, or how else can it rightly be called a vision?' 'True,' replied I, 'there is a sect who are particularly favoured with this kind of visions.' 'Prythee, don't interrupt me,' said my uncle, and again went on.

'The third sort of dreams, to speak according to the Greeks, we shall call *Chrematismos*, according to the Latins we must denominate it *Oraculum*, (an *oracle*); now this differs from a *vision*, in as much as it may happen to a man born blind as well as to Argus himself, for he has nothing for it but to listen, understand and believe, and whatever it tells him shall come true, though it never entered into his head to preconceive one tittle of what is told him: and where is Mr. Locke and his waking thoughts here?'—'He is done for,' I answered, 'there is no disputing against an oracle.'

'The fourth sort,' resumed he. 'is the *Enuption* of the aforesaid Greeks, and answers to the Latin *Insomnium*, which is in fact a dream and no dream, a

kind of *resverie*, when a man doses between sleeping and waking, and builds castles (as we say) in the air upon the ramblings of his own fancy.

'The fifth and last sort of dreams is, by Greeks and Latins, mutually styled *Phantasma*, a word adopted into our own language by the greatest poet who ever wrote in it: now this *phantasma* is a visitation peculiar to the first mental absence or slumber, when the man fancies himself yet waking, and in fact can scarce be called asleep; at which time strange images and appearances seem to float before him and terrify his imagination. Here then you have all the several denominations of dreams perfectly distinguished and defined,' quoth the old sophist, and throwing himself back in his chair with an air of triumph, waited for the applause, which I was not backward in bestowing upon this pedantic farrago of dogmatizing dullness.

It will readily be believed that my uncle Antony did not fail to revive his favorite controversy, which had produced such fatal consequences to his discarded son: in fact he held fast with those antient philosophers, who maintained the eternity of this material world, and as he saw no period when men would not be in existence, no moment in time to come when mortality shall cease, he by consequence argued that there could be no moment in time, when mortality shall commence. There were other points respecting this grand stumbling block of his philosophy, the human soul, upon which he was equally puzzled, for he sided with Aristotle against Plato in the unintelligible controversy concerning its power of motion: but whilst my uncle Antony was thus unluckily wedded to the wrong side in all cases, where reason ought to have been his guide, in points of mere quibble and sophistry, which reason has nothing to say to, and where a wise man would

take neither side, he regularly took both, or hung suspended between them like Secrates in the basket.

Of this sort was the celebrated question—*Ovumne prius fuerit, an gallina*—viz : ' Whether the egg was anterior to the hen, or the hen to the egg?'—This inquiry never failed to interest his passions in a peculiar degree, and he found so much to say on both sides, that he could never well determine which side to be of: at length however, hoping to bring it to some point, he took up the cause of Egg versus Hen, and having composed a learned essay, published it in one of the monthly magazines, as a lure to future controversialists. This essay he had so often avowed in my hearing, and piqued himself so highly upon it, that I must have been dull indeed not to have understood how to flatter him upon it: but when he had found month after month slip away, and no body mounting the stage upon his challenge, he felt angry at the contempt with which his labours were passed over, and without imparting to me his purpose, furnished the same magazine with a counter-essay, in which his former argument was handled with an asperity truly controversial, and the hen was triumphantly made to cackle over the new-laid egg, decidedly posterior to herself.

I am inclined to think that if Antony had any partiality, it was not to this side; but as the second essay was clearly posterior to the first, (whatever the egg may have been to the hen) it had the advantage of being couched in all the spirit of a reply, with an agreeable tinge of the malice of one, so that when at length it came down printed in a fair type, and respectfully posted in the front of the long-wisht-for magazine, his heart beat with joy, and calling out to me in a lofty tone of counterfeited anger, as he run his eye over it—' By the horns of

Jupiter Ammon,' quoth he, 'here is a fellow has the confidence to enter the lists against me in the notable question of the egg.'—'Then I hope you will break that egg about his ears,' replied I.—'Hold your tongue, puppy, and listen,' quoth the sophist, and immediately began to read.

At every pause I was ready with a pooh! or pish! which I hooked in with every mark of contempt I could give it both by accent and action. At the conclusion of this essay my uncle Antony shut the book, and demanded what I thought of the author.—'Hang him,' I exclaimed, 'poor Grub-street Garretteer; the fellow is too contemptible for your notice; he can neither write nor reason; he is a mere ignoramus, and does not know the commonest rules of logic; he has no feature of a critic about him, but the malice of one.'—'Hold your tongue,' cried Antony, no longer able to contain himself, 'you are a booby; I will maintain it to be as fine an essay as ever was written.'—With these words he snatched up the magazine and departed: I saw no more of him that night, and early next morning was presented by a servant with the following billet:—'The Grub-street Garretteer finds himself no longer fit company for the sagacious Mr. William Simper; therefore desires him without loss of time to seek out better society than that of a 'mere ignoramus, who does not know the common rules of logic:' one rule however he makes bold to lay down, which is, Never again to see the face of an impertinent upstart, called William Simper, whilst he remains on this earth.'

A. S.

NUMBER CVIII.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.
HORAT.

Driven from my uncle Antony's doors by my unlucky mistake between the hen and her egg, my case would have been desperate, but that I had yet one string left to my bow, and this was my aunt Mrs. Susanna Simper, who lived within a few miles of my uncle, but in such declared hostility, that I promised myself a favourable reception, if I could but flatter her animosity with a sufficient portion of invective; and for this I deemed myself very tolerably qualified, having so much good-will towards the business, and no slight inducements to spur me to it.

My aunt, who was an aged maiden, and a valetudinarian, was at my arrival closeted with her apothecary: upon his departure I was admitted to my audience, in which I acquitted myself with all the address I was master of: my aunt heard my story through without interrupting me by a single word; at last, fixing her eyes upon me, she said, '’Tis very well, child; you have said enough: your uncle's character I perfectly understand; look well to your own, for upon that will depend the terms you and I shall be upon.'—She now took up a phial from the table, and surveying it for some time, said to me—' Here is a nostrum recommended by my apothecary, that promises great things, but perhaps contains none of the wondrous properties it professes to

have: the label says it is a carminative, sedative mixture; in other words, it will expel vapours and spasms, and quiet the mind and spirits: do you think it will make good what it promises?'—So whimsical a question put to me at such a moment confounded me not a little, and I only murmured out in reply, that I hoped it would—'Take it then,' said my aunt, 'as you have faith in it; swallow it yourself, and when I see how it operates with you, I may have more confidence in it on my own account.'—I was now in a more awkward dilemma than ever, for she had emptied the dose into a cup, and tendered it to me in so peremptory a manner, that, not knowing how to excuse myself, and being naturally submissive, I silently took the cup with a trembling hand, and swallowed its abominable contents.

'Much good may it do you, child,' cried she, 'you have done more for me than I would for any doctor in the kingdom: don't you find it nauseous to the palate?'—I confest that it was very nauseous.—'And did you think yourself in need of such a medicine?'—'I did not perceive that I was.' 'Then you did not swallow it by your own choice, but my desire?'—I had no hesitation in acknowledging that—'Upon my word, child,' she replied, 'you have a very accommodating way with you.' I was now fighting with the cursed drug, and had all the difficulty in life to keep it where it was. My aunt saw my distress, and smiling at it, demanded if I was not sick: I confest I was rather discomposed in my stomach with the draught.—'I don't doubt it,' she replied; 'but as you have so civilly made yourself sick for my sake, cannot you flatter me so far as to be well when I request it?' I was just then struggling to keep the nausea down, and

though I could not answer, put the best face upon the matter in my power.

A maid-servant came in upon my aunt's ringing her bell.—'Betty,' said she, 'take away these things; this doctor will poison us with his doses.'—'Foh!' cried the wench, 'how it smells!' 'Nay, but only put your lips to the cup,' said the mistress, 'there is enough left for you to taste it.'—'I taste it! I'll not touch it, I want none of his nasty physic!'—'Well, but though you don't want it,' rejoined the mistress, 'taste it nevertheless, if it be only to flatter my humour.'—'Excuse me, madam,' replied Betty, 'Ill not make myself sick to flatter any body.'—'Humph!' cried my aunt, 'how this wench's want of manners must have shocked you, nephew William! you swallowed the whole dose at a word, she, though my servant, at my repeated command, would not touch it with her lips; but these low-bred creatures have a will of their own!'—There was something in my aunt's manner I did not understand; she puzzled me, and I thought it best to keep myself on the reserve, and wait the further developement of her humour in silence.

We went down to supper; it was elegantly served, and my aunt particularly recommended two or three dishes to me; her hospitality embarrassed me not a little, for my stomach was by no means reconciled; yet I felt myself bound in good manners to eat of her dishes and commend their cookery; this I did, though sorely against the grain, and, whilst my stomach rose against its food, I flattered what I nauseated.

A grave, well-looking personage stood at the sideboard, with whom my aunt entered into conversation.—'Johnson,' said she, 'I think I must lodge my nephew in your room, which is warm and well-

aired, and dispose of you in the tapestry chamber, which has not lately been slept in.'—'Madam,' replied Johnson, 'I am ready to give up my bed to Mr. William at your command; but as to sleeping in the tapestry chamber, you must excuse me.' 'Why?' replied my aunt, 'what is your objection?' 'I am almost ashamed to tell you,' answered Johnson, 'but every body has his humour; perhaps my objection may be none to the young gentleman, but I confess I don't chuse to pass the night in a chamber that is under an ill name.' 'An ill name for what?' demanded the lady. 'For being haunted,' answered the buttler, 'for being visited by noises, and rattling of chains and apparitions; the gentleman no doubt is a scholar, and can account for these things; I am a plain man, and don't like to have my imagination disturbed, nor my rest broken, though it were only by my own fancies.' 'What then is to be done?' said my aunt, directing her question to me; 'Johnson don't chuse to trust himself in a haunted chamber; I shall have my house brought into discredit by these reports: now, nephew, if you will encounter this ghost, and exorcise the chamber by sleeping in it a few nights, I dare say we shall hear no more of it. Are you willing to undertake it?'

I was ashamed to confess my fears, and yet had no stomach to the undertaking; I was also afraid of giving umbrage to my aunt, and impressing her with an unfavourable opinion of me; I therefore assented upon the condition of Johnson's taking part of the bed with me: upon which the old lady, turning to her butler, said, 'Well, Johnson, you have no objection to this proposal.' 'Pardon me, madam,' said he, 'I have such objections to that chamber, that I will not sleep in it for any body living.' 'You see he is obstinate,' said my aunt,

'you must even undertake it alone, or my house will lie under an ill name for ever.' 'Sooner than this shall be the case,' I replied, 'I will sleep in the chamber by myself.' 'You are very polite,' cried my aunt, 'and I admire your spirit: Johnson, light my nephew to his room.' Johnson took up the candle, but absolutely refused to march before me with the light, when we came into the gallery, where, pointing to a door, he told me that was my chamber, and hastily made his retreat down the stairs.

I opened the door with no small degree of terror, and found a chamber comfortably and elegantly furnished, and by no means of that melancholy cast, which I had pictured to myself from Johnson's report of it. My first precaution was to search the closet; I then peeped under the bed, examined the hangings; all was as it should be; nothing seemed to augur a ghost, or (which I take to be worse) the counterfeit of a ghost. I plucked up as good a spirit as I could, said my prayers and turned into bed: with the darkness my terrors returned; I past a sleepless night, though neither ghost nor noise of any sort molested me.

'Why,' said I, within myself, 'could not I be as sincere and peremptory as Johnson? He takes his rest and is at peace, I am sleepless and in terrors: though a servant by condition, in his will he is independent; I, who have not the like call of duty, have not the same liberty of mind: he refuses what he does not chuse to obey, I obey all things whether I chuse them or not: And wherefore do I this? Because I am a flatterer: And why did I swallow a whole nauseous dose to humour my aunt's caprice, which her own chamber-maid, who receives her wages, would not touch with her lips? Because I am a flatterer: And what has this flattery done

for me, who am a slave to it? what did I gain by it at my uncle's? I was the echo of his opinions, shifted as they shifted, sided with him against truth, demonstration, reason, and even the evidence of my own senses: abject wretch, I sunk myself in my own esteem first, then lost all shadow of respect with him, and was finally expelled from his doors, whilst I was in the very act of prostituting my own judgment to his gross absurdities: and now again, here I am at my aunt's, devoted to the same mean flattery, that has already so shamefully betrayed me. What has flattery gained for me here? A bitter harvest truly I have had of it; poisoned by an infernal dose, which I had no plea for swallowing; surfeited by dainties I had no appetite to taste, and now condemned to sleepless hours within a haunted chamber, which her own domestic would not consent even to enter: fool that I am to be the dupe of such a vapor as flattery! despicable wretch, not to assert a freedom of will, which is the natural right of every man, and which even servants and hirelings exercise with a spirit I envy, but have not the heart to imitate: I am ashamed of my own meanness: I blush for myself in the comparison, and am determined, if I survive till to-morrow, to assert the dignity of a man, and abide by the consequences.'

In meditations like these night past away, and the dawn of morning called me from my bed: I rose and refreshed my spirits with a walk through a most charming plantation: I met a countryman at his work—'Friend,' said I, 'you are early at your labour.'—'Yes,' answered he, ''tis by my labour I live, and whilst I have health and strength to follow it, I have nothing to fear but God alone.' So! thought I, here is a lesson for me; this man is no flatterer; then why do I worship what a clown despises?

I found my aunt ready for breakfast; she questioned me about my night's rest: I answered her with truth that I had enjoyed no rest, but had neither seen nor heard any thing to alarm me, and was persuaded there were no grounds for the report of her chamber being haunted. 'I am as well persuaded as yourself of that,' she replied; 'I know 'tis only one of Johnson's whims; but people you know will have their whims, and it was great courtesy in you to sacrifice a night's rest to his humour: my servants have been spoilt by indulgence, but it is to be hoped they will learn better submission by your example.' There was a sarcastic tone in my aunt's manner of uttering this, which gave it more the air of ridicule than compliment, and I blusht to the eyes with the consciousness of deserving it.

After breakfast she took me into her closet, and, desiring me to sit down to a writing table: 'Nephew,' says she, 'I know my brother Antony full well; he is a tyrant in his nature, a bigot to his opinions, and a man of a most perverted understanding, but he is rich, and you have your fortune to make; he can insult, but you can flatter; he has his weaknesses, and you can avail yourself of them; suppose you write him a penitential letter.'—I now saw the opportunity present for exerting my new-made resolution, and felt a spirit rising within me, that prompted me to deliver myself as follows: 'No, madam, I will neither gratify my uncle's pride, nor lower my own self-esteem, by making him any submission: I despise him for the insults he has put upon me, and myself for having in some sort deserved them; but I will never flatter him or any living creature more; and if I am to forfeit your favour by resisting your commands, I must meet the consequences, and will rather trust to my own labour for support, than depend upon the ca-

price of any person living; least of all on him.' 'Heyday,' cried my aunt, 'you refuse to write!—you will not do as I advise you?' 'In this particular,' I replied, 'permit me to say I neither can nor will obey you.' 'And you are resolved to think and act for yourself?' 'In the present case I am, and in all cases, let me add, where my honour and my conscience tell me I am right.' 'Then,' exclaimed my aunt, 'I acknowledge you for my nephew: I adopt you from this hour;' and with that she took me by the hand most cordially; 'I saw,' said she, 'or thought I saw, the symptoms of an abject spirit in you, and was resolved to put my suspicions to the test; all that has past here since your coming has been done in concert and by way of trial; your haunted chamber, the pretended fears of my butler, his blunt refusal, all have been experiments to sound your character, and I should totally have despaired of you, had not this last instance of a manly spirit restored you to my esteem: you have now only to persist in the same line of conduct to confirm my good opinion of you, and ensure your own prosperity and happiness.'

Thus I have given my history, and if the example of my reformation shall warn others from the contemptible character, which I have fortunately escaped from, I shall be most happy, being truly anxious to approve myself the friend of mankind, and the Observer's very sincere wellwisher.

WILL. SIMPER.

NUMBER CIX.

Οὐδὲν γαρ οὕτως ἡδὺ ἀνθρώποις ἔφυ
Ὥς τὸ λαλέειν τ'αλλότρια.

MENANDER.

Still to be tattling, still to prate,
No luxury in life so great.

THE humours and characters of a populous county town at a distance from the capital, furnish matter of much amusement to a curious observer. I have now been some weeks resident in a place of this description, where I have been continually treated with the private lives and little scandalizing anecdotes of almost every person of any note in it. Having passed most of my days in the capital, I could not but remark the striking difference between it and these subordinate capitals in this particular: in London we are in the habit of looking to our own affairs, and caring little about those, with whom we have no dealings: here every body's business seems to be no less his neighbour's concerns than his own: a set of tattling gossips (including all the idlers in the place, male as well as female) seem to have no other employment for their time or tongue, but to run from house to house, and circulate their silly stories up and down. A few of these contemptible impertinents I shall now describe.

Miss Penelope Tabby is an antiquated maiden of at least forty years standing, a great observer of decorum, and particularly hurt by the behaviour of two young ladies, who are her next door neigh-

bours, for a custom they have of lolling out of their windows and talking to fellows in the street: the charge cannot be denied, for it is certainly a practice these young ladies indulge themselves in very freely; but on the other hand it must be owned Miss Pen Tabby is also in the habit of lolling out of her window at the same time to stare at them, and put them to shame for the levity of their conduct: they have also the crime proved upon them of being unpardonably handsome, and this they neither can nor will attempt to contradict. Miss Pen Tabby is extremely regular at morning prayers, but she complains heavily of a young staring fellow in the pew next to her own, who violates the solemnity of the service by ogling her at her devotions: he has a way of leaning over the pew, and dangling a white hand ornamented with a flaming paste-ring, which sometimes plays the lights in her eyes, so as to make them water with the reflection, and Miss Pen has this very natural remark ever ready on the occasion—'Such things, you know, are apt to take off one's attention.'

Another of this illustrious junto is Billy Bachelor, an old unmarried petit-maitre: Billy is a courtier of antient standing; he abounds in anecdotes not of the freshest date, nor altogether of the most interesting sort; for he will tell you how such and such a lady was dressed, when he had the honour of handing her into the drawing-room: he has a court-atalantis of his own, from which he can favour you with some hints of sly doings amongst the maids of honour, particularly of a certain dubious duchess now deceased, (for he names no names) who appeared at a certain masquerade *in puris naturalibus*, and other valuable discoveries, which all the world has long ago known, and long ago been tired of. Billy has a smattering in the fine arts, for he can net purses,

and make admirable coffee and write sonnets; he has the best receipt in nature for a dentifrice, which he makes up with his own hands, and gives to such ladies as are in his favour, and have an even row of teeth: he can boast some skill in music, for he plays Barberini's minuet to admiration, and accompanies the airs in the Beggar's Opera on his flute in their original taste: he is also a playhouse critic of no mean pretensions, for he remembers Mrs. Woffington, and Quin, and Mrs. Cibber; and when the players come to town, Billy is greatly looked up to, and has been known to lead a clap, where nobody but himself could find a reason for clapping at all. When his vanity is in the cue, Billy Bachelor can talk to you of his amours, and upon occasion stretch the truth to save his credit: particularly in accounting for a certain old lameness in his knee-pan, which some, who are in the secret, know was got by being kicked out of a coffee-house, but which to the world at large he asserts was incurred by leaping out of a window to save a lady's reputation, and escape the fury of an enraged husband.

Dr. Pyeball is a dignitary of the church, and a mighty proficient in the *belles lettres:* he tells you Voltaire was a man of some fancy and had a knack of writing, but he bids you beware of his principles, and doubts if he had any more christianity than Pontius Pilate: he has wrote an epigram against a certain contemporary historian, which cuts him up at a stroke. By a happy jargon of professional phrases, with a kind of Socratic mode of arguing, he has so bamboozled the dons of the cathedral as to have effected a total revolution in their church music, making Purcell, Crofts and Handel give place to a quaint, quirkish style, little less capricious than if the organist was to play cotillions, and the dean and chapter dance to them.

The doctor is a mighty admirer of those ingenious publications, which are intitled *The Flowers* of the several authors they are selected from: this short cut to Parnassus not only saves him a great deal of round-about riding, but supplies him with many an apt couplet for off-hand quotations, in which he is very expert, and has besides a clever knack of weaving them into his pulpit essays (for I will not call them sermons) in much the same way as a 'Tiddy-Doll stuck *plums* on his short pigs and his long pigs and his pigs with a curley tail.' By a proper sprinkling of these spiritual nosegays, and the recommendation of a soft insinuating address, doctor Pyeball is universally cried up as a very pretty genteel preacher, one who understands the politeness of the pulpit, and does not surfeit well-bred people with more religion than they have stomachs for. Amiable Miss Pen Tabby is one of the warmest admirers, and declares Doctor Pyeball in his gown and cassock is quite the man of fashion: the ill-natured world will have it she has contemplated him in other situations with equal approbation.

Elegant Mrs. Dainty is another ornament of this charming coterie: she is separated from her husband, but the eye of malice never spied a speck upon her virtue; his manners were insupportable, she, good lady, never gave him the least provocation, for she was always sick and mostly confined to her chamber in nursing a delicate constitution: noises racked her head, company shook her nerves all to pieces; in the country she could not live, for country doctors and apothecaries knew nothing of her case: in London she could not sleep, unless the whole street was littered with straw. Her husband was a man of no refinement; 'all the fine feelings of the human heart' were heathen Greek to him; he loved his friend, had no quarrel with his bottle, and,

coming from his club one night a little flustered, his horrid dalliances threw Mrs. Dainty into strong hysterics, and the covenanted truce being now broken, she kept no further terms with him, and they separated. It was a step of absolute necessity, for she declares her life could no otherwise have been saved; his boisterous familiarities would have been her death. She now leads an uncontaminated life, supporting a feeble frame by medicine, sipping her tea with her dear quiet friends every evening, chatting over the little news of the day, sighing charitably when she hears any evil of her kind neighbours, turning off her femme-de-chambre once a week or thereabouts, fondling her lap-dog, who is a dear sweet pretty creature and so sensible, and taking the air now and then on a pillion behind faithful John, who is so careful of her and so handy, and at the same time one of the stoutest, handsomest, best-limbed lads in all England.

Sir Hugo Fitz-Hugo is a decayed baronet of a family so very antient, that they have long since worn out the estate that supported them: Sir Hugo knows his own dignity none the less, and keeps a little snivelling boy, who can scarce move under the load of worsted lace, that is plaistered down the edges and seams of his livery: he leaves a visiting card at your door, stuck as full of emblems as an American paper dollar. Sir Hugo abominates a tradesman; his olfactory nerves are tortured with the scent of a grocer, or a butcher, quite across the way, and as for a tallow-chandler he can wind him to the very end of the street; these are people, whose visits he cannot endure; their very bills turn his stomach upside down. Sir Hugo inveighs against modern manners as severely as Cato would against French cookery; he notes down omissions in punctilio as a merchant does bills for protesting:

and in cold weather Sir Hugo is of some use, for he suffers no man to turn his back to the fire and screen it from the company who sit round: he holds it for a solecism in good-breeding for any man to touch a lady's hand without his glove: this as a general maxim Miss Pen Tabby agrees to, but doubts whether there are not some cases when it may be waved: he anathematizes the heresy of a gentleman's sitting at the head of a lady's table, and contends that the honours of the upper dish are the unalienable rights of the mistress of the family: in short, Sir Hugo Fitz-Hugo has more pride about him than he knows how to dispose of, and yet cannot find in his heart to bestow one atom of it upon honesty: from the world he merits no other praise but that of having lived single all his life, and being the last of his family; at his decease the Fitz-Hugos will be extinct.

This society may also boast a tenth muse in the person of the celebrated Rhodope: her talents are multifarious: poetical, biographical, epistolary, miscellaneous: she can reason like Socrates, dispute like Aristotle and love like Sappho; her magnanimity equals that of Marc Antony, for when the world was at her feet, he sacrificed it *all for love*, and accounted it *well lost*. She was a philosopher in her leading-strings, and had travelled geographically over the globe ere she could set one foot fairly before the other: her cradle was rocked to the Iambic measure, and she was lulled to sleep by singing to her an ode of Horace. Rhodope has written a book of travels full of most enchanting incidents, which some of her admirers say was actually sketched in the nursery, and only filled up with little temporary touches in her riper years: I know they make appeal to her style as internal evidence of what they assert about the nursery; but though I am ready to ad-

mit that it has every infantine charm, which they discover in it, yet I cannot go the length of thinking with them, that a mere infant could possibly dictate any thing so nearly approaching to the language of men and women: we all know that Goody Two-shoes, and other amusing books, though written for children, were not written by children. Rhodope has preserved some singular curiosities in her museum: she has a bottle of coagulated foam, something like the congealed blood of Saint Januarius: this she maintains was the veritable foam of the tremendous Minotaur of Crete of immortal memory; there are some, indeed, who profess to doubt this, and assert that it is nothing more than the slaver of a noble English mastiff, which went tame about her house, and, though formidable to thieves and interlopers, was ever gentle and affectionate to honest men. She has a lyre in fine preservation, held to be the identical lyre which Phaon played upon, when he won the heart of the amorous Sappho; this also is made matter of dispute amongst the *cognoscenti*; these will have it to be a common Italian instrument, such as the ladies of that country play upon to this day; this is a point they must settle as they can, but all agree it is a well-strung instrument, and *discourses sweet music*. She has in her cabinet an evergreen of the cypress race, which is supposed to be the very individual shrub that led up the ball when Orpheus fiddled and the groves began a vegetable dance; and this they tell you was the origin of all country dances, now in such general practice. She has also in her possession the original epistle which king Agenor wrote to Europa, dissuading her from her ridiculous partiality for her favorite bull, when Jupiter in the form of that animal took her off in spite of all Agenor's remonstrances, and carried her across the sea with him upon a tour, that has

immortalized her name through the most enlightened quarter of the globe: Rhodope is so tenacious of this manuscript, that she rarely indulges the curiosity of her friends with a sight of it; she has written an answer in Europa's behalf after the manner of Ovid's epistle, in which she makes a very ingenious defence for her heroine, and every body, who has seen the whole of the correspondence, allows that Agenor writes like a man who knew little of human nature, and that Rhodope in her reply has the best of the argument.

NUMBER CX.

Homo extra est corpus ſuum cum iraſcitur.

P. SYRUS.

It is wonderful to me that any man will surrender himself to be the slave of peevish and irascible humours, that annoy his peace, impair his health and hurt his reputation. Who does not love to be greeted in society with a smile? Who lives that is insensible to the frowns, the sneers, the curses of his neighbours? What can be more delightful than to enter our own doors amidst the congratulations of a whole family, and to bring a chearful heart into a chearful house? Foolish, contemptible self-tormentors ye are, whom every little accident irritates, every slight omission piques! Surely we should guard our passions as we would any other combustibles, and not spread open the inflammable

magazine to catch the first spark that may blow it and ourselves into the air.

Tom Tinder is one of these touchy blockheads, whom nobody can endure: the fellow has not a single plea in life for his ill temper; he does not want money, is not married, has a great deal of health to ſpare, and never once felt the slightest twinge of the gout. His eyes no sooner open to the morning light than he begins to quarrel with the weather; it rains, and he wanted to ride; it is sunshine, and he meant to go a fishing; he would hunt only when it is a frost, and never thinks of skating but in open weather; in short the wind is never in the right quarter with this testy fellow; and though I could excuse a man for being a little out of humour with an easterly wind, Tom Tinder shall box the whole compass, and never set his needle to a single point of good humour upon the face of it.

He now rings his bell for his servant to begin the operation of dressing him, a task more ticklish than to wait upon the toilette of a monkey: as Tom shifts his servants about as regularly as he does his shirt, 'tis all the world to nothing if the poor devil does not stumble at starting; or if by happy inspiration he should begin with the right foot foremost, Tom has another inspiration ready at command to quarrel with him for not setting forward with the left: to a certainty then the razor wants strapping, the shaving water is smoaked, and the devil's in the fellow for a dunce, booby, and blockhead.

Tom now comes down to breakfast, and though the savage has the stomach of an ostrich, there is not a morsel passes down his blaspheming throat without a damn to digest it; 'twould be a less dangerous task to serve in the morning mess to a fasting bear. He then walks forth into his garden;

there he does not meet a plant, which his ill-humour does not engraft with the bitter fruit of cursing; the wasps have pierced his nectarines; the caterpillars have raised contributions upon his cabbages, and the infernal blackbirds have eaten up all his cherries: Tom's soul is not large enough to allow the denizens of creation a taste of Nature's gifts, though he surfeits with the superabundance of her bounty.

He next takes a turn about his farm; there vexation upon vexation crosses him at every corner: the fly, a plague upon't, has got amongst his turnips; the smut has seized his wheat, and his sheep are falling down with the rot: all this is the fault of his bailiff, and at his door the blame lies with a proportionable quantity of blessings to recommend it. He finds a few dry sticks pickt out of his hedges, and he blasts all the poor in the neighbourhood for a set of thieves, pilferers, and vagabonds. He meets one of his tenants by the way, and he has a petition for a new gate to his farm-yard, or some repairs to his dove-house, or it may be a new threshing-floor to his barn—hell and fury! there is no end to the demands of these cursed farmers—his stomach rises at the request, and he turns aside speechless with rage, and in this manner pays a visit to his masons and carpenters, who are at work upon a building he is adding to his offices: here his choler instead of subsiding only flames more furiously, for the idle rascals have done nothing; some have been making holiday, others have gone to the fair at the next town, and the master workman has fallen from the scaffold, and keeps his bed with the bruises; every devil is conjured up from the bottomles pit to come on earth and confound these dilatory miscreants; and now let him go to his dinner with what stomach he may. If an humble parson or depend-

ant cousin expects a peaceful meal at his table, he may as well sit down to feed with Thyeſtes or the Centaurs. After a meal of misery and a glass of wine, which ten to one but the infernal butler has clouded in the decanting, he is summoned to a game at back-gammon: the parson throws size-ace, and in a few more casts covers all his points; the devil's in the dice! Tom makes a blot, and the parson hits it; he takes up man after man, and all his points are full, and Tom is gammoned past redemption—can flesh and blood bear this? Was ever such a run of luck? The dice-box is slapt down with a vengeance; the tables ring with the deafening crash, the parson stands aghast, and Tom stamps the floor in the phrenzy of passion—despicable passion! miserable dependant!—

Where is his next resource? the parson has fled the pit; the back-gammon table is closed; no chearful neighbour knocks at his unsocial gate; silence and night and solitude are his melancholy inmates; his boiling bosom labours like a turbid sea after the winds are lulled; shame stares him in the face; conscience plucks at his heart, and, to divert his own tormenting thoughts, he calls in those of another person, no matter whom—the first idle author that stands next to his hand: he takes up a book; 'tis a volume of comedies; he opens it at random; 'tis all alike to him where he begins; all our poets put together are not worth a halter; he stumbles by mere chance upon 'The Choleric Man;' 'twas one to a thousand he should strike upon that blasted play—What an infernal title! What execrable nonsense! What a canting, preaching puppy of an author!—Away goes the poet with his play, and half a dozen better poets than himself bound up in the same luckless volume, the innocent sufferers for his offence.

Tom now sits forlorn, disgusted, without a friend living or dead to chear him, gnawing his own heart for want of other diet to feed his spleen upon: at length he slinks into a comfortless bed; damns his servant as he draws the curtains round him, drops asleep and dreams of the devil.

Major Manlove is a near neighbour, but no intimate of Tom Tinder's: with the enjoyments that result from health, the major is but rarely blest, for a body-wound, which he received in battle, is apt upon certain changes of the climate to visit him with acute pains. He is married to one of the best of women; but she too has impaired her health by nursing him when he was wounded, and is subject to severe rheumatic attacks. Love however has an opiate for all her pains, and domestic peace pours a balsam into the husband's wound. It is only by the scrutinizing eye of affection, that either can discover when the other suffers, for religion has endowed both hearts with patience, and neither will permit a complaint to escape, which might invite the sympathizing friend to share its anguish. Disabled for service, major Manlove has retired upon half-pay, and as he plundered neither the enemy's country nor his own during the war, he is not burthened with the superfluities of fortune; happily for him these are not amongst his regrets, and a prudent œconomy keeps him strait with the world and independent.

One brave youth, trained under his own eye in the same regiment with himself, is all the offspring heaven hath bestowed upon this worthy father, and in him the hearts of the fond parents are centered; yet not so centered, as to shut them against the general calls of philanthropy, for in the village where they live they are beloved and blessed by every creature. The garden furnishes amusement to Mrs.

Manlove, and when the sharp north-east does not blow pain into the major's wound, he is occupied with his farm: his trees, his crops, his cattle are his nurselings, and the poor that labour in his service are his children and friends. To his superiors major Manlove deports himself with that graceful respect, that puts them in mind of their own dignity without diminishing his; to his inferiors he is ever kind and condescending: to all men he maintains a natural sincerity, with a countenance so expressive of the benevolence glowing in his heart, that he is beloved as soon as known, and known as soon as seen. With a soul formed for society, and a lively flow of spirits, this amiable man no sooner enters into company, than his presence diffuses joy and gladness over the whole circle: every voice bids him welcome; every hand is reached out to greet him with a cordial shake. He sits down with a complacent smile; chimes in with the conversation as it is going, hears all, overbears none, damps nobody's jest, if it is harmless; cuts no man's story, if it is only tedious, and is the very life and soul of the table.

According to annual custom I passed some days with him last autumn: there is a tranquillity, which transpires from the master and mistress of this family through every member belonging to it; the servants are few, but so assiduous in their respective stations, that you can be no where better waited on: the table is plain, but elegant, and though the major himself is no sportsman, and has done carrying a gun, the kindness of his neighbours keeps him well supplied with game, and every sort of rural luxury, that their farms and gardens can furnish. Nothing can be more delightful than the face of the country about him, and I was charmed with his little ornamented farm in particular: the disposition

of the garden, and the abundance of its fruits and flowers bespeak Mrs. Manlove no common adept in that sweet and captivating science.

One day as my friend and I were riding through the fields to enjoy the western breeze of a fine September morning, our ears were saluted with the full chorus of the hounds from a neighbouring copse, and as we were crossing one of the pastures towards them, we heard two men at high words behind a thick hedge, that concealed them from our sight, and soon after the sound of blows which seemed to be heavily laid on, accompanied with oaths and cries that made us push to the next gate with all the speed we could muster. One of the combatants was lying on the ground, roaring for mercy under the cudgel of his conqueror, who was belaboring him at a furious rate: the person of the victor was unknown to major Manlove; the vanquisht soon made him recognize the rueful features of Tom Tinder, who called upon the major by name to interpose and save him from being murdered.

This was no sooner done than the cudgeller, who was a sturdy clown, gave us to understand, that he had been doing no more than every Englishman has a right to do, returning the loan of a blow with proper interest to the lender: this the prostrate hero did not deny, but asserted that the rascal had headed the hare as she was breaking cover, and turned her into the wood again, by which means he had spoilt the day's sport.—And did you this designedly? said the major.—Not I, master, replied the countryman, as heaven shall judge me! I love the sport too well to spoil it wilfully: but if I was travelling along the road just as puss was popping through the hedge, could I help it? am I in the fault? And should this gentleman, if he be a gentleman, ride up to me as if he would have trampled me like a dog

under his horse's feet, and lay the butt of his whip upon my scull? I think no man can bear that; so I pulled him out of the saddle, and banged him well, and I think no good man, as you appear to be, will say otherwise than that he well deserved it. If this be so, answered the major, I can say nothing to the contrary.—How, Sir, exclaimed the squire, who was now upon his legs, is a rascal like this to return blow for blow, and does major Manlove abet him in such insolence?—I am sorry, Sir, replied the major calmly, you should put such a question to me; but when gentlemen lose their temper—Sir, quoth Tom, interrupting him, I have lost my horse, and that's the worse loss of the two—'tis what you are least used to, replied the major, and without more words quietly trotted homewards.

As we jogged along my friend began to comment with such pleasantry upon this ridiculous incident, interlarding his discourse every now and then with remarks of a more serious sort upon the ill effects of a hasty temper, and giving me some traits of his neighbour's habits of life, which, though not so uncommon as I could wish, were nevertheless such, as, when contrasted with his benevolent character, may perhaps serve to furnish out no very unedifying topic for an Essay in 'The Observer.

NUMBER CXI.

Neque lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

WE have heard so much of the tragical effects of jealousy, that I was not a little pleased with an ac-

count lately given me of a gentleman, who had been happily cured of his jealousy without any of those melancholy circumstances, which too frequently result from that fatal passion, even when it is groundless: as this gentleman's jealousy was of that description, I am the rather tempted to relate the story (under proper caution as to names and persons) because there is a moral justice in its catastrophe, which is pleasing even in fiction, but more particularly so when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Testy in his forty-eighth year married the beautiful Louisa in her eighteenth: there are some parents, who seem to think a good settlement can atone for any disparity of age, and Louisa's were of this sort. Sir Paul had a maiden sister several years younger than himself, who had kept his house for some time before his marriage with Louisa, and as this lady was in fact an admirable œconomist, and also in possession of a very considerable independent fortune, the prudent baronet took his measures for her continuance in his family, where, under pretence of assisting the inexperience of his young bride, she still maintained her government in as absolute authority as ever: as Miss Rachel would have been better pleased with her brother, had he chosen a wife with less beauty and more fortune than Louisa brought into the family, it may well be doubted if she would have remained with him after his marriage, had she not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whose attentions, though in fact directed to her purse, she was willing to believe had been honourably addressed to her person: this young gentleman, whom I shall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deserv-

ing the regards of any lady in Miss Rachel's predicament; with a fine person and engaging address he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger son of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old peer, who resided at his family mansion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the most friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourse of visits: Lionel had given this worthy father great uneasiness from his early dissipation and extravagance; considerable sums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old lord's estate being a moderate one and entailed upon his eldest son, Lionel had been obliged to sell out of the army, and was now living at home upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and slender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embarrassments too sensibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, should be willing to repair his shattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miss Rachel was not exactly the lady he would have chosen, yet he very justly considered that his circumstances did not entitle him to chuse for himself; he was also strongly urged to the measure by his father, to whose wishes he held himself bound to conform, not only on the score of duty but of atonement likewise: at this time the affair was in so promising a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a conclusion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miss Rachel, for reasons which are sufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourse between the lovers was renewed, as soon as Sir Paul had brought home his bride, and was sufficiently settled to receive the visits of his friends and neighbours on the occasion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the most tormenting of all human passions: her sister-in-law had a thousand charms, and she soon discovered, or fancied she discovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed towards a fairer object than herself: she had now the strongest of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louisa's behaviour, and it is the property of jealousy to magnify and discolour every thing it looks upon; for some time however she kept herself under prudent restraint; a hint now and then, cautiously introduced in the way of advice, was all she ventured upon; but these hints were so little attended to by Louisa, whose innocent gaiety lent no ear to such remonstrances, that they were occasionally repeated in a graver tone; as these grew more and more peevish, Louisa began to take a little mischievous pleasure in teazing, and was piqued into a behaviour, which probably she would never have indulged herself in towards Lionel, had not Rachel's jealousy provoked her to it; still it was innocent, but so far imprudent, as it gave a handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to sow the seeds of discontent in her brother's irritable bosom.

In one of those sparring dialogues, which now frequently passed between the sisters, Rachel, after descanting upon the old topic with some degree of asperity, concluded her lecture with many professions of zeal for Louisa's happiness, and observed to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that she had a right to some little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: to which Louisa replied with some tartness— 'True! for you have lived more years in it than I have.'—'A few perhaps,' answered Rachel.— 'As few or as many as you chuse to acknowledge,' added Louisa: 'It is one amongst a variety of ad-

vantages over me, which you are too generous to boast of, and I am too humble to repine at.'—'Be that as it may,' said the other damsel, 'you will give me leave to observe that you have a double call upon you for discretion; you are a married woman.'

'Perhaps that very circumstance may be a proof of my indiscretion.'

'How so, madam! I may venture to say my brother Sir Paul was no unseasonable match for your ladyship; at least I can witness some pains were employed on your part to obtain him.'

'Well, my dear sister,' replied Louisa with an affected nonchalance, 'after so much pains is it not natural I should wish to repose myself a little?'—'Indiscretion admits of no repose; health, honour, happiness are sacrificed by its effects; it saps the reputation of a wife; it shakes the affections of a husband.'

'Be content!' cried Louisa, 'if you will give no cause for disturbing the affections of the husband, I will take care none shall be given for attainting the reputation of the wife.'

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room, and perceiving by the countenance of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good-humour with each other, eagerly demanded of Louisa why she looked so grave.

'I would look grave, if I could.' she replied, 'out of compliment to my company; but I have so light a conscience and so gay a heart, that I cannot look gravity in the face without laughing at it.'

This was delivered with so pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not possible to mistake the application, and she had no sooner left the room, than an explanation took place between the brother and sister, in the course of which Rachael artfully

contrived to infuse such a copious portion of her own poisonous jealousy into the bosom of Sir Paul, that upon the arrival of lord Mortimer, which was at this crisis announced to him, he took a sudden determination to give him to understand how necessary it was become to his domestic happiness, that Lionel should be induced to discontinue his visits in his family.

Under these impressions and in a very awkward state of mind Sir Paul repaired to his library, where lord Mortimer was expecting him in a situation of no less embarrassment, having conned over a speech for the purpose of introducing a proposal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to sound how Sir Paul might stand affected towards a match between his son Lionel and Miss Rachel.

As soon as the first ceremonies were over, which were not very speedily dismissed, as both parties were strict observers of the old rules of breeding, his lordship began after his manner to wind about by way of reconnoitring his ground, and having composed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honourable trenches as follows—'In very truth, Sir Paul, I protest to you there are few things in life can give me more pleasure than to find my son Lionel so assiduous in his visits to this family.'—The baronet, whose mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealousy, stared with amazement at this unexpected address, and was staggered how to reply to it; at last, with much hesitation, in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery, he replied, that he truly believed there was one person in his family, to whom Mr. Lionel's visits were particularly acceptable: and as this was a subject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honour and happiness of him

and his family depended, he assured his lordship that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his lordship's part, as it should be on his own. There was something in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the speech itself, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old peer, who drawing himself up with great dignity observed to Sir Paul, that for his son Lionel he had this to say, that want of honour was never amongst his failings; nay it was never to be charged with impunity against any member of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this sort from being grounded upon his son's assiduities to a certain lady, he had now sought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbour.

This was so kind a lift in Sir Paul's conception towards his favourite point, that he immediately exclaimed—'I see your lordship is not unapprised of what is too conspicuous to be overlooked by any body who is familiar in this house; but as I know your lordship is a man of the nicest honour in your own person, I should hold myself essentially bound to you, if you would prevail upon your son to adopt the like principles towards a certain lady under this roof, and caution him to desist from those assiduities, which you yourself have noticed, and which, to confess the truth to you, I cannot be a witness to without very great uneasiness and discontent.'

Upon these words the peer started from his seat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmness replied—'Sir Paul Testy, if this be your wish and desire, let me assure you, it shall be mine also; my son's visit in this family will never be

repeated; set your heart at rest; Lionel Mortimer will give you and your's no further disturbance.'

'My lord,' answered the baronet, 'I am penetrated with the sense of your very honourable proceedings, and the warmth with which you have expressed yourself on a subject so closely interwoven with my peace of mind; you have eased my heart of its burthen, and I shall be ever most grateful to you for it.'

'Sir,' replied the peer, 'there is more than enough said on the subject; I dare say my son will survive his disappointment.'—'I dare say he will,' said Sir Paul; 'I cannot doubt the success of Mr. Lionel's attentions; I have only to hope he will direct them to some other object.'

Lord Mortimer now muttered something which Sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attend to, and took a hasty leave. When it is explained to the reader that Miss Rachel had never, even in the most distant manner, hinted the situation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had industriously concealed it from him, this *mal-entendu* will not appear out of nature and probability. Lionel, whose little gallantries with Louisa had not gone far enough seriously to engage his heart, was sufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miss Rachel; so that he patiently submitted to his dismission, and readily obeyed his father's commands by a total discontinuance of his visits to Sir Paul: To the ladies of the family this behaviour appeared altogether mysterious; Sir Paul kept the secret to himself, and watched Louisa very narrowly: when he found she took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by slightly remarking that she supposed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to dismiss his jealousy and regain his spirits.

It was far otherwise with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack; for though she naturally suspected her brother's jealousy of being the cause of Lionel's absence, yet she could not account for his silence towards herself in any other way than by supposing that Louisa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be supported; day after day passed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain this cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of lord Mortimer was at a stop; no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all such inquiries as she ventured to try upon her brother, he answered so drily, that she could gather nothing from him: in the mean time, as he became hourly better reconciled to Louisa, so he grew more and more cool to the miserable Rachel, who now too late discovered the fatal consequences of interfering between husband and wife, and heartily reproached herself for her officiousness in aggravating his jealousy.

Whilst she was tormenting herself with these reflections, and when Louisa seemed to have forgotten that ever such a person as Lionel existed, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great rank and fortune, and that he had gone up with Lord Mortimer to town for that purpose. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agonies compleat; in a state of mind little short of phrensy she betook herself to her chamber, and there shutting herself up, she gave vent to her passion in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which she committed to a trusty messenger, with strict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand, and return with his answer: this commission was faithfully performed, and the following is the answer she received in return.

'MADAM,

'I am no less astonished than affected by your letter: if your brother has not long since informed you of his conference with my father, and the result of it, he has acted as unjustly by you as he has by my Lord Mortimer and myself: when my father waited upon Sir Paul, for the express purpose of making known to him the hopes I had the ambition to entertain of rendering myself acceptable to you upon a proposal of marriage, he received at once so short and peremptory a dismission on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my feelings, I had no part to act but silently to submit, and withdraw myself from a family, where I was so unacceptable an intruder.

'When I confirm the truth of the report you have heard, and inform you that my marriage took place this very morning, you will pardon me if I add no more than that I have the honour to be,

'Madam, your most obedient
and most humble servant,
LIONEL MORTIMER.'

Every hope being extinguished by the receipt of this letter, the disconsolate Rachel became henceforth one of the most miserable of human beings: after venting a torrent of rage against her brother, she turned her back upon his house for ever, and undetermined where to fix, whilst at intervals she can scarce be said to be in possession of her senses, she is still wandering from place to place in search of that repose, which is not to be found, and wherever she goes exhibits a melancholy spectacle of disappointed envy and self-tormenting spleen.

NUMBER CXII.

'What good do you expect to do by your Observers?' said a certain person to me t'other day: as I knew the man to be a notorious *damper*, I parried his question, as I have often parried other plump questions, by answering nothing, without appearing to be mortified or offended: to say the truth, I do not well know what answer I could have given, had I been disposed to attempt it: I shall speak very ingenuously upon the subject to my candid readers, of whose indulgence I have had too many proofs to hesitate at committing to them all that is in my heart relative to our past or future intercourse and connection.

When I first devoted myself to this work, I took it up at a time of leisure and a time of life, when I conceived myself in a capacity for the undertaking; I flattered myself I had talents and materials sufficient to furnish a collection of miscellaneous essays, which through a variety of amusing matter should convey instruction to some, entertainment to most, and disgust to none of my readers. To effect these purposes I studied in the first place to simplify and familiarize my style by all means short of inelegance, taking care to avoid all pedantry and affectation, and never suffering myself to be led astray by the vanity of florid periods and laboured declamation: at the same time I resolved not to give my morals an austere complection, nor convey reproof in a magisterial tone, for I did not hold it necessary to be angry in order to persuade the world that I was in earnest: as I am not the age's censor either by

office or profession, nor am possessed of any such superiorities over other men as might justify me in assuming a task to which nobody has invited me, I was sensible I had no claim upon the public for their attention, but what I could earn by zeal and diligence, nor any title to their candour and complacency but upon the evidence of those qualities on my own part. As I have never made particular injuries a cause for general complaints, I am by no means out of humour with the world, and it has been my constant aim throughout the progress of these papers to recommend and instil a principle of universal benevolence; I have to the best of my power endeavoured to support the Christian character by occasional remarks upon the evidences and benefits of Revealed Religion; and as the sale and circulation of these volumes have exceeded my most sanguine hopes, I am encouraged to believe that my endeavours are accepted, and if so, I trust there is no arrogance in presuming some good may have resulted from them.

I wish I could contribute to render men mild and merciful towards each other, tolerating every peaceable member, who mixes in our community without annoying its established church: I wish I could inspire an ardent attachment to our beloved country, qualified however with the gentlest manners, and a beaming charity towards the world at large: I wish I could persuade contemporaries to live together as friends and fellow-travellers, emulating each other without acrimony, and chearing even rivals in the same pursuit with that liberal spirit of patriotism, which takes a generous interest in the success of every art and science, that embellish or exalt the age and nation we belong to: I wish I could devise some means to ridicule the proud man out of his folly, the voluptuary out of his false

pleasures; if I could find one conspicuous example, only one, amongst the great and wealthy, of an estate administered to my entire content, I should hold it up with exultation; but when I review their order from the wretch who hoards to the madman who squanders, I see no one to merit other praise than of a preference upon comparison; as for the domestic bully, who is a brute within his own doors and a sycophant without, the malevolent defamer of mankind, and the hardened reviler of religion, they are characters so incorrigible, and held in such universal detestation, that there is little chance of making any impression upon their nature, and no need for provoking any greater contempt, than the world is already disposed to entertain for them: I am happy in believing that the time does not abound in such characters, for my observations in life have not been such as should dispose me to deal in melancholy descriptions and desponding lamentations over the enormities of the age; too many indeed may be found, who are languid in the practice of religion, and not a few, who are flippant in their conversation upon it; but let these senseless triflers call to mind, if they can, one single instance of a man, however eminent for ingenuity, who either by what he has written, or by what he has said, has been able to raise a well-founded ridicule at the expence of true religion; enthusiasm, superstition and hypocrisy may give occasion for raillery, but against pure religion the wit of the blasphemer carries no edge; the weapon, when struck upon that shield, shivers in the assassin's hand, the point flies back upon his breast and plunges to his heart.

I have not been inattentive to the interests of the fair sex, and have done my best to laugh them out of their fictitious characters: on the plain ground of truth and nature they are the ornaments of creation, but in

the maze of affectation all their charms are lost. Where vice corrupts one, vanity betrays an hundred; out of the many disgraceful instances of nuptial infidelity upon record, few have been the wretches, whom a natural depravity has made desperate, but many and various are the miseries, which have been produced by vanity, by resentment, by fashionable dissipation, by the corruption of bad example, and most of all by the fault and neglect of the husband.

They have associated with our sex to the profit of their understandings and the prejudice of their morals: we are beholden to them for having softened our ferocity and dispelled our gloom; but it is to be regretted that any part of that pedantic character, which they remedied in us, should have infected their manners. A lady, who has quick talents, ready memory, and ambition to shine in conversation, a passion for reading, and who is withal of a certain age or person to despair of conquering with her eyes, will be apt to send her understanding into the field, and it is well if she does not make a ridiculous figure before her literary campaign is over. If the old stock of our female pedants were not so busy in recruiting their ranks with young novitiates, whose understandings they distort by their training, we would let them rust out, and spend their short annuity of nonsense without annoying them, but whilst they will be seducing credulous and inconsiderate girls into their circle, and transforming youth and beauty into unnatural and monstrous shapes, it becomes the duty of every knight-errant in morality to sally forth to the rescue of these hag-ridden and distressed damsels.

It cannot be suppesed I mean to say that genius ought not to be cultivated in one sex as well as in the other; the object of my anxiety is the preserva-

tion of the female character, by which I understand those gentle unassuming manners and qualities peculiar to the sex, which recommend them to our protection and endear them to our hearts; let their talents and acquirements be what they may, they should never be put forward in such a manner as to overshadow and keep out of sight those feminine and proper requisites, which are fitted to the domestic sphere, and are indispensable qualifications for the tender and engaging duties of wife and mother; they are not born to awe and terrify us into subjection by the flashes of their wit or the triumphs of their understanding: their conquests are to be effected by softer approaches, by a genuine delicacy of thought, by a simplicity and modesty of soul, which stamp a grace upon every thing they act or utter. All this is compatible with every degree of excellence in science or art; in fact it is characteristic of superior merit, and amongst the many instances of ladies now living, who have figured as authors or artists, they are very few, who are not as conspicuous for the natural grace of character as for talents; prattlers and pretenders there may be in abundance, who fortunately for the world do not annoy us any otherwise than by their loquacity and impertinence.

Our age and nation has just reason to be proud of the genius of our women; the advances they have made within a short period are scarcely credible, and I reflect upon them with surprize and pleasure: it behoves every young man of fashion now to look well to himself, and provide some fund of information and knowledge, before he commits himself to societies where the sexes mix: every thing that can awaken his ambition, or alarm his sense of shame, call upon him for the exertions of study, and the improvement of his understanding;

and thus it comes to pass that the age grows more and more enlightened every day.

Away then with that ungenerous praise, which is lavished upon times past for no other purpose than to degrade and sink the time present upon the comparison!

Plus vetustis nam favet
Invidia mendax, quam bonis præsentibus.

PHÆDRUS.

I conscientiously believe the public happiness of this peaceful æra is not to be paralleled in our annals. A providential combination of events has conspired to restore our national dignity, and establish our internal tranquillity, in a manner which no human foresight could have pointed out, and by means which no political sagacity could have provided. It is a great and sufficient praise to those, in whom the conduct of affairs is reposed, that they have clearly seen and firmly seized the glorious opportunity.

Let us, who profit by the blessing, give proof that we are deserving of it, by being cordially affectioned towards one another, just and generous to all our fellow-creatures, grateful and obedient to our God.

NUMBER CXIII.

ADELISA, possessed of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accomplishment, that genius and education could bestow, was withal so unsupportably capricious, that she seemed born to be the torment of every heart, which suffered itself to be attracted

by her charms. Though her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, such were her allurements, that very few, upon whom she thought fit to practise them, had ever found resolution to resist their power. Of all the victims of her vanity, Leander seemed to be that over whom she threw her chains with the greatest air of triumph; he was indeed a conquest to boast of, for he had long and obstinately defended his heart, and for a time made as many reprisals upon the tender passions of her sex as she raised contributions upon his: her better star at length prevailed; she beheld Leander at her feet, and though her victory was accomplished at the expence of more tender glances, than she had ever bestowed upon the whole sex collectively, yet it was a victory, which only piqued Adelisa to render his slavery the more intolerable for the trouble it had cost her to reduce him to it. After she had trifled with him and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could devise, and made such public display of her tyranny, as subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men, who had envied his success, and every woman, who resented his neglect, Adelisa avowedly dismissed him as an object which could no longer furnish sport to her cruelty, and turned to other pursuits, with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them, which seemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himself in the efforts he now made to free himself from her chains; but it was in vain; the hand of beauty had wrapped them too closely about his heart, and love had riveted them too securely for reason, pride, or even the strongest struggles of resentment to throw them off; he continued to love, to hate, to execrate and adore her. His first resolution was to exile himself from her sight; this was a measure of absolute ne-

cessity, for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither spirits nor inclination to start a fresh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealousy. Fortune however befriended him in the very moment of despair, for no sooner was he out of her sight, than the coquettish Adelisa found something wanting, which had been so familiar to her; that Leander, though despised when possest, when lost was regretted. In vain she culled her numerous admirers for some one to replace him; continually peevish and discontented, Adelisa became so intolerable to her lovers, that there seemed to be a spirit conjuring up amongst them, which threatened her with a general desertion. What was to be done? Her danger was alarming—it was imminent: she determined to recall Leander: she informed herself of his haunts, and threw herself in the way of a rencontre; but he avoided her: chance brought them to an interview, and she began by rallying him for his apostacy: there was an anxiety under all this affected pleasantry, that she could not thoroughly conceal, and he did not fail to discover: he instantly determined upon the very wisest measure, which deliberation could have formed; he combated her with her own weapons; he put himself apparently so much at his ease, and counterfeited his part so well, as effectually to deceive her: she had now a new task upon her hands, and the hardest as well as the most hazardous she had ever undertaken. She attempted to throw him off his guard by a pretended pity for his past sufferings, and a promise of kinder usage for the future: he denied that he had suffered any thing, and assured her that he never failed to be amused by her humours, which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times—' then it is plain,' replied she, ' that you never thought of me as a wife;

for such humours must be insupportable to a husband.'—'Pardon me,' cried Leander, 'if ever I should be betrayed into the idle act of marriage, I must be in one of those very humours myself: defend me from the dull uniformity of domestic life! What can be so insipid as the tame strain of nuptial harmony everlastingly repeated? Whatever other varieties I may then debar myself of, let me at least find a variety of whim in the woman I am to be fettered to.'—'Upon my word,' exclaimed Adelisa, 'you would almost persuade me that we were destined for each other.' This she accompanied with one of those looks, in which she was most expert, and which was calculated at once to inspire and to betray sensibility: Leander, not yet so certain of his observations as to confide in them, seemed to receive this overture as a raillery, and affecting a laugh, replied—'I do not think it is in the power of Destiny herself to determine either of us; for if you was for one moment in the humour to promise yourself to me, I am certain in the next you would retract it; and if I was fool enough to believe you, I should well deserve to be punished for my credulity: Hymen will never yoke us to each other, nor to any body else; but if you are in the mind to make a very harmless experiment of the little faith I put in all such promises, here is my hand; 'tis fit the proposal should spring from my quarter and not your's; close with it as soon as you please, and laugh at me as much as you please, if I vent one murmur when you break the bargain.'—'Well then,' said Adelisa, 'to punish you for the sauciness of your provoking challenge, and to convince you that I do not credit you for this pretended indifference to my treatment of you, here is my hand, and with it my promise; and now I give you warning, that if ever I do keep it, 'twill be only from the

conviction that I shall torment you more by fulfilling it than by flying from it.'—' Fairly declared,' cried Leander, ' and since my word is passed, I'll stand to it; but take notice, if I was not perfectly secure of being jilted, I should think myself in a fair way to be the most egregious dupe in nature.'

In this strain of mutual raillery they proceeded to settle the most serious business of their lives, and whilst neither would venture upon a confession of their passion, each seemed to rely upon the other for a discovery of it. They now broke up their conference in the gayest spirits imaginable, and Leander upon parting offered to make a bett of half his fortune with Adelisa, that she did not stand to her engagement, at the same time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place.—' And what shall I gain,' said she, ' in that case by half your fortune, when I shall have a joint share in possession of the whole?'—' Talk not of fortune,' cried Leander, giving loose to the rapture which he could no longer restrain, ' my heart, my happiness, my life itself is your's'—So saying, he caught her in his arms, pressed her eagerly to his embrace, and hastily departed.

No sooner was he out of her sight than he began to expostulate with himself upon his indiscretion: in the ecstacy of one unguarded moment he had blasted all his schemes, and by exposing his weakness, armed her with fresh engines to torment him. In these reflections he passed the remainder of the night; in vain he strove to find some justification for his folly; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks she had bestowed upon him were any other than an experiment upon his heart to throw him from his guard, and re-establish her tyranny. With these impressions he presented

himself at her door next morning, and was immediately admitted: Adelisa was alone, and Leander immediately began, by saying to her—'I am now come to receive at your hands the punishment, which a man who cannot keep his own secret richly deserves; I surrender myself to you, and I expect you will exert your utmost ingenuity in tormenting me; only remember that you cannot give a stab to my heart without wounding your own image, which envelopes every part, and is too deeply impressed for even your cruelty totally to extirpate.'—At the conclusion of this speech, Adelisa's countenance became serious; she fixed her eyes upon the floor, and, after a pause, without taking any notice of Leander, and, as if she had been talking to herself in soliloquy, repeated, in a murmuring tone—'Well, well, 'tis all over; but no matter.'—'For the love of Heaven,' cried Leander in alarm, 'what is all over?'—'All that is most delightful to woman,' she replied; 'all the luxury which the vanity of my sex enjoys in tormenting your's: oh, Leander! what charming projects of revenge had I contrived to punish your pretended indifference, and depend upon it, I would have executed them to the utmost rigour of the law of retaliation, had you not in one moment disarmed me of my malice by a fair confession of your love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a coquette but in self-defence; sincerity is my natural character; but how should a woman of any attractions be safe in such a character, when the whole circle of fashion abounds with artificial coxcombs, pretenders to sentiment and professors of seduction? When the whole world is in arms against innocence, what is to become of the naked children of nature, if experience does not teach them the art of defence? If I have employed this art more particularly against you than others, why

have I so done, but because I had more to apprehend from your insincerity than any other person's, and proportioned my defences to my danger? Between you and me, Leander, it has been more a contest of cunning than an affair of honour, and if you call your own conduct into fair review, trust me you will find little reason to complain of mine. Naturally disposed to favour your attentions more than any other man's, it particularly behoved me to guard myself against propensities at once so pleasing and so suspicious. Let this suffice in justification of what is past; it now remains that I should explain to you the system I have laid down for the time to come: if ever I assume the character of a wife, I devote myself to all its duties; I bid farewell at once to all the vanities, the petulancies, the coquetries of what is falsely called a life of pleasure; the whole system must undergo a revolution, and be administered upon other principles and to other purposes: I know the world too well to commit myself to it, when I have more than my own conscience to account to; when I have not only truths but the similitudes of truths to study; suspicions, jealousies, appearances to provide against; when I am no longer singly responsible on the score of error, but of example also: it is not therefore in the public display of an affluent fortune, in dress, equipage, entertainments, nor even in the fame of splendid charities my pleasures will be found; they will center in domestic occupations; in cultivating nature and the sons of nature, in benefiting the tenants and labourers of the soil that supplies us with the means of being useful; in living happily with my neighbours; in availing myself of those numberless opportunities, which a residence in the country affords, of relieving the untold distresses of those, who suffer in secret, and are too humble or perhaps too

proud to ask.'—Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep silence, but breaking forth into transports of love and admiration, gave a turn to the conversation, which is no otherwise interesting to relate than as it proved the prelude to an union which speedily took place, and has made Leander and Adelisa the fondest and the worthiest couple in England.

From Adelisa's example I would willingly establish this conclusion, that the characters of young unmarried women, who are objects of admiration, are not to be decided upon by the appearances, which they are oftentimes tempted to assume upon the plea of self-defence: I would not be understood by this to recommend disguise in any shape, or to justify those who resort to artifice upon the pretended necessity of the measure; but I am thoroughly disposed to believe, that the triflings and dissemblings of the young and fair do not so often flow from the real levity of their natures, as they are thought to do: those in particular, whose situation throws them into the vortex of the fashion, have much that might be said in palliation of appearances. Many coquettes besides Adelisa have become admirable wives and mothers, and how very many more might have approved themselves such, had they fallen into the hands of men of worth and good sense, is a conjecture, which leads to the most melancholy reflections. There is so little honourable love in the men of high life before marriage, and so much infidelity after it, that the husband is almost in every instance the corrupter of his wife. A woman (as she is called) of the world is in many people's notions a proscribed animal; a silly idea prevails that she is to lead a husband into certain ruin and disgrace: parents in general seem agreed in exerting all their influence and authority for keep-

ing her out of their families; in place of whom they frequently obtrude upon their sons some raw and inexperienced thing, whom they figure to themselves as a creature of perfect innocence and simplicity, a wife who may be modelled to the wishes of her husband, whose manners are untainted by the vices of the age, and on whose purity, fidelity, and affection, he may repose his happiness for the rest of his days. Alas! how grossly they misjudge their own true interests in the case: how dangerous is the situation of these children of the nursery at their first introduction into the world! Those only who are unacquainted with the deceitfulness of pleasure can be thoroughly intoxicated by it; it is the novelty which makes the danger; and surely it requires infinitely more judgment, stronger resolutions and closer attentions to steer the conduct of a young wife without experience, than would serve to detach the woman of the world from frivolities she is surfeited with, and by fixing her to your interests convert what you have thought a dissipated character into a domestic one.

The same remark applies to young men of private education: you keep them in absolute subjection till they marry, and then in a moment make them their own masters; from mere infancy you expect them to step at once into a perfect manhood: the motives for the experiment may be virtuous, but the effects of it will be fatal.

I am now approaching to the conclusion of this my fourth volume*, and according to my present purpose shall dismiss the Observers from any fur-

* This refers to the arrangement of the volumes, when first published.

ther duty: the reader and I are here to part. A few words therefore on such an occasion I may be permitted to subjoin; I have done my best to merit his protection, and as I have been favourably heard whilst yet talking with him, I hope I shall not be unkindly remembered when I can speak no more: I have passed a life of many labours, and now being near its end, have little to boast but of an inherent good-will towards mankind, which disappointments, injuries, and age itself, have not been able to diminish. It has been the chief aim of all my attempts to reconcile and endear man to man: I love my country and contemporaries to a degree of enthusiasm that I am not sure is perfectly defensible; though to do them justice, each in their turns have taken some pains to cure me of my partiality. It is, however, one of these stubborn habits, which people are apt to excuse in themselves, by calling it a *second nature.* There is a certain amiable lady in the world, in whose interests I have the tenderest concern, and whose virtues I contemplate with paternal pride; to her I have always wished to dedicate these volumes; but when I consider that such a tribute cannot add an atom to her reputation, and that no form of words, which I can invent for the occasion, would do justice to what passes in my heart, I drop the undertaking and am silent.

NUMBER CXIV.

THAT period of the Athenian history, which is included within the æra of Pisistratus and the death of Menander the comic poet, may be justly styled *the literary age of Greece*. I propose to dedicate some of these papers to a review of that period; but as the earlier ages of poetry, though in general obscure, yet afford much interesting matter of inquiry, it will be proper to take up the Athenian history from its origin, because it is so connected with the account I mean to give, that I cannot otherwise preserve that order and continuation in point of time, which perspicuity requires.

This account may properly be called a history of the human understanding within a period peculiarly favourable to the production of genius; and, though I cannot expect that my labour will in the end furnish any thing more than what every literary man has stored in his memory, or can resort to in his books, still it will have the merit of being a selection uninterrupted and unmixed with other events, that crowd and obscure it in the original relations, to which he must otherwise refer. The wars, both foreign and domestic, which the small communities of Greece were perpetually engaged in, occupy much the greater part of the historian's attention, and the reader, whose inquiries are directed to the subject I am about to treat of, must make his way through many things, not very interesting to an elegant and inquisitive mind, before he can discover,

Quid Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent.

Such will not envy me the labour of having turned over a heavy mass of scholiats and grammarians, or

hesitate to prefer accepting the result of my inquiries to the task of following the like track in pursuit of his own.

The Athenians were a most extraordinary people; eminent in arms and in arts: of their military atchievments I do not profess to treat, and if the reader takes less delight in hearing of the ravages of war than of the progress of literature, he may, in the contemplation of these placid scenes, undisturbed by tumult and unstained with blood, experience some degree of that calm recreation of mind, which deludes life of its solicitude, and forms the temperate enjoyment of a contemplative man.

Ogyges is generally supposed to have been the founder of the Athenian monarchy, but in what æra of the world we shall place this illustrious person, whether he was Noah or one of the Titans, grandson to Jupiter or contemporary with Moses, is an inquiry, which the learned have agitated with much zeal and very little success. It is however agreed, that there was a grievous flood in his time, which deluged the province afterwards called Attica; but that happily for King Ogyges, being a person of gigantic stature, he survived the general calamity. A period of one hundred and eighty-nine years succeeded to this flood, in which this province remained so depopulated, that it is generally supposed no king reigned over it till the time of Cecrops, the founder of Athens, from him at first named Cecropia.

Cecrops made many prudent institutes for the benefit of his rising state during a long reign of fifty years, and, by establishing the rites of matrimony, abolished the promiscuous commerce of the sexes, in which they lived before his time; by these and other regulations, upon a general numbering of all his subjects, he found the male adults in his dominions to amount to twenty thousand, every person

of the above description being directed to bring a stone in his hand and cast it down in a stated place: this prince, being an Egyptian, introduced the mythology of his native country, upon which so many Grecian fables were formed, and from which a learned modern has with great sagacity traced a very curious analogy with the Mosaic accounts of the early ages: the Greeks adopted the fables without comprehending their allusions, and thereupon formed the constitution of a religion, which kept possession of great part of the world, till revelation dispelled its errors and enlightened the Gentile nations. Till Cecrops erected altars to Jupiter, made libations and established his worship, he was not known in Greece as a God: he set up the image of Mercury, sacrificed to Saturn, Ops, Rhea, Juno, and Minerva, and was in fact the institutor of the Pagan theology: the gods of Cecrops were soon made useful instruments in the hand of the founder of a monarchy, for before he could induce his people to cultivate the dry and barren country of Attica, he was forced to play off his new machinery, by raising a contest in heaven between Neptune and Minerva for the patronage of Cecropia, the capital of his new empire: he found interest enough with the deities to turn their decision in Minerva's favour; and by this contrivance he diverted his subjects from their maritime attachments to agriculture, and particularly to the cultivation of the olive: to strengthen still further the tutelary title of Minerva, he enforced the dedication of the city, by changing its name from Cecropia to Athenæ, a sacrifice few founders would have made, and a strong proof of his good sense and talents for government. If the reader recollects the story Ovid relates of Minerva's treatment of Erichthonius, Cecrop's son, he will not conceive highly of the gratitude, or even purity of

that virgin deity's character; though as we are setting out upon the Athenian ground, it may be not very prudent to talk scandal of Minerva;

At virgo est—negat Aglaurus, negat anguis apertus.
DAR. PHRYG. lib. ii.

Cecrops enjoyed his new government for the space of fifty years, but his attachment to his native soil of Egypt drew him into an unlucky expedition with King Pharoah, in whose company he was drowned in the Red Sea, whilst in pursuit of the Israelites; notwithstanding which we are informed, upon the authority of the poet Euripides, that he was translated into the starry sphere, and became a constellation of some dignity after his death; and if we consider what obligations this prince had conferred on the gods, as well as men, we shall not think him too highly rewarded; on the contrary, we must own he was rather hardly dealt with both by Minerva as well as Mercury; the former of which shut his son in a chest in company with a dragon, and the latter betrayed his daughter into a false step; an attachment, which though it does not convict her of vulgarity of taste, certainly does no credit to the chastity of her morals, or the gratitude of her seducer.

Cranaus succeeded on the death of Cecrops, and after a reign of nine years was deposed by Amphictyon, who seized the throne of Athens, and rendered his name memorable to posterity by establishing the great Council or Law-Courts of the Amphictyons, who held their meetings at Thermopylæ. This prince introduced the practice of diluting and mixing wines; a practice that obtained through all Greece for many ages; in memory of which sober institution, Amphictyon erected an altar to Bacchus the Upright, and placed it in the Temple of the Hours: he also consecrated an altar to the nymphs near at hand in the same Temple, that mankind

might thereby be kept in mind of the gracefulness of temperance; and it is not easy to find any instance in the pagan worship, where superstition has been applied to more elegant or moral purposes. In small communities such regulations may be carried into effect, where all the people are under the eye of the sovereign, and in the same spirit of reformation Amphictyon published an edict, that none of his subjects should indulge themselves in the use of undiluted wine, except in one small glass after their meals to give them a taste of the potency of the god; under this restriction he permitted the free use of diluted wines, provided they observed in their meetings to address their libations to Jupiter, the preserver of man's health.

This virtuous usurper, after an administration of ten years, was in his turn expelled from the throne of Athens by that Erechthonius, the son of Cecrops, whom Minerva shut up in a chest with his companion the dragon, and committed to the keeping of his sisters: this is the person whom Homer mentions in his second book of the Iliad by the name of Erechtheus: he is celebrated for having first yoked horses to a chariot, and also for introducing the use of silver coin in Attica.

Primus Erechthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere Equos, rapidisq; rotis insistere Victor.

But the institutions which have rendered the name of Erechthonius famous to all posterity, are those of the Eleusynian Mysteries and the feasts of the Panathenæa. The first of these he established in honour of Ceres, on account of a seasonable supply of corn from the granaries of Egypt, when the city and territory of Athens were in imminent danger of starving by an extraordinary drought: these sacred mysteries were of Egyptian origin, and as they con-

sisted of forms and rites, unintelligible to the vulgar, and probably very little comprehended even by the initiated, the secret was well kept.

As for the Panathenæa, they were instituted, as their name indicates, in honour of Minerva, and were the great festival of the Athenians: the celebration was originally comprized in one day, but afterwards it was extended to several, and the various athletic games and races, with the recitation of poems, that accompanied it, attracted an immense resort of spectators. Every species of contention, both on foot and horseback, drew the bold and adventrous to the field of fame, whilst the prizes for music and the rival display of the drama in aftertimes recreated the aged, the elegant, and the learned: the conquerors in the several games gave entertainments to their friends, in which they presided, crowned with olive in honour of the guardian deity: these were scenes of the greatest festivity, till, when Athens had submitted to the Roman yoke, those sanguinary conquerors introduced the combats of gladiators into these favorite solemnities. Every age had its share in contributing to the spectacle; the old men walked in procession with branches of olive in their hands, the young in armour with shield and spear; the labouring peasants with spades, and their wives with water-buckets: the boys crowned with garlands, and dressed in frocks or surplices of white, chaunted hymns to Minerva; and the girls followed with baskets, in which the sacrificing utensils were contained.

A superstition, supported by splendor, and enlivened with festivity, was well calculated to keep a lasting hold upon the human mind.

NUMBER CXV.

The Eleusynian Mysteries, instituted by Erechthonius, were celebrated in the time of autumn every fifth year at Eleusis, where a great concourse of people met upon the occasion: the ceremonies of initiation were preceded by sacrifices, prayers, and ablutions; the candidates were exercised in trials of secrecy, and prepared by vows of continence; every circumstance was contrived to render the act as awful and striking as possible; the initiation was performed at midnight, and the candidate was taken into an interior sacristy of the temple, with a myrtle garland on his head; here he was examined if he had duly performed his stated ablutions; clean hands, a pure heart, and a native proficiency in the Greek tongue were indispensible requisites; having passed this examination, he was admitted into the temple, which was an edifice of immense magnitude; after proclamation made that the strictest silence should be observed, the officiating priest took out the sacred volumes containing the mysteries; these books were written in a strange character, interspersed with the figures of animals and various emblems and hieroglyphics; they were preserved in a cavity between two large blocks of stone, closely fitted to each other, and they were carefully replaced by the priest with much solemnity, after he had explained what was necessary to the initiated out of them. The initiated were enjoined to honour their parents, to reverence the immortal gods, and abstain from

particular sorts of diet, particularly tame fowls, fish, beans, and certain sorts of apples.

When this was finished, the priests began to play off the whole machinery of the temple in all its terror; doleful groans and lamentations broke out from the fane, thick and sudden darkness involved the temple, momentary gleams of light flashed forth every now and then with tremblings, as if an earthquake had shaken the edifice; sometimes the coruscations continued long enough to discover all the splendor of the shrines and images, accompanied with voices in concert, dancings and music; at other times, during the darkness, severities were exercised upon the initiated by persons unseen; they were dragged to the ground by the hair of their heads, and there beaten and lashed, without knowing from whom the blows proceeded, or why they were inflicted: lightnings and thunderings and dreadful apparitions were occasionally played off, with every invention to terrify and astonish; at length, upon a voice crying out *Conx! Ompax!* the ceremony was concluded and the initiated dismissed. The garment worn upon this occasion was not to be laid aside, whilst it would hang together, and the shreds were then to be dedicated at some shrine, as a tattered trophy of the due performance of the mysteries of Ceres.

These initiations were conceived to lead to the enjoyment of a happier lot in this life, and to fit a man for a more dignified place amongst the blest hereafter; and they were in such general respect, that it afforded great cause of reproach against Socrates, for having neglected his initiation. The vows of secrecy, and the penalties to be inflicted on violation, were as binding as could possibly be devised.

Hitherto the rising state of Athens had not been engaged in war, but no sooner was it involved in disputes with the Eleusynians, on account of some predatory incursions, than the idea took its rise of devoting human victims to appease the hostile divinities, and to purchase conquest by the oblation of what was dearest and most valuable in life.

As we are now approaching towards the time of Homer, who records instances of this sort, it may be curious to mark when that savage superstition had its origin. No example occurs to me in Grecian story antecedent to Erechthonius, who, in obedience to an oracle, sacrificed one of his daughters, and some say all, to purchase thereby success against the Eleusynians. It is however a matter of less wonder than regret how this idea should obtain so generally; when a people are in the habit of making animal sacrifices a part of their worship, and whose religion it is to believe that intercession can be made to the gods, and favours obtained by the blood of victims taken from the brute creation, the thought of ascending a step higher in the dignity of the oblation, naturally leads to the hope of purchasing a greater reward. With these ideas enthusiastic spirits, like Decius and Curtius amongst the Romans, rushed upon self-destruction, and Erechthonius, king of Athens, devoted his daughters, Codrus himself—'If the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of a heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood, &c. &c. &c.' There is a wild magnanimity in the idea highly captivating: Cicero more than once alludes to this action of Erechthonius, and in his oration for Sextus exclaims—'Shall I after so many illustrious deeds shrink from death, which even the daughters of Erechthonius, with all the weakness of their sex about them, resigned them-

selves to without regret?' Let the mind be possessed with the persuasion of immortal happiness annexed to the act, and there will be no want of candidates to struggle for the glorious prerogative. Erechthonius and his daughters were associated to the deities after their death, altars were dedicated and a temple erected to them in the citadel of Athens, where divine honours were paid to their memories. The Eleusynians were defeated and despoiled of all they possessed, except the mysteries of Ceres abovementioned; of these they were left in undisturbed enjoyment: their king Eumolpus was slain in battle, but Neptune, whose son he was, revenged his loss by striking his conqueror dead with his trident.

Thus perished Erechthonius by immortal hands, if we take the authority of Euripides the tragic poet, after he had reigned fifty years in Athens: in his time the people of Attica, heretofore called Cecropians, took the name of Athenians: Ovid, whose metamorphoses mix much ancient truth with fable, says 'that this prince at his death left it doubtful with posterity, whether he excelled most in justice as a King, or in military glory as a General.'

Ægeus, the reputed father of Theseus, was the eighth king of Athens, reckoning from Cecrops, and son of Pandion II. grandson of Erechthonius, the crown having descended regularly from father to son through several generations: after remaining childless for several years, he consulted the oracle at Delphi upon the mode of obtaining an heir; to a very plain question he obtained a very obscure answer, and, not being able to solve the ænigma himself, consulted several persons upon the interpretation of it, and amongst others his friend Pittheus, king of Trœzene, from whose sagacity he promised himself a solution of the difficulty: this wise prince had a daughter named Æthra, and she having ad-

mitted Ægeus to a secret consultation by night in the fane of Minerva, proved a more able interpreter of the Delphic oracle than her father, and put Ægeus in possession of his wishes by bearing him a son: this son was the hero Theseus, but it cannot be disguised, that a doubt was started, whether Neptune had not a better claim to the child than Ægeus; for the princess Æthra is charged with admitting both visitors in the same evening, and when the controversy lies between a mortal and an immortal lover, the most that can be said for Ægeus is, that it leaves the case doubtful. The king of Athens put in his claim, by leaving his sword and sandals in custody of Æthra, when he understood she was pregnant, enjoining her to let the child, if he proved a son, remain at Trœzene, until he became adult, and had strength enough to remove a block of stone, under which he deposited his pledges; on the hilt of the sword, which was ivory, he caused to be engraved his name and titles, and Ægeus declared he would acknowledge the bearer of those pledges, and adopt him as his heir: this being done, he returned to Athens, and celebrated the Panathenæa with uncommon splendor.

This monarch filled the throne of Athens for the space of forty-eight years, and terminated his life by casting himself into the sea, thence called Ægean, in despair upon discovering the vessel, that brought his son Theseus from his Cretan expedition against the Minotaur, approach the shores of Attica with black sails, when the signal of life and victory was to be the contrary display of white ones, which Theseus by a fatal neglect had failed to put out upon his coming in sight of the coast.

The impatient and despairing parent precipitated himself into the ocean, and the son succeeded to his throne. There is no hero in antiquity, who for his

magnanimity, his adventures, or the exquisite beauty and perfection of his person has been more celebrated than Theseus: in some of the actions of his life he performed real and distinguished services to his country; in others he appears to have been governed merely by an extravagant and wild passion for adventure: no hero has furnished more themes to the poets, and few princes have at times deserved better of their subjects: by his valour in action and the terror of his name he cleared many regions of those lawless clans of robbers and plunderers, with which they were infested, to the disgrace and danger of society: ambitious to emulate the fame of his contemporary Hercules, he seems sometimes to have forgotten that he had subjects under his care and command, and roved about in quest of adventures, the general champion of distress, and the sworn exterminator of monsters and tyrants, wherever they were to be found: preceded by his axe-bearers, in commemoration of his destruction of the robbers, and carrying on his shoulder the ponderous club of Corynætes, whom he vanquished, he marched in triumph to Delphi, like another Hercules after his labours: the bulls of Crete and Marathon and the Cremmyonian boar were trophies, that might vie with the hydra; and Corcyon, whom he slew, was as formidable a champion as Antæus, and fixed the triumph of agility over strength: he killed Procrustes, whose couch was as fatal as the den of Cacus.

Theseus, upon his accession to the government of Attica, reformed the state of justice and amended the condition of his subjects by many kingly regulations; before his time the people were dispersed about the country in small and separated clans, more like the settlements of savages than a regular community; the police of course was very imperfect;

the laws were merely local and arbitrary, nor did they generally agree in the same definition or distribution of justice; to remedy these evils he enlarged his capital, assembled the people from all parts, fixed them to a residence in Athens, and established general courts of law and justice, where all his subjects might resort to decide their properties, or compose their wrongs, by stated rules and institutes, expounded and administered by judges competent to their vocation.

These are services beneficial to mankind, the actions of a patriot king and legislator, infinitely superior to the extermination of boars or bulls, the unravelling a labyrinth, or conflicting with a wrestler. One should have thought that the rambling spirit of Theseus might henceforward have subsided, and, if Hercules had not been upon earth, this would probably have been the case, and he would have descended to posterity one of the greatest characters in ancient history; but the expedition against the Amazons drew him out upon fresh and foolish adventures, and, though his friendship and his amours may have furnished pleasing tales and fables to Hesiod and others, the historian will do well to pass over this period of his life in silence and regret.

In suffices to relate that Menestheus took advantage of his absence, and established himself so firmly in power, that Theseus on his return finding it impossible to dispossess him of his usurped authority retired to Scyros, and there either put a voluntary end to his life, or was destroyed by Lycomedes.

In the reign of Menestheus the famous siege of Troy, memorable to all ages, was undertaken by the joint forces of all the Grecian principalities: the combined fleets assembled at Athens, and took their final departure from that port: Agamemnon conducted a hundred ships from Mycenæ, Menelaus

sixty from Sparta, and Menestheus joined with fifty: the latter excelled all the generals of Greece, Nestor only excepted, in military science for arranging and disposing troops in order of battle. Homer has left this testimony in his favour, and the authority is as indisputable as the record is immortal; the town was taken in the last year of Menestheus's life and reign; he died in the island of Melos, and being one of the chiefs inclosed in the Trojan horse, had a leading share in the capture and destruction of that celebrated city.

No chief like thee, Menestheus, Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to display,
Or close th' embodied host in firm array;
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

POPE.

NUMBER CXVI.

THE expedition of the Greeks against Troy has supplied a subject to an heroic poem, which remains the wonder of all time and the unrivalled standard of the epic art. It must be owned no poet ever made a happier choice, for what could be more interesting to a Grecian reader, than the recital of an action founded in justice and terminated in success? The event itself was magnificent; a coalition of the Grecian states in vindication of an injured prince, who was one of their number. Had it recorded the expedition of one great monarch against another, it is easy to comprehend how much that brilliant va-

riety of character, which now gives such dramatic lustre to the composition, would have lost by the nature of such a subject; whereas the emulation of the rival leaders constitutes that compound action, that striking contrast and discrimination of character, which render the Iliad so peculiarly enchanting. The justice of the undertaking fortifies the poet with a moral, which secures the good opinion of his readers, and interests them cordially in his cause; it is so permanent a pledge for their good wishes, that it enables him to throw into the scale of the Trojans every episode of pity, every ornament of magnanimity and valour, which can beautify his poem, without the danger of creating false prejudices in behalf of the offenders; in short, we can mourn for Hector and not regret the victory of Achilles.

If Homer found these incidents ready to his hands, their combination was supremely happy; if he created them, his invention was almost miraculous. The period at which he wrote was no less fortunate, being neither too remote to impair the interest of his subject, nor so near the time of the action as to confine his fancy to the limits of strict historical truth. So wonderful an assemblage of parts meet in this great work, that there is not a passion in the human breast but will find its ruling interest gratified by the perusal; and it is so happily contrived, that the combination of those parts, multitudinous as they are, never violates the uniformity of design; the subject remains simple and entire; our ideas never stray from the main object of the poem, though they are continually carried out upon excursions through the regions of earth and heaven upon the strongest pinions of fancy. The manner in which Homer employs his deities, with the machinery that accompanies them, gives an amazing brilliancy to the picturesque and descriptive powers

of the poem; the virtues, vices, prejudices, passions of those imaginary beings set them on a level with human nature so far as to give us an interest in their situations, which a juster representation of superior essences could not impart; while their immortality and power are engines in the poet's hand whose influence is unlimited by the laws of nature; these extraordinary personages, at the same time that they take a part very essential to the action of the drama, bring about the incidents by those sudden and supernatural means, which mortal heroes of the most romantic sort could not so readily effect. This is an advantage on the part of a heathen poet, for which the Christian writer has no substitute; for those moderns, who in order to create surprize have invented capricious beings to produce extravagant events above the reach of human powers, and below the dignity of divine, violate our reason, whilst they struggle to amuse our fancy; but the Pagan theorist can find a deity for every purpofe without giving scandal to the believer, or revolting the philosopher.

Amongst the numberless excellencies of the Iliad there is none more to be admired than the correct precision, with which Homer draws his characters, and preserves them uniformly through the poem; an excellence, in which Virgil and the Roman poets in general are greatly his inferiors: with Homer's heroes we have more than historical acquaintance, we are made intimate with their habits and manners, and whenever he withdraws them for a time, we are certain upon the next meeting to recognize and acknowledge the same characteristic traces that separate each individual so decidedly from all others. —But it is time to return to our history.

After the death of Menestheus the crown of Athens returned into the family of Theseus, and Demophon his son, who also was present at the siege

of Troy, succeeded to his inheritance: Oxyntes, Aphidas, and Thymætes reigned in succession after Demophon, and the line of the Erechthidæ expired in the person of Thymætes. This was a remarkable revolution, for that family had possessed the throne of Athens for a period of four hundred and twenty-nine years. The monarchy, properly so called, was now drawing to its conclusion; Melanthus, who succeeded to Thymætes, was a Messenian and a descendant from Neleus; he had been expelled from Messene by the Heraclidæ, and had taken refuge in the Athenian state; he obtained the crown by very honourable means; Thymætes, being challenged to single combat by Xanthus king of Bœotia, declined the challenge; Melanthus accepted it in his stead, slew Xanthus, and obtained the crown of Athens in reward for his success; at his death it devolved to his son Codrus. The manner in which this prince devoted himself to death for his country scarce needs a recital, but it is not generally known that Codrus was in a very advanced age when this event took place, and moreover that the Athenians urged him to the deed upon the report of Cleomantis, a citizen of Delphi, who made them acquainted with the answer of the oracle touching the conditions on which victory was to be obtained. The Athenians, having prevailed with Codrus to embrace the fatal conditions of their deliverance, sacrificed their aged monarch, and impressed with the persuasion that Apollo would verify his prediction, fought and overcame their enemy.

Codrus being dead, the government of Athens underwent a material revolution, for the popular party, pretending a respect to his memory, put forward a decree prohibiting any other person to reign in Athens by the title of King; the change however for the present was more nominal than essential, for

they did not alter the succession, nor materially reduce the power of the monarchy. The Prince, or perpetual Archon, (for each title is used occasionally) held the government for life, subject notwithstanding to account to the state for his administration of public affairs.

Medon, son of Codrus, succeeded to his father by this new title: thirteen princes reigned under this description from Medon to Alcmæon inclusive, comprehending a period of three hundred and seven years.

Some authorities maintain that Homer came to Athens in the time of Medon, and was hospitably received by that prince; but it is generally thought the age of Homer does not answer to this date, and that he was born about two hundred years after the siege of Troy; this falls within the time of Archippus, grandson of Medon, and third perpetual archon; in the beginning of whose reign Hesiod was born; Homer some few years after at the close of it: Archippus reigned nineteen years; and this æra seems established by the best chronologists.

Archippus, at the conclusion of whose administration we have placed the birth of Homer, was succeeded by Thersippus, who held the government of Athens for a long incumbency of forty-one years, and he was succeeded by Phorbas, who was thirty years archon; in the period of these seventy-one years we have the Athenian æra of the life of Homer.

This however must in some degree be left to opinion, for before the institution of the Olympiads the Grecian chronicles are so vague and obscure that the precise age of Homer will for ever remain a subject of conjecture. The above period has at least the merit of holding a middle place between their opinions, who suppose he was born soon after the siege

of Troy and such as contend he was contemporary with Lycurgus. The late Mr. Robert Wood, in his essay on the original genius and writings of Homer, inclines to think the Iliad and Odyssey were finished about half a century after the capture of Troy; he has offered internal evidence in support of this opinion in Homer's account of the family of Æneas, and his argument is acute and critical: they, who make him contemporary with Lycurgus, have internal evidence against them, which, though perhaps it does not serve to establish Mr. Wood's position, certainly confutes the latter chronologists. Aristotle places Homer in the same epoch with Iphitus and the first Olympiad, but he rests his conjecture upon the weakest of all arguments; whilst the best authorities, as well as the majority in number, point to the period which I have suggested; and here for the present I will leave it.

The last but one of the perpetual archons was Æschylus, and in the second year of his government the Olympiads were first instituted by Iphitus at Elis; from this period we shall proceed with greater chronological precision.

The successor of Æschylus and the last of the perpetual archons was Alcmæon. The people of Athens had new-modelled their government upon the death of Codrus by abolishing the title of King, and reducing their chief magistrate to be in fact rather the first subject of the state, than the monarch: this regulation appears to have been effected without any struggle on the part of the reigning family; thirteen archons in succession had been permitted to hold the government for life, when upon the expiration of Alcmæon's administration, the people thought fit by a fresh reform to limit the duration of the chief magistracy to the term of ten years, Charops, brother of Alcmæon and son of Æschylus,

was the first decennial archon; and this revolution took place in the first year of the seventh Olympiad. Whilst the Athenian state was by these steps enlarging its liberties, Romulus and Remus were forming the embryo of a mighty empire fated in the course of time to become mistress of the world; these adventurers collected a body of Latin shepherds, amongst whom they had been educated, and, settling themselves on the Palatine Mount, became the founders of Rome: this event is supposed to fall within the period of the seventh Olympiad, when Charops was decennial archon. It is generally supposed that this mighty empire was set in motion from one spark, which Greece had scattered from the conflagration of Troy, and which lighted on the shores of Italy, where it was kept alive for more than four centuries, till Rome was founded; but Æneas's Italian colonization is a very questionable point, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Wood, in his treatise abovementioned, that the posterity of Æneas did not migrate into Italy, but established themselves in the Troade, and reigned over the scattered remains of the Trojans after the destruction of Ilium.

A revolution of eighteen Olympiads produced a third change in the constitution of the Athenian government in favour of popular freedom, by limiting the archons to one year, making the magistracy annual: neither was this all, for the command was no longer lodged in the hands of one person only, but of nine, the first of which was styled by preeminence Archon, and from him the year had its name; the second, intitled Basileus, took charge of religious ceremonies, and the Polemarc, or third in office, had the conduct of military affairs, whilst all civil and judicial business was referred to the council of the remaining six, called Thesmothetæ. None

but pure Athenians of three descents could be chosen by lot into this council; an oath of office was administered to them publicly in the portico of the palace, purporting that they would execute the laws with justice and fidelity, and take no gifts either from their clients or the people at large. When they had performed their annual functions, and acquitted themselves without impeachment, they were in course aggregated to the Areopagites, and held that dignity for life. Every thing relating to the care of orphans and widows, or the estates of minors, was vested in the principal magistrate, properly styled Archon; he had the charge of divorces and the superintendance of the parents and children of soldiers who fell in battle, and of all such citizens who were maintained at the public charge.

Of these annual archons, Creon was the first, and was elected about the twenty-fourth Olympiad.

NUMBER CXVII.

THE Athenian state continued to be governed by annual archons according to the alteration made in its constitution in the twenty-fourth Olympiad, without any thing occurring of importance to merit a recital from the time of Creon to the administration of Draco in the thirty-ninth Olympiad. The Athenians, having reduced the monarchical power to the most diminutive of all kingly representatives, an annual archon, had to all appearance effectually established their liberties; but it has been the fate of

freedom to be turned into abuse in all ages, and the licentiousness of the people now seemed in more want of reform, than the prerogative of the king had been in the most arbitrary times. The moral purity of Draco's manners, and the stern inflexibility of his temper, fitted him for an office, that required both rigorous virtue and resolute dispatch, for his time was short and his task laborious and full of danger: had his power been permanent, it is probable he would have qualified the severity of those famous laws, which from their sanguinary nature were figuratively said to be written in blood, and it is certain they breathe a spirit calculated rather for the extinction of society, than for its reformation. We must however admit the difficulty of devising any code of penal statutes, by which degrees of punishment shall be equitably proportioned to degrees of offence. We have no experience or history of any such code now existing, or that ever did exist. A citizen of the world will not estimate crimes and offences by the same rule and standard as a citizen of any one particular community will; local circumstances will give fainter or deeper colourings to crimes according to the peculiar constitution of the state against which they are committed: the Athenians in the time of Draco were governed by annual magistrates; the administration of these magistrates was made subject to popular inquiry upon its termination; they had expunged from their constitution the wholesome though high-sounding principle, that a king cannot do wrong; it was now become scarce possible that his substitute could do right; the people sat in judgment on their governors, and many of the most virtuous citizens in the state suffered under their sentence: fear restrained the timid from exertion, and the allurements of power debauched the interested and ambitious from

their duty; whilst the magistrate aimed at popularity, the people became intolerably licentious. The rigour of Draco impresses us with a high idea of his purity of principle; his abhorrence of the abuses of his predecessors in office, and his indignation against the depravity of his fellow-citizens embittered his mind, and made him rather a misanthrope than a statesman.

Draco seems to have considered the commission of crimes, not in proportion to their offence against society, but according to the principle of the criminal, holding a transgressor equally guilty, whether he broke the law in the least tittle, or in its greatest extent; for he punished indiscriminately with death in both cases: in this there is as little wisdom as mercy, and it is to the honour of Solon that he revoked such undistinguishing and bloody laws. Justly to ascertain and define the various degrees of human depravity is impracticable for those who cannot search the human heart; nor in the nature of things is it possible for any man or council of men, to form a system of punishments to meet the several degrees and definitions of crimes with proportioned retribution: sentence of death is at once the highest exertion of authority one fellow-creature can exercise over another; and the heaviest atonement any offender can make to the laws of that society in which he is inlisted: Draco excused himself from the charge of indiscriminate rigour by pleading that he could devise no punishment greater than death; the nature of the plea gives an insight into the character of the man, that needs no comment; it is plain however that he had no idea of aggravating death by tortures; he did not know, or would not practise, those detestable arts and refinements, which now prevail in too many parts of the Christian world, of extorting criminations and confessions by height-

ening the agonies of death. The short duration of his authority, as I before observed, precipitated him upon this system of severity, which time and reflection would probably have corrected: a hasty reformer is equally to be dreaded with a deliberate tyrant; legal cruelty is of all most terrible; a law once made is made to be executed; the will of the judge cannot mitigate it, and the power of the sovereign can only release from punishment, but not apportion or modify it: herein consists the irreparable defect of all established rules of fixed punishment; to include different degrees of criminality under one and the same degree of penalty is not strict equity, but to live without laws at the arbitrary disposal of any human tribunal is slavery of the most insupportable sort.

By Draco's laws an Athenian was equally guilty of death, whether he pilfered a cabbage or murdered a citizen: horrible decree! If the principle of punishment does not consist in revenging what is past, but in preventing the culprit from repeating and the community from suffering the like or any other offence from the same person, it may well be doubted if death need be inflicted in any case; the terror of example, not the spirit of revenge, must constitute the necessity of such a mode of punishment, if any necessity exists; but if punishments may be devised, by which guilty persons shall be made to atone to society without cutting them from it, and if these punishments may be such as shall deter and terrify the evil-minded equally with death itself, policy, independent of religion, will be interested to adopt them.

It was not to be expected that the Athenians would be remedied by such sanguinary laws as those of Draco, and they had been in operation nearly half a century, when Solon, in the third year

of the forty-sixth Olympiad, found the people in as much need of reformation, as Draco did in the beginning of the thirty-fifth Olympiad.

Solon was of noble birth and of an elevated soul; he was a friend to liberty, but a lover of order; descended from Codrus, he was a patriot by inheritance; though he was a great adept in the philosophy of the times, it neither soured his manners nor left him without attention to the public. When he withdrew himself from the world for the purposes of study and contemplation, it was to render himself a more useful citizen on his return to society: with a fortune rather below mediocrity he had such a spirit of beneficence and generosity, that he was obliged in his youth to apply himself to commerce to support his independence: Solon's philosophy did not boast any unnatural contempt of pain or pleasure; he affected no apathy: on the contrary, when he was reproached for weeping at the death of his son, as if it was unbecoming of a wise man to bewail an evil he could not remedy, he answered with a modest sensibility of his weakness, that it was on that very account he did bewail it.

The anecdote Plutarch gives us of Solon's interview with his contemporary Thales, and the silly method that philosopher took for convincing Solon of the advantages of celibacy, by employing a fellow to make a false report to him of his son's death, heightens our affection for the man, without lowering our respect for the sage: Thales in the true spirit of sophism triumphed in the superiority of his wisdom by avoiding those connections, which soften the human heart, and vainly supposed he sunk the dignity of Solon's character by exposing to ridicule the tender feelings of the father.

The Athenians were exhausted by a tedious and unprosperous war with the people of Megara; the

important island of Salamis was lost, and such was their despair of ever recovering it, that they passed a law for making it a capital offence in any citizen to propose the retaking it: Solon, who regarded this degrading edict with honest indignation, feigned himself insane, and rushing into the forum harangued the populace, abrogated the edict, and declared war against the Megarensians: on this occasion he addressed the people in elegiac verses of his own composing, one hundred in number; the power of his muse prevailed, for it was great; the people gave him the command of an expedition against Salamis, in which he had the good fortune to reduce that island and reannex it to his country, which had made such public avowal of its despair.

Solon is so highly celebrated as a poet, that some antient authorities have equalled him to Hesiod and even to Homer: we have few and small remains, but many testimonies of his writings; in particular we are informed, that he composed five thousand verses on the commonwealth of Athens, recording the transactions of his own time, not as a history in praise, but in defence of himself, and with a view to encourage his countrymen to persist in a course of public virtue and private morality. He wrote iambics also and odes, and composed even his laws in verse, of which Plutarch has quoted the exordium.

He employed stratagem in the reduction of the island of Salamis, but as the celebrated Pisistratus was joined with him in this enterprize, it must not be disguised that some authorities give the success of the expedition to Pisistratus; both were men of consummate address and resource, and each no doubt had his share of merit in the service; the reputation Solon gained by this event was still increased by his conduct in the defence of the famous temple of Delphi against the sacrilegious Cirrhæans; though

he was only assessor to the general Clisthenes the Sicyonian in this campaign, the successful termination of the war by the capture of Cirrha was universally attributed to Solon.

Athens was now rent by popular feuds and dissensions; the commonwealth was in imminent peril, every thing tending to civil tumult and confusion, and the people in a state little short of absolute anarchy: in this extremity every eye was turned towards Solon, and he was elected archon by the general voice of his fellow-citizens. It was now not only in his power to make himself absolute master of the state, and to establish that tyranny in his own person, which he lived to see Pisistratus aspire to and obtain, but that step was also pressed upon him by the unanimous solicitation of his friends and the public at large; religion had its share in the temptation, for the temple of Delphi uttered its oracular decree for his assuming the supreme power in Athens, and when he withstood the dazzling offer, he had to combat the reproaches and invectives of all parties for refusing it. A magnanimity that was proof against temptation was not to be shaken by calumny; supported by conscious integrity he opposed the torrent, and contenting himself with the limited authority of an annual magistracy, framed and published those mild and salutary ordinances, which have endeared his name to all posterity. Amongst the pacifying measures of his government he found it expedient to relieve the people by an ordinance for the remission of debts of a certain description; ths act raised a storm of opposition and abuse from all the rich and usurious against his administration, and some who had been his intimates took part in the faction, and began to persecute him in the bitterest manner, charging him with the meanness of exempting himself as a creditor from the conditions of

the act; he soon turned the odium of the charge upon the contrivers of it, by giving public proof to the city that he himself had been the first who obeyed his own law, and remitted a considerable sum to his debtors; this proof of his disinterestedness as a creditor convinced his countrymen of his uprightness as a legislator, and he rose the higher in their esteem for the malevolent attack he had so fully repulsed: reason and public gratitude at length prevailed, and the voice of faction being put to silence, the whole care of the commonwealth was surrendered into his hands, to be regulated and reformed according to his wisdom and discretion.

Solon, though too magnanimous to accept the title of king, was too good a citizen to decline the trust, and now it was that he abrogated all Draco's sanguinary laws, except those that affected murderers: this, as I before observed, occurred in the course of the forty-sixth Olympiad; he arranged the people into four classes according to the different proportions of their property; he erected the principal council of the Areopagites, with inferior courts for the administration of law and justice, and published his famous manifesto for rendering infamous all persons, who in civil seditions should remain spectators of their country's danger by a criminal neutrality; he enacted many wholesome regulations respecting marriages, tending to the increase of population; he suppressed libels, and made idleness punishable by law; he put under certain disabilities, parents who were convicted of having grossly neglected the education of their families, and restrained by sumptuary laws every species of public excess. Many more of his laws might be enumerated, if it were necessary to enlarge upon facts so generally known, but it will suffice to mention, that when he had completed his code, he bound the senators to

the observance of what it contained by the solemnest oath he could devise, and causing his laws to be engraven on tables of wood, hung them up in the public courts that no man might plead ignorance.

The nature of this oath is curious; the senator was led up to a ponderous stone preserved in the forum; there the oath was publickly administered, and the obligation of it was, that he should dedicate a piece of gold to the temple of Delphi of equal weight with the stone if he was proved guilty of having violated his oath: not content with thus swearing the judges and senators to the faithful administration of his laws, he also bound the people by oath to their due observance; and having done all this with a temper and prudence, particularly expressive of his character, Solon took his leave of Athens and set out upon his travels into Egypt.

NUMBER CXVIII.

ALTHOUGH the wisdom and magnanimity of Solon are conspicuous in every action of his life, which history has transmitted to us, nothing is more worthy of our admiration and praise than the circumstance last recorded of his secession from Athens.

It is not necessary to follow him in his travels, in which, after some time spent in visiting Egypt, Cyprus, and Lydia, he obeyed the summons of his fellow-citizens and returned to Athens: that city during his absence had been distracted by furious and contending factions; Lycurgus headed one party, Megacles son of Alcmæon another, and Pisistratus was

leader of a third, in which was included nearly the whole inferior order of the people: all these parties nevertheless preserved a respect for their ancient benefactor and lawgiver, and he spared no pains in return, to assuage and compose the disorders of the state, but in vain; age indeed had not yet deprived him of his mental faculties, but his corporeal ones were debilitated, and the crisis called for more activity than he was now capable of exerting; he could no longer speak in public nor address the people in the forum as he was accustomed to do; he tried his influence separately and in private with the leaders of the several factions: Pisistratus, whose manners were of the gentlest kind, affected to receive the advice and counsels of Solon with great external respect, but ambition had taken too firm hold of his heart, and he had laid his plans too deep to be diverted from them by the patriotic discourses of this venerable citizen; the sagacity of Solon penetrated his designs, and when he was convinced of his dissimulation, and saw the liberties of his country on the point of being overthrown by this artful demagogue, he came into open court in military array, and presented himself to the assembly ready to head the friends of their country, and expel Pisistratus by force of arms: the noble effort was too late, for the spirit of the people was lost, and all men seemed disposed to surrender themselves without resistance to the usurper. Solon, finding that he could not rouse them to a consideration of their ancient dignity, nor inspire them with a becoming sense of the value of liberty, laid aside his arms, and suspending them at the door of the Court-house, took a short but pathetic leave of Athens, and once again retired into voluntary banishment: whither is not distinctly ascertained; many pressing invitations were addressed to him from different parts, and I am in-

clined to think he accepted that of Crœsus king of Lydia, and that he closed an illustrious life in extreme old age in the island of Cyprus. His ashes, by his express direction, were transported to his native island of Salamis, and there deposited. The Athenians erected his statue in brass, but Pisistratus revoked his laws: the laws of Draco, notwithstanding their severity, were in execution for a longer period than the mild and prudent ordinances of Solon. The people it is true never wholly forfeited their respect for this excellent person, but they were unworthy of him; even Pisistratus, amidst the struggles of ambition, offered no insult to his person, and every country, which his fame had reached, presented an asylum to the venerable exile.

As an orator, Solon stands high in point of merit, and first in order of time: as a poet, his genius was sublime, various, and fluent; in subjects of fiction and fancy he never dealt; but, though he chose his topics with the gravity of a statesman, and handled them with the fidelity of an historian, he composed with ardour, and never failed to fire his hearers with the recitation of his poems: he is supposed to have reprobated the drama, but, if this be a fact, we may well conclude, that it was the old corrupt masque of Bacchus and the Satyrs, of which he signified his dislike, and in this he is warranted. In two expeditions, where he had a military command, he was eminently successful, and gained a high degree of glory: no statesman ever stood in times more perilous, no citizen ever resisted more alluring offers of ambition, and no legislator ever regulated a more disorderly community: though devoted to the study of philosophy, and a great master in the early science of the times, he mixed with chearfulness in society, was friendly and convivial, and did not hold back from those tender ties and attachments, which

connect a man to the world, and which by some have been considered incompatible with a life devoted to wisdom and sublime philosophy: strict in his morals as Draco, he was not like him disposed to put criminals to death, whilst there was any hope of conducting them by gentle measures to repentance: his modesty was natural and unaffected, and though he was generally silent in company, his silence threw no damp upon festivity, for it did not savour of sullenness, and he was known to be a friend to the use of wine with freedom, but without excess: at the meeting of the seven celebrated sages (his contemporaries and colleagues in wisdom) when they were entertained by Periander at Corinth, the golden salver, which the Milesian fishermen had dragged out of the sea in their net, and which the Delphic oracle, upon reference of the controversy, had decreed to the wisest man of the age, was by general suffrage given to Solon; each person, with becoming deference to the others, had severally declined the prize, but Solon was at length constrained to receive it by concurrent vote of the whole assembly.

Historians are not agreed upon the exact time of Solon's departure from Athens, and some maintain that he continued there till his death; this is not probable; but the result of the accounts puts it out of doubt that he remained there, whilst there was any hope of composing the disturbances of the state, and of restoring its tranquillity and freedom, under the prudent regulations he had established when he was archon.

But no sooner had this excellent citizen turned his back upon Athens, than all these hopes perished, and universal despair took place; the degeneracy of the people became incurable, and no one was found with authority or zeal to oppose the approaching revolu-

tion: though Solon was far in the decline of life, yet if there had been any public virtue subsisting, the liberty of Athens had not been lost without a struggle; but, although neutrality in civil commotions had been declared infamous and criminal by the laws of Solon, the populace through despair or indolence declined the contest, and held themselves in readiness to receive a master in either of the contending partisans, who should prevail over his competitors.

Fortune and superior address at length decided the prize of ambition to Pisistratus and his party, for he possessed every qualification that could recommend him to the public; of insinuating manners, with a beautiful and commanding person, he was gallant, eloquent, and munificent; no man acquitted himself more gracefully as a public speaker, and when Pericles in aftertimes alarmed the jealousy of the Athenians, the resemblance he bore to Pisistratus in eloquence as well as in features was so striking, that he was universally called the *Second Pisistratus*, and the comic poets in their satirical allusions exhibited him on the stage by that name and character.

Whilst these party struggles were in suspense, Pisistratus used an artifice for recommending himself to the people, which was decisive in his favour: one day on a sudden he rushed into the forum, where the citizens were assembled, as if he had been flying from assassins, who were in pursuit of him, and presented himself to public view defaced with wounds, and covered with blood; he was mounted in his chariot, and the mules that drew him were streaming with blood as well as himself: the crowd flocked around him, and in this situation, without wiping his wounds or dismounting from his chariot, he harangued the forum; he told them he had that instant escaped from the assassinating swords of the nobles, who had cruelly attempted to destroy the

man of the people for his activity in opposing the exactions of sordid creditors and usurious tyrants: his tears, his sufferings, the beauty of his person now streaming with blood, which he had spilt in their cause, his military services at Megara, and his protestations of affection to the people, in whose defence he solemnly protested a determination to persist or perish, all together formed such an address to the passions, and presented such a picture to the eye, that were irresistibly affecting.

Though it soon appeared in proof, that the whole was artifice, and that all these wounds about himself and his mules were of his own giving for the impression of the moment; still the moment served his purpose, and in the heat of popular tumult he obtained a decree for granting him a body-guard, not armed as soldiers, but with sticks and clubs: at the head of this desperate rabble he lost no time in forcing his way into the citadel, and took possession of it and the commonwealth in the same moment: he next proceeded to exile the most powerful and obnoxious of his opponents. Megacles and Lycurgus, with their immediate adherents, either fled from the city or were forcibly driven out of it; the revolution was compleat.

The tumult having subsided, Pisistratus began to look around him, and to take his measures for securing himself in the authority he had seized: for this purpose he augmented his body-guard, which, as they were first voted to him, consisted only of fifty; these he endeavoured to attach to his person by liberal payments, and whilst he equipt them at all points like soldiers, he put a cunning stratagem in practice, by which he contrived to seize all the private arms of the citizens and totally dismantled Athens: he used less ceremony with the nobles, for he stripped them of all weapons of offence openly

and by force; and now he found himself, as he believed, in safe possession of the sovereign power and throne of Athens.

This passed in the fifty-first Olympiad, when Comias was archon.

It rarely happens that dominion, rapidly obtained, proves firmly established. The factions of Megacles and Lycurgus were broken by this revolution, but not extinguished, and Pisistratus either could not prevent their re-uniting, or perhaps over-security made him inattentive to their movements: he enjoyed his power for a short time, and was in his turn driven out of Athens by those he had exiled, and his effects were put up to public sale, as the property of an outlaw.

Megacles and Lycurgus now divided the government between them; this was a system that soon wrought its own overthrow; and Megacles, finding his party the weaker, invited Pisistratus to return to Athens, vainly imagining he could lull his ambition, and secure him to his interest by giving him his daughter Cæsyra in marriage. Pisistratus accepted the terms, and obeyed the welcome recal, but it was in such a manner, as might have put the weakest man upon his guard, for his return and entrance into Athens were accompanied by one of the most bare-faced attacks upon public credulity and superstition, that is to be found in the history of man.

He had already succeeded in several hardy stratagems, and all had been discovered after they had served his purposes. His pretended assassination, his contrivances for arming his body-guard and for disarming the citizens at large, were all well known to the people, so that he must have taken a very nice measure of their folly and blindness, when, upon his entering the city, he undertook to bring in his train a woman, named Phæa, whom he dressed in

the habit of the goddess Minerva, and imposed her on the vulgar for their tutelar deity in person: he had instructed her how to address the people in his behalf, commanding them to reinstate him in his power, and open the gates of the citadel at his approach: the lady was sufficiently personable for the character she assumed, and, as a proof of her divinity, was of colossal stature: extravagant as the experiment may seem, it succeeded in all points; the human deity was obeyed, and the ingenious demagogue carried all before him: this Grecian Joan of Arc received the adoration of the superstitious vulgar in public, and the grateful caresses of the exulting tyrant in private: the lady was not of very distinguished birth and fortune, for before she took upon her the character of a goddess she condescended to the mortal occupation of a flower-girl, and made garlands after the custom of the Greeks for feasts and merrymakings: Pisistratus rewarded her liberally, by giving her in marriage to his son Hipparchus; a commodious resource for disposing of a cast-off goddess; as for himself, he was engaged to Cæsyra: Phæa's marriage with Hipparchus soon convinced the world that she was a mortal, but Pisistratus gave himself no concern to prevent the discovery; in process of time it came to pass, upon Pisistratus's second expulsion, that Phæa was publicly impeached and condemned upon the charge of *læsæ Majestatis*.

NUMBER CXIX.

Pisistratus had been five years in exile, when Megacles brought about his recal, and vainly thought to fix him in his interest by giving him his daughter Cæsyra in marriage; such alliances rarely answer the political ends for which they are made: Pisistratus had several sons by his first wife, and having re-established himself in the tyranny after the manner we have been describing, and bestowed his favourite Phæa upon his son Hipparchus, he took the daughter of Megacles as the condition of his contract with her father, but with a fixed determination against a second family, whose pretensions might come in competition with those of his children by his first marriage, in whose favour he wished to secure the succession, and who, both by age and capacity, were fit for government, whenever it should devolve upon them.

Cæsyra put up with her husband's neglect for some time, but at length she imparted her disgust to her mother, and she of course communicated it to Megacles. Justly offended by the indignity of such treatment, Megacles immediately took his measures with the enemies of his son-in-law for his second expulsion, prudently disguising his resentment, till he was in a condition to put it in force: it did not long escape the penetration of Pisistratus, but when he came to the knowledge of the conspiracy that had been formed against his power, he found himself and party too weak to oppose it, and seizing the hour of safety, made a voluntary abdication, by retiring into

Eretria without a struggle, and in the utmost precipitation.

Megacles and his friends seem to have considered this secession of Pisistratus as decisive, or else the time did not allow them to follow it by any active measures for preventing his return: eleven years however passed, and still he remained an exile from Athens; old as he was, his ambition does not seem to have cooled, nor was he idle in the interim; he had an interview with his sons in Eretria, and concerted measures with them for his restoration; he formed alliances with several of the Grecian cities, particularly Thebes and Argos, and obtained a seasonable supply of money, with which he enlisted and took into his pay a considerable army of mercenaries, and began hostilities in the Athenian state by seizing upon Marathon. This successful measure drew out many of his secret partisans from Athens to join him in this place, where the promising aspect of his affairs and the popularity of his character, had induced great numbers to resort to his standard: thus reinforced he put his army in motion, and directed his march towards the city. The ruling party at Athens hastily collected troops to oppose his approach, and put them under the command of Leogaras, who no sooner took the field against Pisistratus, than he suffered himself and army to be surprized by that experienced general, and fled in disorder over the country; the politic conqueror stopped the pursuit, and dispatched his sons after the fugitives to assure them of pardon and protection, if they would go back to their homes and resume their occupations in peace like good citizens: Pisistratus was far advanced in age, and having carried this decisive action by stratagem, took every prudent precaution for establishing his advantage, by seizing the sons of the leading partisans in opposition to his go-

vernment, and detaining them in close custody as hostages for the peaceable behaviour of their parents. He conducted himself on the occasion with so much temper and judgment, the splendor of his talents and the elegance of his manners reflected so much lustre on his court and country, that his usurpation was either no longer remembered, or remembered without aversion and regret; in short, his genius for government was such that no man questioned his right: even Solon, with all his zeal for liberty, pronounced of Pisistratus, that Athens would not have contained a more virtuous citizen, had his ambition been directed to a more justifiable pursuit: he was mild and merciful in the extreme, winning in address, an eloquent orator, a just judge, and a munificent sovereign; in a word, he had either the merit of possessing, or the art of dissembling, every good quality and every brilliant accomplishment.

Having now brought down this brief recapitulation of the Athenian history to the last period of the reign of Pisistratus,. we are arrived at the point of time, in which that remarkable æra commences, which I call *The Literary Age of Greece:* it was now that Pisistratus conceived the enlarged and liberal idea of instituting the first public library in Greece, and of laying it open to the inspection and resort of the learned and curious throughout the kingdoms and provinces of that part of the world—*Libros Athenis disciplinarum liberalium publice ad legendum præbendos primus possuisse dicitur Pisistratus tyrannus.* Aul. Gell. cap. xvii. lib. vi.——Through a long, though interrupted, reign of three and thirty years, he had approved himself a great encourager of literature and a very diligent collector of the works of learned men: the compiler of the scattered rhapsodies of Homer, and the familiar friend of the great epic poet Orpheus of Croton (author of the Argo-

nautics) he was himself accomplished in the learning of the age he lived in; and, whilst his court became a place of resort for contemporary genius, he pushe[d] his researches after the remains of the ancient poet[s] and philosophers through every spot, where the liberal sciences had been known to flourish; collecting books in Ionia, Sicily, and throughout all th[e] provinces of Greece with much cost and diligence[;] and having at length compleated his purpose, an[d] endowed a library with the treasures of the time, h[e] laid it open to all readers for the edification of mankind—'Who of those times surpassed him in learning (says Cicero) or what orator was more eloquen[t] or accomplished than Pisistratus, who first dispose[d] the works of Homer in that order of compilation w[e] have them at this very time?' De Orat. iii. 137.

The institution of this library forms a signa[l] epoch in the annals of literature, for from this period Attica took the lead of all the provinces o[f] Greece in arts and sciences, and Athens henceforward became the school of philosophers, the theatr[e] of poets, and the capital of taste and elegance, acknowledged to a proverb throughout the world. From this period to the death of Menander the comic poet, an illustrious scene presents itself to our observation. Greece, with unbounded fertility of genius, sent a flood of compositions into light, of which, although few entire specimens have descended to posterity, yet these with some fragments, and what may be further collected on the subject from the records of the scholiasts and grammarians, afford abundant matter for literary disquisition.

It is painful in the extreme to reflect upon the ravages of time, and to call to mind the host of authors of this illuminated age, who have perished by the irruptions of the barbarous nations. When we meditate on the magnificence of the ancient buildings

of Greece and Rome, the mind is struck with awe and veneration; but those impressions are of a very melancholy cast, when we consider that it is from their present ruins we are now measuring their past splendor; in like manner from a few reliques of ancient genius, we take a mournful estimate of those prodigious collections, which, till the fatal conflagrations at Alexandria, remained entire, and were without comparison the most valuable treasure upon earth.

Pisistratus, as we have observed, established the first public library in Greece; Xerxes plundered Athens of this collection, much augmented by the literary munificence of Hipparchus and the succeeding archons: Xerxes was not, like the barbarians of the lower ages, insensible to the treasure he had possessed himself of; on the contrary, he regarded these volumes as the most solid fruits of his expedition, and imported them into Persia, as splendid trophies of his triumph on his return. Seleucus, sirnamed Nicanor, afterwards restored this library to Athens with a princely magnanimity. The kings of Pergamus also became great collectors, and the Pergamæan library grew into much reputation and resort. But of all the libraries of antiquity that collected at Alexandria by the Ptolemies of Egypt was much the most respectable. Athenæus says (p. 3.) that Ptolemy Philadelphus purchased the Pergamæan library, and in particular the books collected by Nileus, principally consisting of the Greek dramatists, which, with what he got at Athens and Rhodes, furnished the great library at Alexandria with forty thousand volumes. This library was unhappily set on fire, when Julius Cæsar found it necessary to burn his ships in the docks at Alexandria; so Plutarch states the case; but Aulus Gellius says they were set on fire accidentally by the auxiliary troops

—*non sponte, neque opera consulta, sed a militibus forte auxiliariis incensa sunt.*—This misfortune was in a great measure repaired by the library which Marc Antony presented to Cleopatra, and by subsequent additions was encreased to such an amount, that when it was at last irretrievably destroyed by the Caliph Omar, it consisted of seven hundred thousand volumes.

This amazing repository of ancient science was buried in ashes by the well-known quibbling edict of that barbarous fanatic—'If, said the Caliph, these volumes contain doctrines conformable to the Koran, then is the Koran alone sufficient without these volumes; but, if what they teach be repugnant to God's book, then is it fitting they were destroyed.'—Thus, with false reason for their judge, and false religion for their executioner, perished an innumerable company of poets, philosophers, and historians, with almost every thing elegant in art and edifying in science, which the most illuminated people on earth had in the luxuriancy of their genius produced. In vain did the philosopher John of Alexandria intercede to save them; universal condemnation to the flames was the sentence ignorance denounced against these literary martyrs. The flow of wit, the flights of fancy, and the labours of learning, alike contributed to feed the fires of those baths, in which the savage conquerors recreated themselves after the siege. Need we inquire when art and science were extinct, if darkness overspread the nations? It is a period too melancholy to reflect upon and too vacant to record. History passes over it, as over the chart of an ocean without a shore, with this cutting recollection accompanying it, that in this ocean are buried many of the brightest monuments of ancient genius.

It appears that at the time Terence was writing,

Rome was in possession of two thousand Greek comedies; of all which, *væ barbaris!* not one hath descended to us, except what are found in our scanty volume of Aristophanes, and these are partly of the old personal class. The gleanings of a few fragments from the grammarians and scholiasts, with the translations of the Roman stage, are now the only samples of the Greek comedy in its last purity and perfection. It is true that writers of the lower ages, and even the fathers of the Christian church, have quoted liberally from the new comedy of the Greeks; these fragments are as respectable for their moral cast, as for their elegant turn of expression; but what a poignancy do they give to our regret, when we compute the loss posterity has suffered by the scale of these remains!

On the part of tragedy, although very many noble works have perished, yet as some specimens of the great masters have come down to us entire, we have more to console us in this than in the comic department. Happily for the epic muse, the rage of ignorance could not reach the immortal poems of Homer: what other compositions of that great bard may have been lost to the world is but a dark inquiry at the best; many poems of an antecedent, and some of a contemporary date, have undoubtedly been destroyed; but I am inclined to think, that from the time when those wonderful productions of the Iliad and Odyssey were collected and made public at Athens till the Augustan æra, little was attempted in the epic branch.

NUMBER CXX.

By revising what history has delivered of the first poets of Greece, we shall be able to form a very tolerable conjecture of the authors, whose works Pisistratus collected at the time he instituted his library in Athens; but before I undertake this, it is proper to remark that some authorities, ancient as well as modern, have ascribed the honour of compiling Homer's rhapsodies to Hipparchus the son of Pisistratus, and not to Pisistratus himself: I am not willing therefore to pass over the question without some explanation of it.

The ancient authorities I allude to are those of Plato in his Hipparchus, and Ælian in the second article of his eighth book: the first is a naked assertion; the second sets forth more circumstantially—'That Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, was the first who brought Homer's poems to Athens, and made the rhapsodists rehearse them in the general assembly of the Grecian states'—But this author, who is generally a faithful though a minute collector of anecdotes, expressly contradicts himself in the fourteenth article of the thirteenth book, and tells us that Pisistratus compiled the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer: Cicero in the quotation from his Orator, mentioned in a preceding paper, gives the credit of the work to Pisistratus; Suidas under the article of Homer says—'That various persons were at the pains of collecting and arranging these books in succeeding times, but of these Pisistratus of Athens was

the first.'—Eustathius in his commentary on the Iliad concurs in the same testimony; he says—'That the grammarians who compiled the Iliad, did it, as it is said, by command of Pisistratus; that they corrected it at discretion, and that the principal of these was Aristarchus, and next to him Zenodotus.' *Comm. ad Iliad, lib.* i. In this latter particular the learned commentator has fallen into an error; for it is well known that the celebrated critic Aristarchus, as well as Zenodotus, lived many years after the time of Pisistratus: I shall mention only one authority more on the same side of the question, which I take to be more decisive than any of the foregoing, and this is an ancient epigrammatist, who in a distich upon a statue of Pisistratus celebrates him on this very account, and gives a very probable conjecture, that this statue was erected in commemoration of the great work of the abovementioned compilation. *Anthol. lib.* iv. *cap.* iv.

From these authorities, as well as from strength of circumstance, it seems highly probable that the founder of the first public library should be studious to enrich his collection with the poems of the Iliad and Odyssey.

This important work was both extremely difficult to execute, and attended with very considerable expence in the progress of it. The rhapsodies of Homer were scattered up and down amongst the cities of Greece, which the itinerant poet had visited, and were necessarily in a very mutilated state, or recorded in men's memories after an imperfect manner and by piecemeal only: in some places these inestimable reliques had been consumed by fire; and in the lapse of time it is natural to suppose they had suffered many injuries by accident, and not a few by interpolation. Solon himself is accused of having made insertions in favour of the Athenians for poli-

tical purposes. Nothing but the most timely exertions could have rescued them from oblivion, and Pisistratus by restoring Homer has justly made his own name the companion of the poet's in immortality: to his ardour we are indebted for their present existence. Understanding that there were rhapsodists, who went about the several Grecian states reciting, some an hundred, some a thousand lines in detached passages of the Iliad and Odyssey, he caused public proclamation to be made of his design to collect those famous poems, offering a reward to every man, who should bring him any fragment to assist his intended compilation, and appointing proper persons to receive their respective contributions. The resort on this occasion soon became prodigious; Pisistratus however, still intent upon the work, adhered to his conditions, and let no man go away without his reward, though the same passages had been furnished ever so often by others before him: the inspectors of the work by these means had an opportunity of collating one with the other, and rejecting what appeared spurious upon collation: this was an office of great delicacy, and the ablest men of the time were selected for that purpose, with liberal allowances for their trouble; they were many in number, and when each had made his separate collection, and the rhapsodists ceased to come in, Pisistratus caused them all to assemble and produce their several copies for general review: the whole was now arranged according to the natural order of the poems, and in that order submitted to the final supervision of two persons, who were judged most competent: the poem, thus compiled and corrected according to their judgment and discretion, was fairly transcribed, and the copy with great solemnity deposited in the library: had the like care been extended to the *Margites* and the

rest of Homer's poems, the world would probably have now been in possession of them also; and it is fair to conclude from the circumstance of their extinction, that both the Iliad and Odyssey would have shared the same fate, had not this event so happily taken place under the patronage of Pisistratus. Let us mark this æra therefore as the most important in the annals of literature, and let every man, who admires the genius of Homer, revere the memory of Pisistratus.

Lycurgus we know brought Homer's poems out of Asia, and dispersed them amongst his countrymen at Lacedæmon; but Lycurgus considered these poems as a collection of maxims moral and political; he knew the influence which poetry has over rude uncivilized tempers, and the same reasons, that engaged him to employ the songs of Thales the Cretan in his first preludes towards a constitution of government, led him to adopt and import the epic poems of the Iliad and Odyssey: he saw they were of a sublime and animating cast, inspiring principles of religion, love of our country, contempt of death, and every heroic virtue, that can dignify man's nature; that they manifested to Greece what misfortunes attended the disunion of her powers, and what those powers were capable of performing, when united; he wished to see an indissoluble alliance and compact of all the states of Greece for their common glory and defence, but he wished to see the state of Sparta, like the sons of Atreus, at the head of the league: in all these particulars the poems of Homer fully met his wishes and fell in with his views, and as he had made his observations on the manners and characters of the Asiatics during his travels amongst them, he persuaded himself the time might come, when the united arms of Greece would again prevail over the nations

of the East, especially when the natural bravery of the Greeks was stimulated by an heroic poem so flattering to their country and so encouraging to their hopes.

Pisistratus on the other hand was actuated by no such public principles; but, though he had not a patriotic, yet he had an elegant mind, and the same love of learning, which had dictated the thought of erecting a public repository for such works of genius as were worthy to be preserved, inspired him with the ambition of being the editor of Homer's scattered remains: this never once occurred to the Spartan legislator, who valued them not as poems, but as precepts, in which light they were no less beneficial in their separated state than when complete.

The Athenian tyrant contemplated them with the eye of a critic, and perceiving they would make the sublimest and most perfect compilation the world had ever seen, he ushered them into it with all the passion of an enthusiast: As he evidently perceived they inculcated no doctrines inimical to monarchy, on the contrary that they recommended acquiescence under rule and obedience to discipline, he obliged the rhapsodists to rehearse them publicly in the ears of Greece at the great festival of the Panathenæa.

The publication of Homer's poems in this state of perfection was the cause that produced such a flow of compositions, especially in the dramatic line; for, as I before observed, it operated to the discouragement of epic writing, and few instances of any poems under that description occur after the compilation of the Iliad and Odyssey: men of genius are not easily disposed to imitate what they despair of equalling, and the contemplation of a perfect work in any branch of composition will of

course deter other adventurers from inferior attempts.

The drama was now in its dawn, and had made some advances before the compilation of the Iliad and Odyssey, but it received such improvement from those poems, that it is generally asserted, and by Aristotle amongst others, to have derived its origin from Homer: in the further progress of these papers I shall fully examine how that question stands, for the present it will be my purpose to take a review of the state of literature in Greece at this remarkable period, when Pisistratus founded his library in Athens; a disquisition, which, although it will carry us into times of very remote antiquity and of doubtful history, will I hope prove not devoid of entertainment even to such of my readers, as have not habituated themselves to studies of this nature.

It is for the sake of such, and in justice to the opinion I would wish to impress of the amiable character of Pisistratus, that I subjoin to this paper some explanation of the term *Tyrant*, by which, in conformity to history, I have been obliged to denominate him: the word, according to our construction of it, conveys the most odious idea, but when it was applied to Pisistratus it was a title of royalty and not a term of reproach: in the age of Homer, Hesiod, and the Greek poets of that date, the word was not in use; they used no term but *Basileus*, which they applied even to the cruellest of despots, as the learned reader may be convinced of, if he will consult the Odyssey, (*Rhap. E.* 84.) This is a point of criticism so well agreed upon by all philologists, that the hymn to Mars, which some have attributed to Homer, is by internal evidence now fully convicted of being posterior to him, because the term *Tyrannus* is found in it. The word is said

to be derived from the Tyrrhenians, and to have come into use about the age of Archilochus, who flourished in the eighteenth Olympiad, many years subsequent to Homer and prior to Pisistratus, at which time, (viz. the age of Archilochus) Gyges, Tyrant of Lydia, was the first so entitled: for this we have the authority of Euphorion, a writer born in the 126th Olympiad, and librarian to Antiochus the Great, king of Syria; also of Clemens, the historian, (*Strom.* I.)

END OF THE FORTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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